THE CALIFORNIAN.

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1892. NO. 1.

Indian Basket of Yucca.

CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS.

BY BERTHA F. HERRICK.

CALIFORNIA spring may be said to begin at Christmas time, and to attain its highest perfection in the month of April. While cyclones and blizzards are raging on the Atlantic shores, and Jack Frost is abroad in all his glory; while railroads are blockaded by snow slides, and relentless floods devastate our great interior valleys, the early winter rains of the Golden State have already clothed the hills and fields with emerald; bright days have expanded the downy catkins of the brook-willows; the air is fragrant with the perfume of violets; and a thrill of new life animates the entire vegetable world.

The overland tourist, climbing by rail the high Sierras, retires for the night in a snowstorm, and awakens in a land carpeted with wild-flowers. His sensations are indescribable, and can only be understood by those initiated.

Our flora is said to include nearly two thousand varieties of flowering plants, several hundred of which, together with numerous growing specimens, are intended to be represented in paintings at the Columbian Exposition. They are noted for their bril-

Twig of Pepper-tree.

liancy and delicacy, many being raised, with sedulous care, in Eastern gardens and conservatories.

Within the limits of the State, many different soils and climates are represented. There are sheltered glens and sunny mesas in the citrus belt, where shrubs bloom nearly all the year; vast plains covered with chapparal and sage-brush; romantic cañons, a very Paradise for the botanist, and lofty peaks, "where flowers spring up unsown, and die ungathered."

The Scotch heather is found at Lake Tahoe, and a species of the Swiss edelweiss in the Santa Barbara mountains. The mistletoe clings to our oaks, and the Spanish moss to our pine-trees. In the northern bogs and swamps, flourishes the curious *Darlingtonia*, or giant pitcher-plant; while on the extreme southern borders are domesticated the equally singular gray ice-plant and the brownish "live-forever."

Seen from any unobstructed point in March and April, the open country presents the appearance of a great fantastic checker-board or crazy-quilt, or may be compared to a kaleidoscope, with its ever-shifting views of form and color.

Here are acres of sweet-scented wild mustard, which grows so luxuriantly in certain parts of Southern California that a man on horseback is entirely lost to view. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her celebrated book, "Ramona," compares it to that spoken of in the New Testament; for in its branches the birds of the air may rest. "Coming up out of the ground so slender a stem that dozens may find a starting point in an inch, it darts up, a straight shoot—five, ten or twenty feet—with hundreds of fine feathery branches locking and interlocking, till it is an inextricable network, like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom, still finer, more feathery and lace-like. It is the

terror of the farmer; but its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget gold is in the pocket."

In pleasing contrast are wide patches of white wild radish and bluish-pink wild turnip blossoms; while, like a quiet lake in the distance, are fields of the fragile *Nemophila*, or grove-lovers, commonly known as "baby blue eyes."

Tall, shiny-faced buttercups run riot everywhere.

Wild Heliotrope.

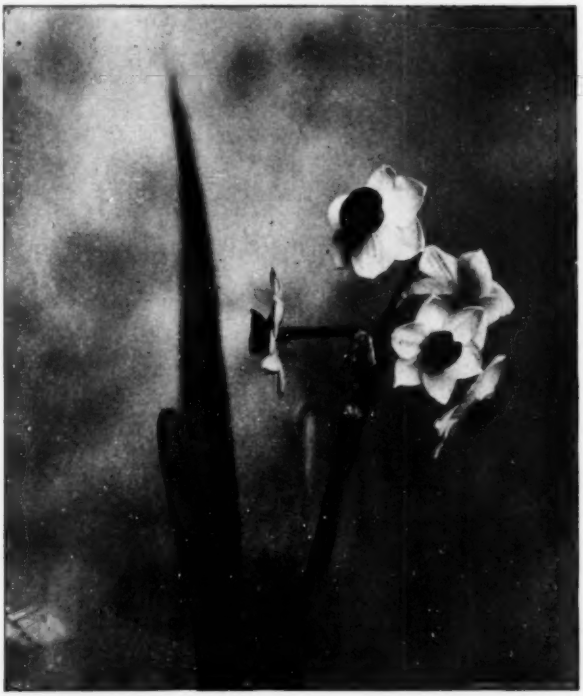
But the pride of the meadows is the gorgeous eschscholtzia, or orange-colored California poppy—appropriately selected as the State flower, not only from the fact that it is almost exclusively Californian, but on account of its beauty and individuality. It is also the emblem of the California Floral Society, and is deservedly popular with artists and verse-writers. Chamisso, the eminent German botanist, named it in honor of his friend, Dr.

Eschscholtz, a young surgeon, in whose company he made a voyage to America in 1816, with a Russian exploring expedition. Among the Argonauts of '49 it was known as the "California gold-flower," as it grew in great profusion around the diggings.

It is a smooth-stemmed annual, with finely-cut, pale-green leaves, four brilliant, orange petals of satiny texture, numerous stamens of the same shade, and a colorless, acrid juice. The two sepals are united into a cap, like a candle-extinguisher, which is pushed upward and dropped off as the blossom expands.

There are several varieties, the largest and brightest being found in the valleys and foothills, and the smaller and lighter-colored in the neighborhood of the seacoast. One kind is of a spotless white; and occasionally a double poppy rewards the novelty-seeker.

Eschscholtzia Californica often attains the height of nearly two feet, and has a corolla four inches in diameter, with a capsule of the same length. So prodigal is its bloom that one may pull up a whole plant by the roots, and so bear away an armful at a single picking.



Chinese Lily.

Among smaller spring flowers which aid materially in coloring the landscape are the blue-eyed grass (*Sisyrinchium*), with deep-blue, purple striped petals, nearly an inch in length, a yellow eye, and dark-green, grass-like leaves, which proclaim it a member of the Iris family; the shooting star, wild cyclamen, or mosquito-bill (*Dodocatheon Meadia*), a bracteate

Datura, or Trumpet Flower.

Yucca, or Spanish Bayonet.

umbel of pink, white or purple flowers, growing from a clump of round or ovate leaves; the solferino mayflower (*Calandrinia*), a profuse bloomer in open sections; the peach-scented yellow violet, or wild pansy (*Viola pedunculata*); the dainty evening primrose (*Enothera ovata*), swaying its yellow cups on its slender calyx tubes; the hairy and the smooth-stemmed cream cups (*Platistigma*); the blue flax, and the white morning glory, or bind weed.

The largest of all the orders is the *Compositæ*, which includes over five hundred local species, the principal representatives being sunflowers, dandelions, asters, golden-rod, chamomile, coreopsis, daisies, thistles, the salsify, or oyster plant, and the "brass buttons," a little, round-headed yellow flower, covering the marshes.

Another important family is the *Liliaceæ*. There are twenty varieties of the *Calochortus*, or "beautiful grass," of which the best known is the graceful Mariposa lily, or butterfly tulip, so named by the Spaniards on account of the large dark spots on the petals. It grows in sheltered nooks in the mountains, and is easily recognized by its three white, yellow, lilac or reddish-purple petals, erect, slender stems, large seed-pod, and long, narrow leaves.

The ordinary species of the genus *Calochortus* are nodding flowers, borne upon branching stalks, from four inches to a foot in height, and have concave, connivent petals, hairy on the inner surface.

Some common field flowers of this order are the squills, or wild onion, often called blue-bells (*Brodiæa capitate*), a close head of deep blue or purple blossoms on the summit of tall, swaying peduncles; and the cluster-lily, or wild agapanthus, (*Triteleia*) with long perianths of blue, white, yellow, or rose-color, veined or marked with contrasting shades.

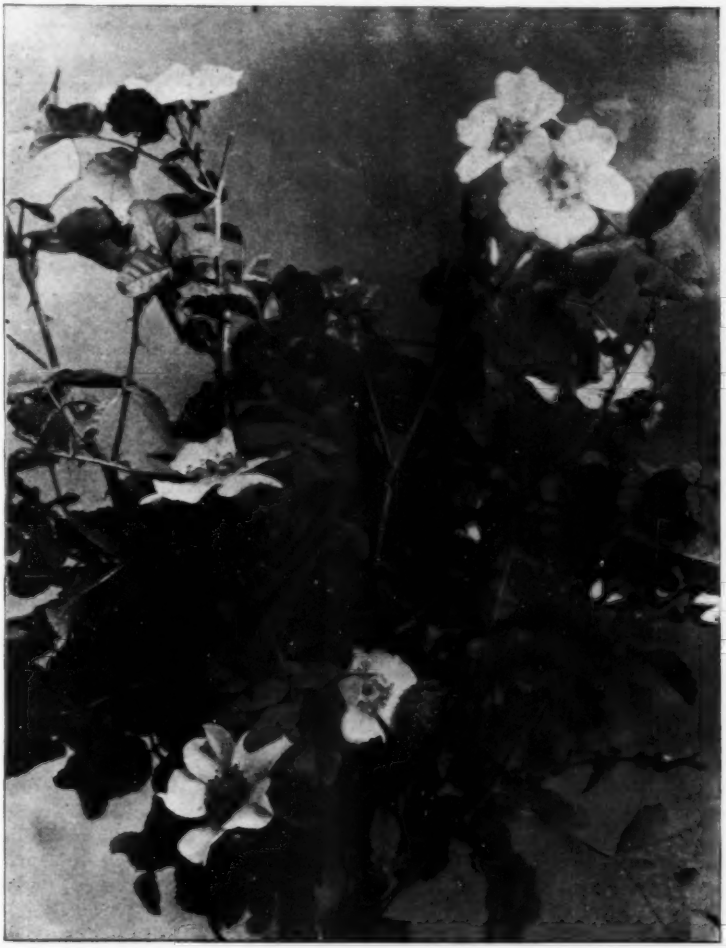
The trilliums, wake-robins, or wood-lilies, love the damp woods and creek banks. All the parts of this plant are in threes; and among certain religious sects, it is the chosen symbol of the Trinity. The largest, *Trillium sessile*, has dark-crimson corollas, seated in a whorl of spotted leaves, on stems about a foot in height; and *Trillium ovatum* is a smaller white variety, which turns pink after being placed in water.

The Solomon's seal, or false smilax, suggests in appearance the lily-of-the-valley, and is so named from the large, round scars on the rootstock.

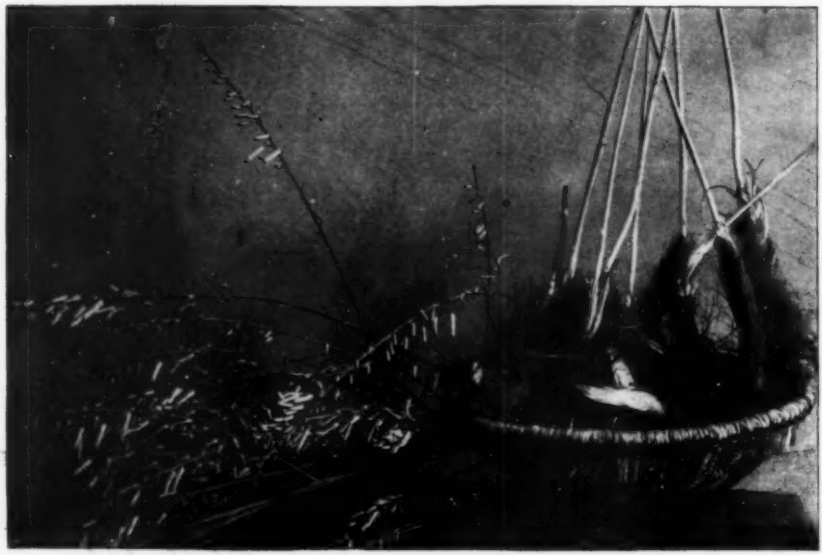
All along the coast, from the Upper

Sacramento to Santa Barbara County, grows the white, purple-veined "amole," or soap-plant, (*Chlorogalum*) from the large, fibrous roots of which the Indians manufacture baskets. The bulbs are also used as a substitute for soap.

A triumph of Nature's handiwork is the magnificent yucca, or Spanish bayonet (*Yucca gloriosa*), also known as the "Roman candle." It is a native of the Coast Range, from Monterey to San Diego, and thence eastward to Arizona; and flourishes from May to November, without a drop of moisture. A denizen of the scorching Mojave Desert, where it disputes the right of way with the ghoulish yucca-palm, it is not averse to clinging to the sides of barren precipices, or to consorting with the wild artichoke, the prickly-pear cactus, the agave, or



California Wild Rose.



Indian Basket of Amole.

century plant, and the Romneya, or mission poppy, on the edge of the forests of live-oak, sycamore and castor-oil trees. From a clump of sharp, bayonet-like leaves, a couple of feet long, rises a graceful stalk, three or four inches in diameter, and from ten to twenty feet in height, bearing a dense, compound panicle of small white blossoms, which, in shape, size, color and fragrance closely resemble the tube-rose. Sometimes as many as twenty-five hundred flowers are crowded on a single stem.

Then there are the stately mountain lilies, growing in clumps, in dry, open localities, at an altitude of from 2,000 to 3,500 feet.

The Humboldt is a tawny tiger-lily, as tall as a good-sized man; and the Washington has larger and fragrant corollas, dotted or streaked with gold.

The water-lilies belong to the order *Nymphæaceæ*.

Boat-riders on Lake Tahoe are familiar with the sulphur-yellow *Nuphar*, with leaves nearly a foot across; and the white-pond lily, or *Brasenia*, is also a general favorite.

Among maritime plants are the lilac-blue wild aster, or beach-daisy (*Erigeron glaucus*), which clings tenaciously to the precipitous cliffs of Monterey, apparently delighting in the fierce, salt spray; the pink sand-verbena (*Abronia umbellata*), a glutinous, decumbent herb, with fleshy, irregular leaves; the trailing marine convolvulus (*C. soldanella*); the thick-leaved, rose-colored wild-thrift (*Armeria vulgaris*); the fire-cracker plant; the wild house leek; half a dozen kinds of flag-lilies, or Irises; and forty varieties of the well-known lupines, which are invaluable in binding the drifting sand-dunes, in the vicinity of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Another old-fashioned flower, common in suburban towns, especially Alameda, is the tree-mallow, or *Lavatera*, reaching a height of fifteen feet, and bearing clusters of bright solferino flowers of peculiar odor.

The *Sidalcea*, or spike-mallow, is a trailing perennial, with long racemes

of small pink blossoms; and the marsh-mallow, a coarse weed, growing along our country highways, has large geranium-like leaves and round mucilaginous seed vessels, known among children as "cheeses."

Some of our most characteristic plants are members of the Figwort order. There are nearly forty kinds of the *mimulus*, or monkey-flower—orange, scarlet, buff or salmon—with bilabiate or two-lipped corollas, like musk. They are mostly frequenters of moist situations; but the sticky and most common species (*Mimulus glutinosus*), thrives best on dry, rocky hillsides.

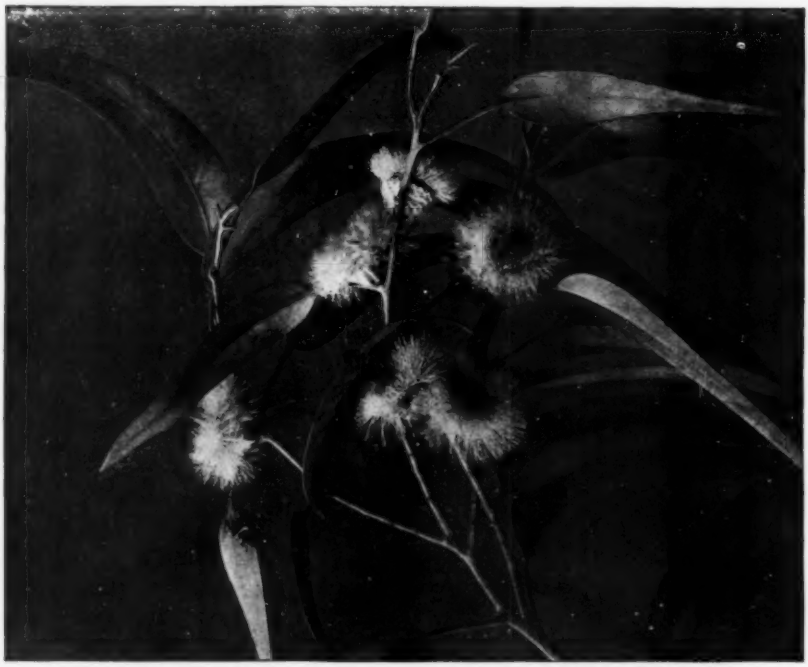
The pentstemons, or beard-tongues, are gay annuals resembling small foxgloves; and are especially abundant in elevated districts west of the Sierras.

Mariposa Lily.

A popular herb, lingering in open

places all through a long, dry summer, is the Indian's paint-brush, painted-cup, or soldier-cap (*Castilleia*), with terminal spikes a foot or two in height, of scarlet, or occasionally yellow bracts and flowers.

notice, in the underbrush, spikes of majenta, or white flowers, with four, papery petals, (often marked with a large dark spot), a prominent pistil like a yellow cross, and leafy stems a foot or two in height. This is the godetia,



Eucalyptus Blossom.

Other genera include the figworts (*Scrophularia*), with square stems and inconspicuous blossoms; the white and the yellow pocket-shaped orthocarpus; the snap-dragon, or Antirrhinum, the beautiful collinsias, and the flannelly mullein, or verbascum.

The *Leguminosæ*, or pea family, numbers one hundred and eighty local specimens, including twenty-five kinds of clover.

Orchids are sparingly represented, among them being the "ladies' tresses," the tway-blade and the coral-root.

The summer rambler in the mountains in June and July will be apt to

indigenous to the Pacific Coast, and a member of the Evening Primrose family, although it does not close by day.

A near relative is the Clarkia, a purplish annual, with erect, brittle stalks and eight stamens, four of which are rudimentary. The blades of the petals are narrowed into claws, giving the blossom the appearance of a bee on the wing.

The *Eucharidium* is similar to the Clarkia, only the petals are three-lobed and the stamens are only four.

The *Zauschneria* may be known from its likeness to a small scarlet fuchsia.

With the Crowfoots are classed the red and indigo larkspurs, (*Delphinium*) growing near the sea in dry soil; the twining clematis, or Virgin's Bower; the symbol of folly—the nodding columbine, (*Aquilegia*); the wood-anemone, and the monkshood.

The gilias belong with the phloxes, and are small, five-petalled, rose, white or lilac blossoms, scattered, sometimes scantily, on terminal capitate clusters.

Country stage-drivers are not infrequently desired to halt, while botanically-inclined passengers search among the rocks for the Indian-pink, or catchfly, (*Silene*)—an especially attractive wild-flower, with fiery fringed petals and sometimes sticky leaves.

Snow Plant.

On the slopes of Mt. Shasta grows a rank herb, common in damp woods, in the springtime.

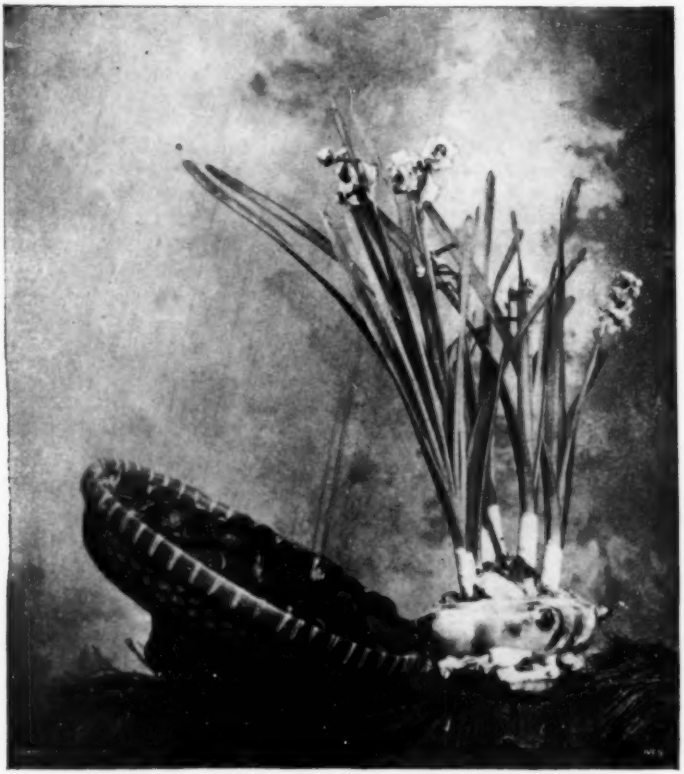
A distinctively Californian flower is the Sarcodes, or snow-plant, (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), which stands without a

species of milkweed, (*Asclepias*), much sought after on account of its large, oval seed-pods, which, though outwardly unpretentious, reveal within a marvel of skill and neatness, the seeds being packed in layers like the scales of a fish, and furnished with a coma, or wing of silken down.

The chief characteristics of the Borrage tribe are coiled, one-sided racemes, which straighten as the flowers develop. With it are numbered the forget-me-nots, (*Myosotis*); the creeping heliotrope; the tarweed, (*Amsinckia*); and the blue borrage, a

rival, there being only one known species. Its habitat is the Sierra Nevada mountains, at an elevation of from 4,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea-level. It is a parasite of the pine-tree, from the roots of which it springs, when the snow is melting. The entire plant—small bell-shaped blossoms, fleshy bracts, thick brittle stems, and succulent leaves are all of a brilliant scarlet, which deepens and finally becomes almost purple, after the flower is gathered. The average height is about one foot; and the portion covered by the earth is from three to five inches in depth and of a light pink color. This curious pyramid of glistening crimson is an object of rare beauty, and forms a striking contrast to its wintry surroundings. Experiments have been successfully tried in raisings specimens from seed.

In its vicinity is often found the peculiar "red-snow," a minute form of vegetable life, which colors one's footprints the hue of blood.



Chinese Hat and Nuts—Chinese Lily Growing in Crab-lily Bowl.

The snow-plant is a member of the heath family, as are also—improbable though it may seem—the delicate azalea and the sturdy manzanita.

Of the former, the leading varieties are *Rhododendron Californicum*, a large evergreen shrub, six to fifteen feet high, bearing terminal corymbs of rose-purple flowers; and *Rhododendron occidentale*, a smaller deciduous species,

with bright, green, oval leaves and umbels of fragrant white, or flesh-tinted blossoms, somewhat sticky to the touch.

The manzanita, or bear-berry, (*Arctostaphylos*), together with the deer-brush, snow-berry bush and chemissal, comprises the larger part of our forest undergrowth; and includes twelve species in the State, averaging in height from five to twenty feet. All mountain climbers are familiar with its smooth red bark, thick ovate leaves, tiny waxen flowers, and small, apple-like seed-vessels, which, being acidulous in flavor, are prized as food by both Indians and "grizzlies."

In our woods and cañons are other handsome flowering shrubs, some of which have been transplanted from their native wilds, and ornament parks and gardens.

The toyon, or American holly (*Heteromeles arbutifolia*), is a small evergreen tree with dark, smooth foliage, and terminal panicles of little white blossoms, succeeded by the bright red berries used everywhere for decoration at the holiday season.

The berries of the holly-leaved barberry, or Oregon grapevine, are bluish-purple in tint, and the prickly leafage much resembles the famous holly of England.

In the autumn, the deciduous choke-cherry dons a robe of crimson, and ripens an astringent fruit of an equally vivid hue.

The large white bracts of the cornus, or dogwood; the showy yellow petals of the tree-poppy, (*Dendromecon rigidum*); twenty varieties of the ceanothus, or mountain lilac; the violet blue clusters of the nightshade (*Solanum*); the long, drooping trumpets of the river-loving datura, or stramonium; and the feathery racemes of the wild currant, all add color to the scene, or fragrance to the atmosphere.

Down by the creeks, where the wild roses flaunt their pink corollas high above the brakes and alum-root, flourish the graceful elders, the dull-red, leathery-petalled calycanthus; the stout, spreading aralia, or spike-nard, and the shield saxifrage, conspicuous on the banks of the Sacramento and McCloud Rivers, and bearing circular leaves a foot across, on erect stalks a yard or more in length.

Descriptions of large, flowering trees, such as the madrone and buck-eye, or those domesticated foreigners, the Australian eucalyptus and the Chilian pepper tree, do not come within the limits of this article. What has been attempted is a general introduction to California's most beautiful and typical wild plants; for, as says J. G. Holland, in "Gold Foil," "There are crowds who trample a flower into the dust, without once thinking that they have one of the sweetest thoughts of God under their heel."

Fig. 9—Death Mask of Napoleon.

Taken at St. Helena immediately after death, by Antommarchi.

From a Cameo presented to Dr. O'Meara by Napoleon.

SOME HEADS OF NAPOLEON.

BY P. C. REMONDINO, M. D.

MY earliest recollections of either art or history are connected with Napoleon. My grandfather, an old veteran of the One Hundred and Eleventh of the line, had been one of his old soldiers, and young as I was I had the campaign of 1806–7 almost by heart, so often had I heard all its incidents related, whilst sitting on the old veteran's knee. In deference to his veneration for his emperor, a large portrait of Napoleon hung over the mantelpiece, and a bronze equestrian statue of the emperor as he appeared during the early days of the first empire stood immediately below it. These two works of art had been selected from the best shops of Turin, and my grandfather and many of his brother veterans pronounced them perfect models of the great captain. Piedmontese veterans of the old Napoleonic wars were quite numerous in the days of my childhood, as the race then in no wise differed from that which inhabited the slopes of the Appenines in the days of the Roman empire, when Pliny relates that in the census taken by the order of Vespasian there were returned over fifty centenarians. These gray veterans were from the same stock, and I well remember that at the age of sixty-five my grandfather looked upon a twenty or thirty-mile jaunt on foot as a constitutional. It was but natural that my early imagination would be filled by a veneration and awe, not unmixed by a great admiration for the emperor represented by the picture and the statue, and that even at that early age I became an art critic in regard to anything that belonged to Napoleon. Everything that did not accord with my portrait or statue I at once declared fraudulent impositions, and as at that early day there were as many different portraits of Napoleon as there are at present—I may even say many more that did not resemble him in the least than at the present day—I found plenty of material whereupon to exercise my critical propensities.

The last time my grandfather saw the emperor was on the field of Eylau; he was riding slowly along the regiment's front, talking to them in his familiar way in the Italian language. The regiment was about to charge on a Russian battery, and the emperor was recalling to their minds the many brave deeds of the One Hundred and Eleventh. After addressing many personal remarks to many of the men he moved aside to see them carry the battery. They moved forward on the run, and when within a short distance of the guns, discharged their muskets at the artillerymen and their infantry support, then dashed forward with the bayonet. It was then a part

of the regulation drill to extend the left thumb upwards as a guide, in firing the old flintlock. As my grandfather came to a momentary halt to deliver his fire with the regulation thumb pointing heavenward, the cannon in his immediate front fired, and in the hail of canister that followed he went down, less the extended thumb, the sighting eye, considerable less scalp, a disabled shoulder and a torn and fractured leg. This mutilation, however painful it must have been on that cold February morning in an extreme Russian winter, did not seem in the least to have impaired his future vitality, but it added greatly to my interest in the portrait and statue, as I could not understand how the emperor could have looked so neat and trim, whilst all the veterans I knew were more or less perforated, indented or abbreviated in some part of their anatomy. Many of my grandfather's friends had formed a part of Prince Eugene's—then viceroy of Italy—army in 1812, when the emperor had not as yet become so stout; and they invariably pronounced the selections made by my grandfather as being faithful representations of Napoleon as he appeared between those years.

Since my childhood, I have always been a more or less close student of Napoleonic history, reading both sides alike, but I have always taken a livelier interest in illustrated works, some of the French productions being remarkably interesting from the delicacy and faithfulness of the artistic work, as well as from the truthfulness of the details they represent. One work especially interested me. It was illustrated by Horace Vernet, and the engravings were exquisite. I have since seen an English edition of the same work which is an aggravation to look at—so coarse are the reproductions of the illustrations. A collection of illustrated works on Napoleon, and a collection of prints representing him from Toulon to St. Helena show about as much variety as some of the collections of the portraits of Columbus, who can be seen in every conceivable shape or expression of physiognomy, except in Burnsides or Dundrearys. The only characteristics that the different artists seem, by common consent, to have agreed to hold in common are the great embroidered rolling collar and coat of the directory period for the years from '96 to 1800; and that from then on he should either be in the conventional uniform of the *chasseurs* of the guard or in the cocked hat and great gray coat. As to the individual who was to occupy these clothes they do not seem to have agreed upon. Some of the faces resemble Napoleon about as much as they do George III, or Red Jacket.

The first mask of Napoleon that I had the satisfaction of seeing was the

Fig. 1—Profile View of the Antommarchi Mask of Napoleon.
From Rouvin's Work.

one in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. What struck me as most singular was the dissimilarity between the profile of this mask and the usual profile, as seen in the portraits. I was further astonished that, whereas the mask was taken at the age of fifty-two, it nevertheless presented the same profile that I had been accustomed to look upon as the authentic. By a strange coincidence, on the afternoon of the same day of the Museum visit, whilst strolling down Cornhill street, I entered one of the old bookstores and there found a "Life of Bonaparte," by Wm. Burdon, printed in London, in May, 1805. This work, like all the English works of that period, looked upon Napoleon as the impersonification of the Revolu-

tion; in fact, they seemed to think that he was to blame for the whole occurrence, although he was not twenty at its inception, nor did he take any part in it except on the side of law and order. But what interested me more than anything else about Burdon's book, was a portrait in profile which faces the title page, which must have been taken about the time of the Marengo campaign. This portrait is authentic; its resemblance to the mask is undeniable. That this portrait in Burdon is reliable is further borne out by comparing it with the portraits made by Longhi, in expression, although Longhi does not retain as precisely the relative shape and position of the lips that is to be found in both the mask and the portrait in Burdon's book. Longhi's portrait was taken some time prior to the Friedland campaign, and from my view of the case, based on my study of the Napoleon portraits, it has always seemed to me that the Napoleon in Messionier's "1807" belongs to a much later date, say 1810.

According to David, the court painter of the Empire, Napoleon had a strongly shaped Roman head and physiognomy. It was what he called a beautiful antique head, and he was wont to remark that the upper part resembled that of Cæsar, whilst the lower part was unmistakably that of Brutus. That his face was capable of quick and varying expression, there is no doubt, both the eyes and mouth being very changeable and full of expression, which could alter with the quickness of his temper. M. P. F. Tissot, a member of the French Academy, and a professor in the College of France, gives us a pen picture of the Emperor as he first saw him in his youth. This was on the fifteenth Vendĕmiare, in the court of the Tuilleries. The future Emperor was on horseback; he was not then, apparently a good rider, as Tissot represents him as sitting the saddle awkwardly and without any grace, looking anything but like a man with a "Tournure militaire." He was then thin and pale, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, the effect of the whole being heightened by the peculiar way of wearing the hair during the period, in flat, hanging masses, *oreilles de chien*, or "dog ears," as the mode was then expressed. It was this combination of haggard, pale face and sunken eyes, when seen expressionless and in repose, flanked by the heavy locks of flattened masses of hair, that induced the lady friends of Madame de Beauharnais to nickname him the "ugly general." Tissot relates, however, that on a sudden his eyes would lighten up, and a smile would play about his mouth that would at once change the forlorn and hopeless Dante countenance into one of a smiling Apollo.

Figure 6 is taken from an engraving of the portrait of the Emperor, painted by M. Steuben. This was one of the last portraits painted of Napoleon. It was greatly admired for the simplicity and truthfulness with which it represented its subjects, and was considered a good likeness. This portrait was purchased by Colonel de Chambure, and formed, with the works of Vernet, Delorme, Charlet, Langlois, Desennes and others, one of the master pieces of the colonel's celebrated gallery of paintings of the Napoleonic era. From this gallery of paintings were reproduced many of the engravings since used in the histories of Napoleon, the Consulate or the Empire. The familiar picture of the return from Elba, with the soldiers of poor, unfortunate Labĕdoyĕre's Seventh Regiment of the line rushing to meet their Emperor, was by Steuben, and formed part of this gallery. This painter painted the "Death of Napoleon," a painting remarkable for the portraits of those then in the chamber, even down to Noveraz, one of his old chasseurs, Marchand, having rearranged a facsimile, "The Death Chamber," with the original furniture of which he was custodian. Twelve of the Napoleon paintings on the

Chambure gallery were by Steuben. The collection was sold in Paris in March, 1830.

Napoleon has been accused of being theatrical in the play of his countenance; that it all was studied and a sham for whatever the occasion required. To assume such to be the case simply because he had expressive features, which quickly indexed in the most expressive manner his sentiments, would be manifestly unjust. Napoleon simply had the sensitiveness peculiar to his race, and whether angry or pleased there was always more or less intensity in its manifestation which found expression in the easy play of his features. He was no more accountable for this, neither was there any more of the theatrical in it all than there was in the uncontrollable twitching and jerking of muscles of the calf to which he was subject, when extremely irritated.

Figure 5 is taken from an engraving of one of the portraits by David. It materially differs from most of the other portraits by the same artist, in its greater repose and naturalness of expression. It has been claimed that, by that peculiar perversity so common to mankind, Napoleon wished himself possessed of a slightly different expression; that he wished his countenance to have more of that squareness of brow and of chin—the greater massiveness of either that is so common a trait among the heads on the old Roman imperial coins. We are told that he caused all dies, proofs or representations of himself—whether for use on coins, medals or prints—to be submitted to his inspection, and that he was very hard to please in

Fig. 2—Bonaparte. by Isabey.

this regard. The cast in the medallion represented in figure 8 gives an idea of what Napoleon himself thought he ought to look like. One probable explanation for all this is that it may possibly have had some other source besides that mere vanity, or rather sensitiveness, regarding our personal appearance. Napoleon was probably aware that in repose his countenance lacked that look of command or decision and unflinchingness that were so characteristic of his temperament. He further probably realized that the slightly retreating chin, the overhanging position of the upper lip in relation to that of the lower, gave to his countenance a look of indecision, weariness and anxiety—expressions which were only present when the face was in repose, and which as is well known were not present when in action or animated, at which times the expressions were everything the reverse of indecision or anxiety. As is mentioned in another part of this paper, Napoleon was conscious of his failing physical powers when only at thirty-five; he then felt the unequal condition between his physique and the strains it was called to stand; that he should not wish the nation, and much less his enemies, to build either fear or false hopes on that, was but natural—his work was neither finished nor assured as yet; he felt that he must put forward an appearance of strength and vitality. These sentiments are but those that are common to those who have a great work on hand and who have gone into it heart and soul. Nelson, shot down on his quarter-deck at Trafalgar, had his face and decorations covered with a handkerchief that he might not be recognized, whilst being borne down to the cockpit, feeling that his men must not know that he was struck down but that, on the contrary, they must imagine him in full vigor wherever the action might require. Down in the cockpit, conscious that his wound was mortal, that his spine was shot through and that he was bleeding internally, all of which would soon end in death, he was nevertheless aroused by the remark of Hardy that Collingwood would now take charge of the fleet. "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy," spoke out firmly the dying chief, endeavoring ineffectually to raise himself from his cot. Readers of Carlyle will all remember the rage of Frederick William when, on the entry of the future Frederick the Great—then only a youth—into the Tobacco Parliament, that august body arose with respect; how this implied allusion to his mortality and expected early exit from his Kingship—although he had no great or small business on hand—threw him into such a passion that it destroyed the peace and harmony of that gathering for some time. Queen Elizabeth fought equally as hard against fate, and used every endeavor to conceal the approach of time and physical decay.

With Napoleon it was more than a mere personal matter; enemies were watching anxiously for his assassination or death, and any sign of decay or the appearance of a mortal malady would have been hailed by them with delight, and would have redoubled their exertions and plunged France again into a state of anarchy; he must look stronger and healthier than he was, not to discourage at home and encourage abroad.

David, an ardent revolutionist himself, felt and must have been inspired by these sentiments, when working on the Napoleon portraits. He loved and admired the emperor; he was the painter of the empire, but back of all he wished the work begun by the revolution carried to a successful termination, and he knew that Napoleon alone could accomplish that.

Artists do not receive the credit they deserve; the unconscious amount of general knowledge that an artist must possess, and the policy that knowledge and his sentiments transmit unconsciously to his brush are something that is not sufficiently appreciated. Jerome's picture of the execution of poor

martyred Ney—the prone, limp figure on that Paris pavement close to that bleak garden wall of the "last of the grand army"—Ney, the bravest of the brave; driven to Waterloo by the studied neglect and insults of the imbecile court of the first restoration, and then shot down like a brigand on that dismal December morning—caused more dismay than anxiety to the monarchy of the Bourbons than an open insurrection would have done. David is charged with desiring to flatter Napoleon with his brush. We

Fig. 3—Napoleon During the Consulate.
From a painting by Isabey.

must not forget that the great artist was as intense in desiring the completion of the work begun in 1789—and of which Napoleon was the instrument—as Napoleon himself, and that whatever assistance his brush could lend it, should be lent with all the patriotic intelligence imaginable. Hence the poetic fancies and liberties seen in the Napoleonic canvasses from this great artist.

David had further private reasons for wishing well of the Empire—he was a regicide, and there was no telling where he might land in the event of its failure. Artists are all historians, and the fate of the judges of Charles I. may have had no little influence on some of his artistic touches. The old Chambure gallery did not contain a single canvas of David or any reproductions of his works.

The portrait representing Napoleon, when Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Battalion of Corsica, is intended for the year 1792, when he hurried to the islands for the purpose of removing his family to a place of security. The Civil War had broken out, however, in all its fierceness, the islanders being divided between their inability to retain their independence and the warring English and French. Being an officer in the French Army, it was but natural that he should take the French side—a side which was, however, unsuccessful. This portrait I judge to be authentic. I picked it up in the City of Turin, in Italy. It has no signer, nor is the engraver noted. Its conformity in facial angle, slope of forehead, profile and expression to the mask, as well as to the Appiani and the Longhi portraits, stamps it as a faithful likeness. John C. Ropes, of Boston, has a bust in his cabinet, which he found in Paris, that gives us quite the same countenance. He gives us a fine view of it in an interesting article on "Napoleon and His Times," in the *Scribner's* of 1887. It is hard to conceive from whence came the idea of a nearly perpendicular and square forehead that disfigures so many of his later portraits, unless it be for the reasons already stated. By reference to one of the masks, it will be seen that the head or skull line sloping back from the face does not do so at right angles. The Longhi portrait, as well as the one in Burdon's, shows this configuration of the superior profile line of the head to perfection. By comparing them to the cast taken from the work of Rouvin, it will become at once evident that these two

portraits were taken with a total regard to truthful and artistic reproduction; and again, if we compare any of the other portraits taken during the Empire to the fine production of Longhi, we shall see that there was too much ideal addition made to the head, here and there, as if Napoleon's character, ability and intelligence depended on the peculiar phrenological bumps or head lines. Some of these imaginative and untruthful artists have so exaggerated these phrenological developments that it gives the otherwise fine head of Napoleon the appearance of being hydrocephalic, with a necessary distortion of the features, by which the portraits often lose that intellectual appearance which is so expressively shown by the natural features.

The small vignette of the Emperor in figure 7 is taken from M. Visconti's descriptive work, "Le Tombeau de Napoleon I." In the text of the work there occurs the following personal description of the Emperor: "Napoleon was rather undersized, being only four feet eleven inches in height. His head was large and his forehead high and broad; his eyes a clear blue; hair of the fineness of silk, and eyebrows of a dark chestnut. His glance was rapid and piercing, and may be likened to that of the eagle, but wholly influenced by whatever mood that agitated him, nose well formed and a gracious mouth and full of expressiveness. His chest was large and the trunk of the body long for his height, so that when seen on horseback, he impressed one with being a really much larger framed man than what he was. In his childhood and youth he had that peculiar nut-brown complexion and lovely expression so peculiar to Italian youths. After the Italian and Egyptian campaign, his features were hardened and sallow, and his hair, which was then worn long and flat, falling on either side of his cheeks, gave him a most singular but interesting appearance. During the first years of the empire, his figure filled out and his features assumed that type of remarkable regularity artists never tire of reproducing, and of which the portraits of David, of Gerard, of Girodet and the bust by Chaudet will furnish an exact idea. The plaster cast taken after his death reminds one forcibly of the studies of antiquity."

It must not be forgotten that in Napoleon there existed several characteristics, and each one as intensely developed as the other. That he was a humane man and a domestic man, intense in his love of family, history sufficiently proves, as his many benevolent acts also testify. Could Napoleon have banished want and misery from the globe and replenished it with happiness and plenty, there is no doubt that his disposition would have prompted him to do so.

Comparisons have often been instituted between Washington and Napoleon, and the funeral honors paid by the latter to the Father of his Country indicated that Napoleon admired Washington. He was his ideal, but he was powerless to imitate him. Washington had an entirely different element at his back and to work with. The American people were made up of the descendants of the liberty-loving and independent Netherlanders —headstrong, brave, sturdy and intelligent. Added to these at the North, were to be found the descendants of those sturdy old roundheads that had crossed swords with the cavaliers of Prince Rupert, fighting for conscience and Parliament. Men who could leave the roast beef and old port, ale and good cheer of merry England for a home on the bleak shores of New England, and prefer the constant menace of the tomahawk and scalping-knife to having their conscience legally oppressed, could not be anything else but sturdy and intelligent Democrats. To the immediate south of the old Netherland colony were settlements of intelligent and progressive, but a very independent nobil-

ity, of Scotch and English extraction, and their adherents or dependents—men of the type of Washington himself. Still further south the descendants of the Huguenots were to be found—a brave, unconquerable set of liberty-loving people of which Marion was the type. These peculiarly constituted people, with the freedom that a colonial existence naturally cultivates by force of circumstances, made an aggregate such as could not be found the world over, either for intelligence or stubborn determination. With

Fig. 4—Napoleon as First Consul.

From the plate accompanying Burdon's Life of Bonaparte, and probably one of the most authentic portraits existing.

such a people Washington could not have been otherwise, even had he wished, than the stern but aristocratic democrat that he was.

With Napoleon it was entirely and hopelessly different. It was not left to his volition to have it otherwise. As in the case of Washington, his material had been the work and cultivation of generations, but with different methods and different results. Our own observing Jefferson observed this whilst embassador at the French court, at the breaking out of the Revolution. Although he left France in November of 1789, before the end was in any way visible, he nevertheless prophesied its failure. As observed by Mr. Paine, "Jefferson judged the coming Revolution with perfect good sense and sure predictions. He separated, with Jesuitical precision, the speculative from the practical." He saw that the problem of regulating the government, for as large a nation as the French, was something altogether out of the question for inexperienced hands.

At this time Napoleon was a simple lieutenant of artillery in garrison at Valence, unheard of and without influence. Meanwhile the Revolution had gained momentum, and it was not until in June, 1792, that he saw its workings. At this date was his first visit to Paris. He was then a captain. The next year civil war broke out in Corsica, and we find the young captain obtaining a leave to visit the island, that he might place his family in security. We find him fighting there with the party of his adopted nation against the English, and after the annihilation of the French interest, we see him coming back to the continent with his family and many more Corsicans who were compelled to leave their homes. Leaving his family in Marseilles he returned to his post in Paris. At this time the immediate wants of his mother, brother and sisters, and anxiety for their safety were sufficient occupation for his mind, and between these worries and the personal economy he was obliged to exercise, we may rest assured that all his dreams of ambition and glory were matters purely in the imagination of his unthinking critics. His chaffing, taciturnity and somberness, were not the result of ungratified ambition, but the natural outcome of a young, intelligent, observing, sensitive man, so harassed by necessities and anxieties and actual want that he hardly knew where to turn. His portraits show this plainly. The portraits of his

younger days, whilst general of the army of Italy, and afterward whilst in the Consulate, with the profile of his death mask with which they fully tally, show his character as defined by physiognomy to have been that of an anxious, hard-thinking worker, and not of an arrogant, imperious, selfish nature. The man who could deny himself to educate his younger brothers, and who in the higher positions never forgot to treat the old nurse of his childhood with kindness and gratitude, could not be selfish. The man had sufficient from childhood up to embitter and sour his after-nature, but the stoical philosophy that he inherited, and that he seems to have carefully cultivated, prevented these ill-favored occurrences from having any visible ill moral effect, although unfortunately the physical effects of so much worry and depression were not to be so easily escaped from.

The charges of ambition, desire for imperial honors, desire for absolute rule and all like charges should have some better foundation than those upon which they stand; at least, the fact that he was compelled to act as if those were his aims and sole objects should be analyzed and separated from what was inevitable, and from the path that he, *nolens volens*, was forced to take. That these actions of Napoleon should be well considered, and all attending circumstances should be well weighed before passing judgment thereon is sufficiently evident from a study of M. Taine on the subject. Prince Napoleon terms the studies of Napoleon by this able writer and thinker "nothing but a libel." "Napoleon," says M. Taine, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February, 1887, "is not a Frenchman. He is an Italian, a condottiere. To understand him we must ascend to the petty Italian tyrant of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." Then he proceeds to compare him to Costraccio, Castracani, Braccio de Mantua, Piccinino, Malatesta de Rimini and to the Sforzas of Milan; then feeling that he has not done him full justice he compares him to the Borgias. M. Taine evidently failed to take into account that Napoleon had anything to contend with, or that there existed anything about France that even a Napoleon could not change. In writing his studies on Napoleon, he certainly must have lost sight of what he wrote in his "Nouveaux Essays de Critique et d' Histoire," the year previous, in the article on Jefferson,

Fig. 5—Napoleon First, by David.
From an engraving by Ransonnette.

already quoted from. It took France seventy years, with all the additional lights that they received through the Consulate and empire and the spasmodic revolutions and republics that intervened between 1800 and 1870, to establish a republic on a firm basis, and it is doubtful if it could have been done then but for the co-existing circumstances attending the close of the Franco-Prussian war, and the suppression of the Commune; so that it was unreasonable for M. Taine to expect Napoleon to have acted differently in the years from 1796

to 1815, as far as his concentrating the power within himself either as general-in-chief of the army of Italy, or as consul in the first instances, or as emperor in the end. To have done differently, he must have either had different material to work with, or have quietly allowed the successive crops of anarchists to rule and ruin, or, as England suggested, by the " restoration of that line of princes which for many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home and consideration abroad." To restore the line of princes to which France owed all her calamities was out of the question, had Napoleon even had such imbecile intentions. To retire and allow all the different insane would-be governments to try their hands would have been cowardly; and to have founded a republic on the plan

Fig. 6—Napoleon First, by Steuben.

of the United States, himself acting the part of a Washington, has been shown to have been out of the question by a no less authority than Jefferson, and that opinion tacitly acknowledged by M. Taine himself.

Washington was a strictly formal man, a devout man and a humane, unselfish and extremely patriotic man, but he, nevertheless, under the stress of circumstances, swore like a trooper at poor, backsliding discomfited General Lee; and when it became a matter of exigency he hung poor André; and there is no American but under the circumstances would have been compelled to do the same. I admit that Napoleon would have done either act, especially the last, with probably a greater degree of promptitude and probably a much less degree of disturbance to his conscience; as to the first, he might have done as was his custom whenever anything particularly imbecile occurred—as for instance when he received the news of Dupont's senseless performance and surrender at Baylen. He would have given him one look of contempt, rolled his eyes heavenward, made the sign of the cross and consigned him to the prayers of the clergy.

To understand Napoleon well, however, his nationality, and the effect of that nationality for many past generations on an intelligent man must not be overlooked. Napoleon was an Italian, not an Italian mercenary or brigand, a Sforza or a Spanish Borgia, as Taine would represent him, but the type of the Italian patriot warrior. The Italians once were Rome, and as Rome they once governed the known world, from the Baltic to the deserts of Africa; from Britain to the east of Palestine, all were Roman provinces. Since then, with the fall of Rome, Italy has been cut up into petty states, governed by foreign oppressors, robbed by Algerian or Turkish corsairs which ravaged their coasts, sold into slavery, unprotected from foreign foes by their masters, their territory overrun by rival Spanish and French, Papal and Imperialist troops, its best blood shot down, hung or imprisoned, slowly to waste away its life in Austrian or Bourbon dungeon. In the Italian the spirit of the old Roman legionary was not dead, however; even if isolated, powerless of a united effort or of co-operation, and falling before Austrian or Bourbon bayonet or the Papal fusilade, as helpless as the overpowered legionaries of Varus under the blows of the barbarian's hordes of Arminius, Italians have struggled and fought, suffered and died for Italian unity and freedom for centuries. Europeans, and much less

Fig. 7—Napoleon in 1797.

Americans, can fully appreciate the effect of centuries of such struggles on man. The Netherlands had a short and transient spell of it under Spain. Germany had but a glimpse of it during the Thirty Years' War, and Poland, from its important geographical position, has tasted the bitterness of the woes that had afflicted Italy for so many centuries. But no nation has undergone a like experience. From the downfall of the empire to the final unification in 1870, the struggle has continued, the Sicilian vespers, the Balilla insurrection of Genoa, and the death struggle of '48

showing fully the intensity of the feeling, however misdirected, that has prevailed throughout Italy.

The effects of this condition on the Italian youth has been peculiar. A remark by Adam Smith in his "Moral Sentiments," in speaking of the influence of custom, recalls the fact that an Indian, from childhood, prepares himself for the possible contingency of having to defy his enemies at his death-torture with his endurance; so, with the intelligent youth of Italy, the memories of Scipio and of the stoical Seneca have led the Italians to hope for the future of their country. They have, from childhood, become familiar with a desire for liberty and a hatred for oppressors. In youth, the history of Rome and Greece becomes, naturally, a tasteful study; the military history of Greece, the wars of Hannibal, the deeds of Arnold Winkelried and of Tell fire their imagination; they become, in early life, eager for military knowledge and a physique to support a martial life. Although this seemed but poetic it nevertheless culminated in the long-cherished desire; Napoleon was an Italian, intensified by Corsican association, events and climate. His early studies into war, his partiality for a martial life, were not, as many would have us believe, the exhibition of a reckless ambition and bloodthirsty spirit, but they were in him simply the exhibition of traits created in all Italian youths of past generations and intensified by having become in part hereditary. I have said that the rest of Europe cannot appreciate the position of Italy in this regard. It is not a generally appreciated fact, that whereas, in other countries it has been, as a rule, the third class—the common people—who are the oppressed and rebellious, in Italy it has been the better classes who have occupied that position, and there has been no stauncher friend to liberty than your Italian clergy coming from the better class. In 1848, among the revolutions of Europe, Italy alone presented the spectacle of an hereditary prince—a prince from one of the oldest houses in Europe—siding with the people against monarchical oppression. This Italian characteristic—now no longer necessary—and not ambition and glory or inhumanity, were what urged Napoleon on the path of a warrior and a great captain.

Napoleon fostered the sciences and art, loved order and regularity, equality before the laws for all. He was a statesman that considered all and every class, as well. He saw the retroactive working of certain evils which were considered to have but one direction, and little do many of the European classes of to-day dream from whom came the benefits that they now enjoy. As an example, he observed the great harm that resulted from the usury as practiced by the Hebrews throughout the continent. He plainly saw that the social, political and commercial proscriptions under which they labored—being shut out of all employment, business or society—compelled them to follow out this occupation. By removing all their political, social and commercial disabilities, he hoped to engage them in other and legitimate branches of trade and industry, and give up usury. Napoleon could certainly not be charged with slaking his thirst for war, glory or ambition, whilst pursuing such humane and broad-minded objects—something that neither the Bourbons, Hapsburgs or any other hereditary house had ever thought of doing.

Napoleon was a general—his detractors, however unwilling, have to admit that. Lanfrey certainly could have handled the battle of Marengo and some other campaigns with greater skill, and Marmont and some of his other generals, no doubt, could have done better on many an occasion, had he not been around to interfere, but taken on the whole, writers and military scholars have decided that he is entitled to a seat with Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, and the few great cap-

Fig. 8—Lieutenant Colonel Napoleone Bonaparte.
Taken during the Directory.

tains the world has seen. Now when we consider that a man's occupation, habit of thought, sentiments called into play, and associations and the character of friends all tend to mold the countenance, we must be conscious that the man who was admitted by able jurists to possess the clearest conceptions of law; of whom the Concordat evinces the deepest insight into theology and church matters; who discussed the classics and antiquity with scholars, and who was not found wanting in matters of physical or moral philosophy; who was possessed of a clear insight into medicine, and who at the same time was perfectly at home with the dashing Murat, the bulldog Massena, or the cool and courageous Lannes; who wrangled with the wigged diplomats of the day, and who possessed all the address, cunning, duplicity and dishonesty of the most consummate confidence man—such a man must have presented a really composite countenance, as each one of these totally different pursuits must at different times have affected the features, as they in turn would occupy his mind. This must in part explain the great discrepancy that exists in his portraits. I have elsewhere alluded to my impression that the play of the features of Napoleon was fully expressive of whatever sentiments he was swayed by, and not gotten up for dramatic effect, as charged by many. Baron De Crossard, a French nobleman, then in the Austrian ranks serving on the staff of General Vogelsang, relates that after the battle of Marengo, Berthier returning from Alexandria, after his interview with Melas, was accompanied by Count Neipperg of Melas' staff who was empowered to close the negotiations for the armistice. On the arrival of the carriage at the French headquarters at Torre di Gareofolo, Napoleon was seen on the balcony. Not knowing that Berthier had any company, but seeing his chief of staff on the side of the carriage next to him, he anxiously called out to him whilst the carriage was still rolling: "Well, well, Berthier, what have you accomplished; what do you bring back?" "I will tell you presently," answered Berthier. "Speak out, what is it?" again said Napoleon. "Let me alight first," answered his chief of staff, "I have some one with me." The anxiety in tone, and the anxious expression of countenance of the Consul did not escape the Austrian envoy, who according to De Crossard was emboldened to insist on retaining Ferrara, which he accomplished in the ensuing negotiations.

Napoleon's position was a hard one in life. Either as the representative of the spirit of the revolution, as the central figure of democracy, as a ruler, as a reconciliator between the France of the Bourbon monarchy and the France of the people; as a legislator or as philosopher, he was ahead of his time, and therefore incomprehensible to those around him, and an obstacle in the eyes of monarchical Europe. His lack of royalty by the divine right of heredity was something Europe could not countenance. The very fact that his empire was held by the will of the people was an offense to established order. The military execution of a prince could shock Europe, but the plebeian origin of Napoleon and of his power allowed that same Europe to gloat over the prospects of his speedy assassination. The personal Napoleon has been pursued and calumniated through life and since his death, either for the principles he represented or the parties or principles that his name and influence strengthened. John C. Ropes well shows the vituperative work of Lanfrey to be but a flank move on the Bonapartists of the last generation, Lanfrey well knowing that whatever could belittle the first Napoleon would, in a greater proportion, weaken the hopes and chances of the existing Bonapartists. To help the royalist, or strictly republican parties, no pains have been spared in attacking the old empire or

the memory of the older Napoleon. Everything that could afford the least material for detraction was eagerly searched, and from this newly-discovered matter such works as Lanfrey's were constructed. The same kind of attacks have been made since his first accession to the consular power, Napoleon being always the party attacked, whereby something else was to be undone. With time, these works carried, from the ingeniousness of their construction and their semblance to authentic foundation, more weight, although an unprejudiced mind must admit that even Lanfrey overdoes the work and allows his object to come to the surface—a trait but too common to all like productions.

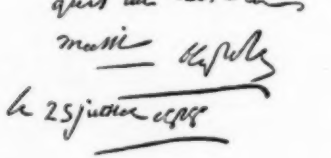
The writer has had some personal experience in the matter, being present in France immediately after the fall of the second empire, when a reversal of conditions existed. Then, the calamities brought about by the combined strife between royalists as a dark horse and the republicans and the imperial government as the principal antagonists, with the vociferous, war-like howls of the Parisian rabble, were all charged to the account of the first Napoleon.

It was a renewal of the journey from Paris to Elba half a century later. Anything and everything that could suggest a national respect, memory, or the influence of his prestige were ruthlessly assailed and destroyed; places and streets bearing his name were named after someone or something else. To such a pitch had the furor against things imperial and Napoleonic reached, that the rich and handsome uniforms of the *gendarmerie* were stripped of the beautiful gilt buttons bearing the imperial eagle, and a miserable, flimsy pewter substitute with the Gallic cock, sewed in their place; 1870 was a veritable return of 1814 for everything Napoleonic or of the older emperor. The writer was then serving as surgeon in the French armies, first on the Loire and latterly with the army of the North in northwestern France, and it was not a little amusing to listen to the invocations addressed to the shades of the great captain, and to hear the fervently wished for supposition that "*le vieux Napoleon*" could only be given back to France. Meantime artisans on scaffolds, with chisel and hammer, were busily at work knocking off any insignia that could in the least recall his existence.

To the unprejudiced reader, studying the times of the Consulate and the Empire, who will step aside from the beaten paths of the writer who merely chronicles his many campaigns and battles, there are circumstances that in the main are entirely overlooked, but which nevertheless were strong factors in contemporaneous events. To judge of an event properly, all its supporting or determining conditions should be taken into consideration; the event itself, instead of being an isolated circumstance, may be but the culmination of a train of other circumstances. The detractors of Napoleon have been too anxious to present a single fact or event stripped of all its preceding or attendant circumstances, and compel public judgment to be passed on this single episode in probably a long chain of events. Many of Napoleon's actions cannot be comprehended without such an analytical study. One ever-present element—disturbing and aggressive—were the Utopian Republicans, to which must be added the disgruntled anarchists and the many who looked upon the personal success of Napoleon as having either thwarted their designs or ambitions. This varied element was further fanned and fired into action by the emissaries of the royalist factions. This fire in the rear, now smoldering, now in a fitful glare, burned actively from Marengo to Waterloo. Bignon, a faithful historian, who recorded the events as they occurred, tells us in his history that with the beginning of the Marengo campaign, Cadoudal had landed in the Morbihan, and only

awaited a reverse to happen to the republican armies, to begin operations. The first couriers that arrived in Paris bringing news of the fourteenth of June aroused the hopes of all these —French armies might be destroyed and France invaded. In their anxiety to down Napoleon, they could not foresee the calamities that must inevitably follow. The better thinking and prudent advised patience until the morrow. Their knowledge of Napoleon had taught them not to trust too much to appearances. They nevertheless all began to lay plans for the future. The next day came the dispatch from Napoleon: "I hope the French people will be content with its armies." All were at once Frenchmen again, and those who on the previous evening hoped for his defeat were vociferously and enthusiastically cheering his name.

Napoleon could not have appeared in France at a more trying period for himself. The physical strain he endured was fully appreciated by himself. He must have felt this physical failing in 1805, when he remarked that he should be good for only six years more. Nothing but the consciousness of the fact that he was no longer what he had been—in other words, that decay had begun—could have called from him such an admission. As observed by Colonel Dodge in his "Great Captains," a failing physique marked his life and actions, dating from 1808. Napoleon began to fail at thirty-five, and we may well believe that his temper, physique and character suffered more from the wear and tear incident to the machinations and annoyance in his rear than to the fatigue and hardships of his most laborious campaigns. Here was the real difference between Napoleon and Frederick: The latter had none of those internal drawbacks to depress him. Frederick, like Napoleon, became wiry in the field. Frederick had his troubles as a child and a youth, but they were of a different nature from those of Napoleon. He neither had a large family to support while almost penniless himself, nor the physical privations that the latter underwent at the time. Frederick came of a stronger and longer-lived stock. In Napoleon the tendency to early decay was evident. It was inherited from his father, who died comparatively a young man. Besides, Frederick had the further advantage of having been born a king—a matter of considerable moment in the beginning of the present century. That removed any and all dangers from internal conspiracies; fighting Austrians and Prussians, and now and then giving the French a good drubbing, as he did at Rossbach, were exhilarating, even if accompanied by hard marches and general bloodshed. Frederick was often in desperate straits, but throughout his life he never had any such annoyances as the pestiferous Bourbons dancing up and down his borders, or the wrong-headed Chouans within them, to say nothing of a lot of wild-haired anarchists, all thirsting for his blood or his downfall. These internal enemies would soon make a Rip Van Winkle out of the rosiest Bacchus.



PAYABLE TO BEARER.

BY MARION HILL.

IT was at the St. James theater, London, in this present year of our Lord, and the curtain having fallen after the first act, the audience awaited the customary burst of music from the orchestra; but among the musicians, there was a quiet dispute under headway. They were endeavoring to explain something to the violinist, a gaunt, reckless-looking man who was making sneering responses in a tone which, as his gorge rose, became more and more audible.

The audience, not yet alive to the delightful probability of a row buzzed contentedly.

To put an end to the insubordination, the leader of the orchestra tapped thrice authoritatively with his baton and started the selection. The discord which ensued was barbarous, as well it might be, since the violinist with devilish *sang froid* scampered far in advance of the other instruments. The dismayed orchestra readily obeyed the signal for silence. The violinist stopped, too, and remarked, with a certain triumph:

"If you won't keep up with me, then fall behind, and be d——d to you."

The leader, by this time purple with spleen, commanded him to leave the theater.

"Leave the theater? Not a toe; and while I stay, I play, too; so we are likely to have a d——d lively time."

Such a resolute look accompanied his words, that his victim was momentarily nonplussed. Then recovering decision and presence of mind, he ordered two burly musicians to remove the belligerent, and in the same second re-awoke to melodious activity his crippled, but by this time, unanimous orchestra.

"Take me out? That suits me," murmured the violinist, and he immediately relaxed his muscles so as to render himself a dead weight to his captors. The only resistance he offered was to convulse them by delivering, all recumbently, bits of profuse and profane advice. By the time his shabby shoes had been carried the way of his shabby body, the excited public had resumed their seats and the disturbance was at an end. In due time the music reached a peaceful and natural end, and once more the curtain rose.

Among those who had been near enough to hear as well as to see the disgraceful scene, was a man of military aspect, who sat in the first row of seats. He now leaned forward and tapped the nearest musician on the shoulder, saying:

"Beg pardon—the man who was carried out just now—his name? Do you know him?"

The man stopped blowing noiselessly into his cornet, and turned his eyes (so goggled as to be almost on movable stalks like crabs) toward his questioner. "*Know* him? *Everybody* knows *him*. Huh!"

"But I am a stranger in the city. What is his name?"

"Him? Vlance. Harold Vlance."

The questioner made a swift swoop for his hat, and strode vigorously up the aisle and out of the theater, quite oblivious to the outraged glances that were thrown in his wake.

Once outside, he turned down a side street, and proceeded directly to the back door of the theater—rather a remarkable achievement for a stranger. Opening it, he walked along the dimly lit passage—dimly lit yet odorous with a prodigal escape of gas—to where two men, seated on boxes, were playing cards upon a barrel head.

"I want Harold Vlance, if he is here; if not, tell me where he has gone, quickly! quickly!"

One of the players never stirred, except to cut the cards; the other shuffled and dealt methodically, casting but one glance at the speaker to impress him with the folly of haste. The gas-jet flared drunkenly in the draught. The doorkeeper arranged his cards in suits, and murmured "your play," then, keeping an eye upon the board, he condescended to reply:

"Arold Vlance, sir, 'e went hout, sir, cussing tremenjous, not 'arf a minute ago. Went to the Big Sun Flower, hopposite corner, hif I don't mistake, sir."

"Take yer bloomin' time for playin'," came in a morose growl from the other; so the seeker after Harold Vlance dashed impatiently into the street again and made for the indicated saloon.

As he attempted to enter, Harold Vlance himself came out, almost stepping into the arms of the other, who said with a choke in his throat, "Vlance, old fellow, is it you?"

Harold Vlance unceremoniously seized his interlocutor by both shoulders, and swung him into the light of a near lamp, under whose rays he proceeded to examine him, apostrophizing meanwhile.

"Before committing ourself, let us first be sure of *your* identity. If you are a creditor, a brazen Bill Dunn, receive our courteous assurance that we are *not* we. If you are ——"

Here he recoilingly loosened his hold and muttered:

"I wish you fellows were dead! all of you!"

"Do you really wish that of me, Vlance? Do you know me?"

Bowing suavely, Harold Vlance replied with recovered indifference:

"Of course I know you. Once plain Hugh Haines, esteemed coworker and fellow-student; now, Major Haines, in Her Majesty's service."

"*Colonel* Haines," was the correction too automatically delivered to be charged to vanity.

Harold Vlance bowed lower still, in ironical abasement, but some of his heart's agony pierced through his bravado and spoke in his whitening lips:

"You are coming home with me!" cried the colonel, vehemently.

"Lie number one," was the response.

"Then you are going to take me home with you!"

"I'll see you—well, anywhere you like, first."

"I'll follow you, then; I *must* speak with you! I will *not* leave you!"

The other considered a moment.

"Well, do as you like; you'll live longer. Pride of place was never a failing of mine, so come on."

With this he led the way, and the colonel accompanied him.

"I was at the theater, the St. James," volunteered the latter.

Harold Vlance emitted a chuckle.

"You were famous for that in the old days at college," continued his friend in vague retrospect.

"Famous for what? Playing the violin, or the devil?"

"The violin," answered the colonel, gently.

"Um, yes. That was something I *could* do, and play out of time I will *not;* no, not for Orpheus himself."

"I heard of your marriage," began the colonel again.

"Did you? And of my wife's death?"

"Dead? No, no, dear friend, I—"

"Pray don't condole. My loss occurred several years ago, and I am slowly recovering." The tone of this rejoinder perfectly conveyed the idea that he had scarcely regarded his wife's death as a loss. He continued:

"I have a little daughter. You will see her to-night. She always sits up for me. *She* is an owlet, *I* am an owl, and we carouse together, in the night season, she on books, I on

morphine—in a word, we are disreputable!"

"Harold!"

"Gospel truth. That is, we take our pleasures in our own way, which constitutes disreputability, I believe. Being poor, we select the cheapest style of orgie that the market affords; and morphine *is* cheap, when you know how to handle your apothecary."

"You cannot, with your random talk impose upon one who knows you well of old," said Haines, in what was nevertheless a troubled voice.

"Twelve years, it *is* twelve, is it not, Harold, since we left college and went our ways, each promising to hunt the other out occasionally? Twelve years since we shook hands in parting and we have never met again till now!" The speaker's voice trembled a little with heartfelt emotion.

"And *what* a joyous meeting it is!" responded the other, with flippant ease.

It has been written that a difference of tastes in jokes strains friendship; so does a difference in pathetics. The colonel suffered natural chagrin. He restrained his footsteps and said with grave dignity:

"God knows I have no wish to force a renewal of our friendship. Is it to be good-by?"

Harold turned upon him fiercely.

"Go, and I'll curse you! Do you want me to twine about you like a woman? Would you have me slobber like a child? Is it lost, then, that intuition with which you used to fit your mood to mine? If it be, then the sooner you take yourself off, the better!"

These coarse words appeared to comfort the colonel exceedingly, for he slipped his arm through his friend's and drew him forward; and if he pressed that arm almost with a woman's fondness, neither you know it, nor I.

They soon reached that unsavory precinct of old Soho, known as Happing Court; and before one of its hopeless tenements, Harold Vlance stopped. By glowering perseveringly into the dark beyond of the doorway, one could faintly perceive the murk outline of apparently endless stairs.

"Brother, I trust thy feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," warned Harold Vlance, as telling fragments of a brawl floated downward to their ears. He then commenced to ascend with the grim quotation of, "*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*"

After three flights had been climbed and the disturbance left behind, Vlance struck out boldly through the darkness, and arrived at a door from beneath which stole a feeble grin of light.

"Here we are," he announced, opening his portal with a strong kick, less an excess of animal spirits than a necessity, since the door lacked its handle.

A little girl who sat at a wooden table, blinding herself with a book, glanced up at her visitors, then gravely measured the candle, and remarked positively:

"Harold, you are early."

"And have all your lessons in deportment been for naught? Don't you know your duty toward your neighbor yet, Cheviot?"

The child quickly slipped from her chair, and put her fingers into the astonished colonel's.

"A friend of Harold's, I hope? Friends are scarce but welcome." She sighed and looked at her father with the request, "Introduce us."

"This gentleman is Colonel Haines," proceeded Harold, politely. "May he never want a bottle, nor a friend to give it, too. Colonel, my daughter, Cheviot. So called because she was born among those ancient hills, and because her mother wished her to be called something else."

Cheviot withdrew her hand and crept back to her book, and Haines sat down and stared blankly about him, while Vlance poised himself on the table's edge and smiled satirically.

It is seldom that one is ashamed of being well dressed, but, at the moment

the colonel would have cheerfully forfeited a month's pay to his faultless evening suit and his light overcoat for articles of apparel that would have held up his friend's attire in less embarrassing and cruel contrast. His shining hat insulted the wooden table; his burnished boots shed scorn over the uncarpeted boards. Of the two the colonel was the man abashed.

The man of poverty quoted dryly: "'Poor and content is rich and rich enough.'"

Hugh barely repressed a groan, and asked almost angrily, "How did you come to it? You promised brighter things in those old days. You never gambled, never drank——"

"No, never was beastly drunk in my life. Not an irremediable disgrace, though. Might attempt something in that line yet."

Haines made an impatient gesture.

"We are not back on the old footing and the fault, Harold, is yours, not mine. There used to be confidence between us, now we are speaking across a chasm."

"Meaning, I suppose, that I do not rattle off engagingly the various occurrences of the past twelve years, with philosophical analysis of the main causes which have led to these very palpable results. Can't do it, Hugh. A man never acknowledges he is falling until he strikes bottom with a thump. Expect no more from me than the admission that I am in perfect condition 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.'"

He flashed a suggestive glance over his bare surroundings, and again smiled at his friend's pertubation. Cheviot marred the silence by turning a page.

"How old is *she?*" asked the colonel.

"Nearly thirteen."

"Impossible! you——"

"Exactly, I was married before I took my degree."

"But no one knew of it!"

"Naturally enough. It was nothing of which to be proud. In fact, it was an act of reparation."

"Reparation, Oh!"

"Yes. I followed the noble impulse of the soul that old Rugge used to preach to us fellows, and the result was as disastrous and almost as prompt as if I had blown out my brains; there's a hitch in ethics for you."

His voice was melody itself, but his eyes burned with a fierce light as they looked back over a wasted, embittered life. Had the colonel seen that hot and hunted look, he would have withheld, I know, his next words.

"You seem to forget," he began, slowly, "that had no wrong been done in the beginning——"

"Don't you suppose," insinuated Harold, "that my wife used frequently to present to me *that* view of the matter?"

In the voice was so dangerous a smoothness that the colonel looked at the speaker, and surprised on his young face a look of such utter agony, that he rose impulsively and sat beside him upon the little table, putting his arm around his neck and laying a hand upon his shoulder, recalling to both those far-off but well-remembered days in which they had so often read and talked together in just that familiar attitude.

"You have suffered, Harold, how much, how long, I will not ask, since you have no wish to tell; but I am in a position, thank God, to help you, if you will let me. On your side there must not be hesitation. You know the claim you have upon me. *You* seemed to think that, after you had succeeded in dragging me out of the water and bringing me up again into blessed sunshine, each mention of it from me was a personal affront. You forbade the topic; but the fact remains that my life belongs to you. You saved it in the face of fearful dangers, at your own life's risk."

"Do you forget that you gave me your note for the amount of the debt?"

"I remember nothing but the

friendship of those old days," quickly interposed the colonel, speaking with an intensity of emotion, and yearning to electrify his old comrade out of what was apparently callous apathy—"those days when your arm used to be around me as mine is around you, now!"

"What fools we must have looked!" was the sympathetic response. The colonel's arm turned to lead and fell to his side. Vlance with cynical carelessness took up the catechism in his turn:

"You, I thought, were in India, accepting promotions as fast as they offered themselves. How come you to be in London?"

"My cousin died a few months ago, unmarried," answered Haines, feeling baffled and weary-hearted. "I inherited the property and my presence here was imperative."

"Done with your liver disease and your bungalows, then? And do you propose to set me on my legs again with some of your new wealth?"

"Yes!" cried the colonel eagerly.

"No!" was the stern response, while the man's eyes glittered with somber pride. "If you have philanthropic ideas in regard to me, put them at once out of your thoughts. Fling your money, if you like, to London's despicable poor, but don't dare offer it to me!"

Here Cheviot stirred unconsciously, and both men turned their eyes upon her. Everyone is familiar with the invigorating and noble growth which a potato puts forth in dark places. Her slim weakness was of the same pitiable order.

"Have you no thought of her?" asked the childless man. "Can you imagine what her condition would be were you to die?"

"Very easily," replied the father with an inexplicable smile. At the same moment that the smile played over his blue lips, a dewy moisture broke out upon his brow. It was naturally invisible to a casual observer. The man's nerve was superb in spite of its display being so highly unnecessary. "No, don't think of reforming me. I decline to sparkle as a jewel in your heavenly crown. Besides, by this time, respectable London is too hot to hold me. Not, of course, speaking climatically, but morally."

His brilliant and smiling eyes hinted at a new story of debt or shame. The colonel not only felt but looked as hopeless as a man who is trying to batter down an iron door with his fists.

The younger man laughed—laughed, for his sex is not the one which weeps. He continued: "Don't look so down in the mouth, Hugh. I may not long encumber the ground, you know. Since you take an interest in my death, I will tell you that exactly nine months ago I was given but three to live. I have a devilish bad knack of disappointing expectations. Just recall for a moment the various honors which you chaps used to prognosticate for me. You see, experience teaches us to expect nothing from fellows who go off like rockets from the roof of Alma Mater; they are never heard of again. The scrubs, mental scrubs, you understand, go promptly to work to invent a disease, or find a worm, or write a book, and get famous in a night. Study over the theorem and favor me with your deductions."

But the colonel studied instead the wasted physique of his friend, and said:

"I never heard of your being ill."

"I am not surprised. No one ever seems to have heard about me, somehow, and yet the world, the flesh, the devil and I have raised several pleasing excitements. I have disgraced myself in every gentlemanly way known to the century. No, there I wrong myself. I have never run away with my friend's wife; but moralists would be pained to know that my sole excuse for the defection is that I never had a friend."

"Hush! Cheviot—she will hear."

"She will hear sound, not sense,"

said her father, with dogged pride. "She is an experiment of mine. She has had no mother to ruin her morals with nagging platitudes, so I have been able to bring her up properly. Women make wrong-doing beautiful to children by religiously warning them away from it; now, Cheviot has no conception of anything that is not good—she has never heard evil explained—consequently to her mind the world is good, life is good, man is good. The word sin suggests to her a mere physical discomfort like *tic doloroux* or measles. My way of bringing up would be a failure with a boy, I admit. But a girl never asks embarrassing questions—either from inborn delicacy or from weakness of intellect, take your choice; to her, life is a varied picture; to a boy it is a puzzle which he begins early enough to pick to pieces. Cheviot knows only what is good. You ought to hear her explain some polluted passages of Fielding in the light of her childish and pure understanding. She'll hold you spell-bound. I'll set her at it. Cheviot!"

"God!" cried the colonel, shuddering, and gripping Vlance's arm. "Harold, you are mad!"

Indeed, the supposition was not far from being correct. A tumult of repressed excitement, with bitter recollections and hot shame, is apt to madden a naturally erratic brain into dangerous activity. Moreover, the faultlessly dressed and irreproachably correct colonel was an unconscious factor in the disturbance. Oftener than one thinks does a shining example lead an erring brother into acts of desperation, rather than into those of emulation.

Cheviot had come in response to her father's call, and, divining that between the two men was trouble brewing, she wistfully asked:

"Don't you think, Harold, that it would calm our nerves if you were to play the violin for our guest?"

"Not if Rousseau was right when he said: 'Count all time lost that might have been better employed,'" answered her father. Nevertheless, she brought the instrument and placed it in his hands. Then she twined her fingers into those of Hugh and drew him down into a chair to listen, leaning against him with the pathetic trustfulness of childhood.

From the moment Vlance's fingers closed around the slender neck of the violin, his degradation and wildness fell away from him like a garment. He straightened up. With a rapid and masterful touch he tuned the instrument until it satisfied his absolutely correct ear; then he laid a caressing cheek upon it and asked a singular question:

"What is the theme, Cheviot?"

She gave herself a moment's thought before reciting quaintly, "'Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O sea!' I have just been reading it, Harold."

"Very good indeed, O daughter of a musician," said Vlance.

He mentally reviewed the poem, repeating aloud the lines which appealed to him. "Very good. 'I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me.' Strange that we never took this before, young lady." His bright eyes seemed burningly to pierce the squalid walls, and to see the restless ocean picture. "The tender grace of a day that is dead," he said dreamily; and then commenced to play.

The ocean surged first, with a murmuring tide running in, and every now and then coming up far enough and high enough to break upon the crags, only to wash complainingly back again. Next the ear caught a faint melody—a melody that could scarcely make itself heard above the water which rippled over it and tried to drown it out. Again and again with sad insistence it tried to be heard, and as persistently the sea broke over it, and silenced it and wept at the foot of the crags.

Vlance's face was very tender and patient. Gradually the air gained

strength and asserted itself. It got the mastery. It was beautiful with triumphant pulsations that bore the soul to mighty heights, and yet at the same time went down into a man's depths and brought up great handfuls of God-born thoughts that had been mud-covered for years. It was a wonderful, throbbing melody that you felt was destined to roll on to a stately end; but before its completion you feared that you heard the sea again, so quiet in its encroachment, yet so resistless. The air faltered, and the voice of the sea spoke louder, "Break, break, break," and you knew that the grand song was never to be finished. Wave after wave rolled up and broke sullenly over the stones; through all, the ear strained after the struggling melody. It had spent its force, and had given up. It was a creeping minor echo of what had been. It was dreadful to hear the change in it; its minor voice cried out almost humanly, and dragged the heart down with it to be beaten against the jagged stones, and then washed out, out, out into a distant, dark and sleepless sea. It was over.

"It is my life! You have heard my story!" gasped Vlance, his hand on his throat, choking back the dry sobs that were bursting his frame.

The sensitiveness of the child answered to the father's mood, and she broke into wild crying. "This is not to be encouraged, Harold," she wept. "It is bad for our constitutions."

At the sound of her voice and the touch of her hands, the last vestige of self-restraint gave way, and calling out, "Oh, my God! don't listen to me!" Vlance dropped into a chair, and, hiding his face, fell to weeping, in the horrible fashion of a man who hopes he has forgotten how.

Colonel Haines induced the frightened child to go to her room, and returning to the father, he heard (in addition to what he had guessed) more—much more than one creature should hear from and about another to meet him again naturally. The collapse of such a nature is prone to be very complete, and the frenzied confidences of Harold Vlance overleaped the outermost bounds of conventional good taste.

Duped and handicapped from the start in the worst possible way, he had taken his revenge upon the world by meeting every man as an enemy and fighting him upon that ground. Any sane person sees at once that such a course gains one more knocks than friends. One inevitably gets worsted, too, in the unheroic but none the less despairing contest. But thousands are at it at the present moment; eventually, to be sure, they will see the folly of attempting to oppose the universe single-handed, and will learn the wisdom of fawning upon those who step upon them, and will thus gain fine opportunities of kicking back. But Vlance approved not of these fine *fin du siecle* tactics, and fought it out until he was completely knocked under. Then he was reduced to the customary but fiend-perverted and wholly illogical satisfaction of debasing himself.

He spared no details of the recital. Not a page but its blotted lines were read to the compassionate listener. The candle struggled and went out; but then it is easiest to read a blotted page without a candle, especially to read it aloud. The moon lay in soft patches upon the floor, still further bridging over the chasm between the men, until they became as boys again, and talked, if not hand in hand, yet closer still, heart to heart. Of all their words we need but hear the last.

"You will let me pay my debt, then, Harold? It is not only my right, it is my only wish on earth."

"Do what you like! Pay what you like! I will take anything from you You have promised to lift me up into daylight."

"Once more, good-night, Harold."

"Good-by. I will sleep without the drug to-night."

The next morning Cheviot came to the colonel's hotel with a note. The colonel felt blessedly happy. A man who has undertaken a great and good aim invariably feels so. The note at first puzzled him. It was faded and abused with age. It was, moreover, in his own handwriting—his own, but strangely unfamiliar; his own of some fourteen or fifteen years ago. It read:

LONDON, July 19, 18——.

"I hereby promise to pay to Harold Horace Vlance the worth of a Human Life, value received. HUGH HAINES.

The colonel smiled. He remembered writing it a few days after Vlance had saved him from drowning. He had written it as a joke—a boy's idea of one certainly—but still a joke. He wondered that Harold had kept it so long. Still smiling he turned it over. In fresh ink upon the back was written,

Pay to bearer,

HAROLD HORACE VLANCE.

The bearer? Why, that was Cheviot, surely! And now the colonel ceased smiling. With a creeping fear tightening around his heart, he quickly questioned the child:

"When did your father give you this?"

"Last night, late. He came to kiss me as he always does, and put it under my pillow, telling me to take it to you this morning, without waking him, as he would be asleep."

"And when you left him this morning, was he—was he asleep?"

"Sound."

The child's quaint adjective sank like lead into her hearer's heart.

"Let us go to him."

He hired a cab to take them, and Cheviot laughed all the time for enjoyment. Cabs had not been in her line.

Yes, he was sleeping still; on his face the sternness of a determined purpose, and in one clenched hand the drug he had promised to leave alone. So like Harold Vlance. Untrustable, self-torturing, desperate to the end! The colonel's heart contracted with a grief and bitterness too dreadful to put into words. Never to be resumed—that friendship. Never to be made good—that debt. Never to be even commenced—that noble, unselfish aim. "Payable to bearer," instead.

The laughing child took her father's arm and lightly shook it, calling, "Harold! Harold! wake up!"

The colonel snatched her away from the bedside with a cry.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Cheviot, do you think—look away from me—do you think you could love me?"

Instead of answering, the child, in whose eyes was the darkness of a coming knowledge, clung to the colonel's coat with two trembling little hands, and cried:

"What did Harold mean? He said last night that to-morrow I would take the violin and play 'Bonny Charlie's ganged awa.' And to-morrow's to-day. What did Harold mean?"

"He meant—put your hands in mine—he meant—Oh, for *my* sake, little daughter, hide your face in my breast; hide it, hide it! for he meant that I should tell you something that children with fathers and mothers living must thank God they have never heard."

And in the hour that followed, the colonel felt that the first payment of his debt was heavier than he could bear.

DID THE PHŒNICIANS DISCOVER AMERICA?*

No. II.

BY THOMAS CRAWFORD JOHNSTON.

VAST walls, in which the courses are of colossal size, brought from the quarry in some sort ready-made, so that the characteristic work of a building, made with care, was that "no sound of hammer or saw was heard during its erection (1 Kings iv and vii)—such was the essential character of Phœnician monuments."

The time consumed in the building of the temple, we learn from the 6th chapter and 38th verse, was seven years; and from the 7th chapter and 1st verse, we learn that thirteen years were occupied in the erection of the palace at Lebanon, while from the 10th chapter and 21st verse, we gather some information that seems almost more wonderful than the erection of the temple and palace, namely, that while this enormous drain was still affecting the resources of the people, "all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon." While in the 27th verse, we read that, during this period, Solomon made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones; and the writer, as if appreciating the incongruity of the facts related, offers in the 22d verse what is intended to be a satisfactory explanation, namely, "For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks."

For a considerable time prior to this, Phœnician enterprise had opened a way by land across the larger portion of the western side of Asia, which placed them in communication with the Assyrians, the Babylonians and the Persians. The course of this traffic is distinctly traceable as far as the mouth of the Indus, and must, being overland, have been an unsatisfactory method to so distinctly a maritime people as they were; for there is no doubt that whatever access they possessed to the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean for naval purposes was due to the favor of the Egyptians. Shortly before this date, however, Solomon, by his conquests of the Edomites, had come into possession of the important seaport of Ezion-geber, at the head of the Gulf of Elam, on the Red Sea, and knowing how acceptable such a place would be to the Phœnicians, turned it over to them; and it must have been a gift of no inconsiderable value, since it gave them access to a new port, under their own control, where they could build such ships as might be necessary for the conduct of their business in the Indian Ocean and Ceylon, along the shores of both of which countries they had quite a large number of business centers.

In return for the opening which they thus obtained for the extension of their business towards the east, the Tyrians conceded to the Jews a participation in the trade, which they had carried on for so long a time with the nations in that direction; and towards its fuller development, two fleets were formed, to which each of the nations contributed both ships and men.

In 1 Kings ix, 26, we read: "And king Solomon made a navy of ships in Ezion-geber, which is beside Eloth, on the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon. And they came to

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Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, four hundred and twenty talents, and brought it to King Solomon."

The only difficulty there is, in understanding this passage, is the

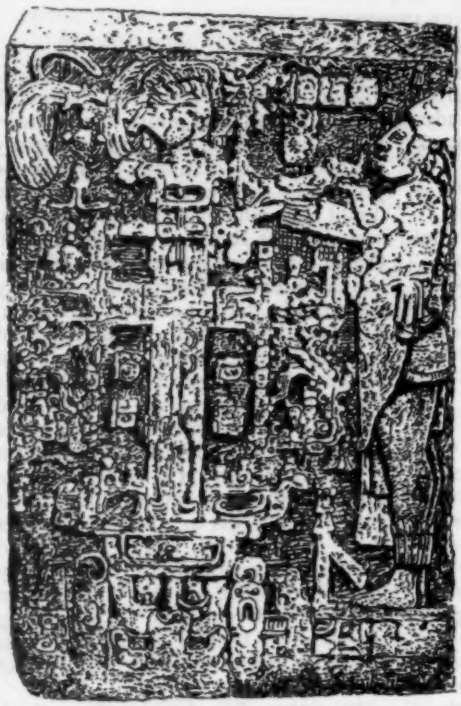


Fig. 12—Tablet of the Cross Palenque.

mixture of the Phœnician navy with the ships of Tharshish, but this difficulty will disappear, when we recollect that vessels of that build were pre-eminently suitable for making long voyages and carrying large freights, which would be necessary, since it is expressly stated that these voyages were so extensive as to occupy a period of three years; and the Phœnician ships of that time were little better than open boats, so that by dovetailing these facts, we arrive at the following proposition: That in connection with King Hiram, King Solomon built at Ezion-geber a navy after the pattern of the ships of Tharshish, which were more suitable for carrying large freights and venturing on long voyages than the Phœnician biremes; and officering and manning them with Phœnician seamen, sent them to or by the land of Ophir, on a series of voyages which occupied a period of three years each.

To the Jews, all the land lying in the direction of the Indian Ocean, on the east side of Babelmandeb, went by that name; the term was as comprehensive as ours is, when we speak of traveling east or west. We know, however, that the territory in the direction of the Indian Ocean was more familiar to the Phœnicians than to any other nation of that time, for it is beyond question that their chief renown was not based on their caravan, but on their maritime expeditions, and that the lower portions of the Indian peninsula were reached like Ceylon, as suggested by M. Ragozin, in his masterly work on Assyria, "in large armed vessels of the same build as the *Tharshish ships*," which were used in the expeditions to England.

The question naturally arises here, Where did these large armed vessels go, since the period consumed in the voyages is expressly stated as three years, and the freight carried on the return voyages was gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks?

It is only natural that we should find considerable difficulty in answering this question, when we recollect that the vessels were manned by Phœnicians, who were accustomed to preserve with great secrecy the sea routes over which they traveled, and the destinations for which they set out, lest some other nation trading on their enterprise should follow and supplant them, as the Greeks had supplanted them nearer home. To such an extent was this precaution

used, that a story has been preserved of a Phœnician captain, who, while on his voyage to the "Tin Islands," as England was called, finding himself pursued by some Roman ships, and being unable to escape, deliberately ran his vessel ashore, losing vessel and cargo, besides drowning his crew, so that he might not be questioned, and the route found out—a deed which was recorded at Tyre as one of the highest patriotic heroism.

Fig. 13—Pyramid of the Moon and Pathway of the Dead.

It is here that the average investigator has come to a standstill, and in consequence of this that so many curious answers have been given to the question, Where were the gold mines of Ophir, and this land that yielded to Solomon one year thirty million dollars and another twenty million, and what evidence have we of the location?

It has seemed to me that the only way in which we could obtain light on this enigma was by following the traces of Phœnician influence and civilization, and this the more so when we bear in mind the class of men who officered these fleets, some account of which we find in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel. This was no rude, uneducated horde, set adrift on voyages of adventure. The cost of the vessels, the unique nature of the enterprise, and the importance of the voyages, drew into that charmed circle the very *élite* of Phœnician science and culture, that class of men who have passed beyond the merely animal tendency of life, and rising above fog and miasma, live in an atmosphere mainly intellectual—men who dominate their surroundings, and in touching them, leave an indelible trace of their presence and influence behind them. "The inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were thy mariners, thy wise men that were in thee, O Tyrus, were thy pilots." (Ezekiel 27th chapter, 8th verse.)

We are still, however, confronted by many difficulties, for though the Phœnicians invented the alphabet, and possessed a literary and scientific knowledge of a high order, they seem to have turned it all into practical channels; so much so, indeed, was this the case, that they do not appear to have written any memorial of their extraordinary career as a nation, or of their exploits and adventure as merchantmen and pioneers, although their experiences in many cases must have been as thrilling as they were unique.

The object of the Phœnician merchant was wealth, not fame, and while possessing that unique quality of inflexibility of purpose which won for them in their own, if not for all time, a pre-eminent position among nations they seem to have stopped there; for record other than fragments, we have found none.

Their enterprise it is impossible to overrate. About the time of which we write, their business establishments were spread not only along the shores eastward, for apart from the dangers that beset the coast line of Europe, and the tempestuous Bay of Biscay, on the voyage to England, the Phœnicians from the most ancient times believed that the pillars of Hercules—those sentinel gate posts of the Strait of Gibraltar—marked the end of the world, beyond which lay the mysterious deep, into which Baal Melkarth, the glorious sun-god, plunged nightly, on his journey to the east, and whither it was sacrilege for mortals to follow.

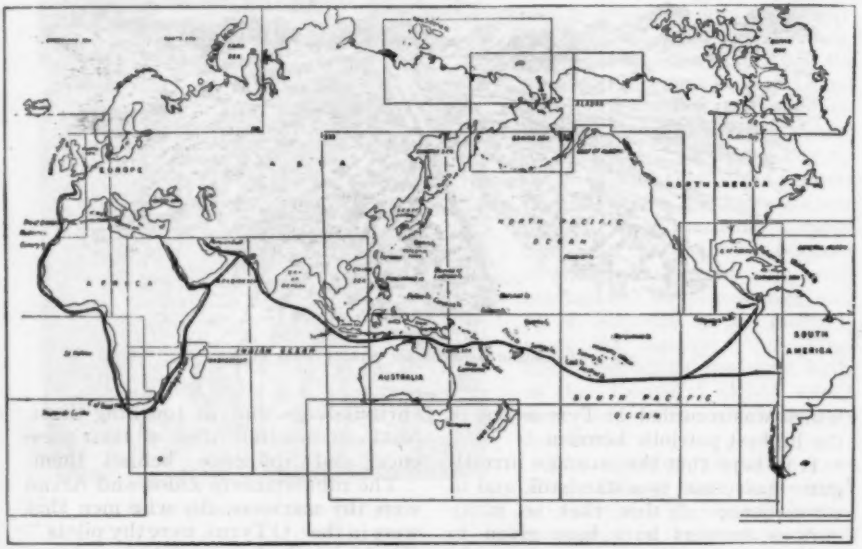


Fig. 14—Chart of Phœnician Travel.

of the Mediterranean, from Phœnicia to the Atlantic, but also along the entire sea route from Ezion-geber and the Red Sea to Ceylon. What need was there, pray, for a new and double fleet to pursue this course? The navigation of the seas to the westward required not only courage, but an *abandon*, with respect to religious prejudice, that it is hard for us with the larger mental liberty, that is the birthright of Christianity, to realize; and that did not and could not condition the navigation of the ocean to the

If the reader will now take up the map of the world, he will, I think, obtain some new light on this enigma. By following the line, from the head of the Red Sea down to the Straits of Babelmandeb, and from that to the coast of India, and on to Ceylon, he will have before him the known track of Phœnician commerce; but if from Ceylon he will continue the line to Java and Sumatra, and from thence to Mulgrave Island, in Torres Strait, proceeding to the Caroline Islands, Tonga, Samoa, Rappa, in the Austral group,

and from thence to Easter Island, connecting therewith the coast of America, at Mexico and Peru, he will have located a series of islands and points on the mainland, which contain remains of substructions of a character identical with those found under the remnants of Solomon's Temple, and marked with those peculiarities described by M. Renan, which he demonstrates were not only a marked feature, but were indeed characteristically peculiar to Phœnician architecture.

If we now follow the northern line, and enter Mexico at Yucatan, we are confronted by buildings that not only contain evidence of this peculiar Phœnician method, in the size and nature of the substructions, but whose composite decorations leave no room for doubt as to their origin. Not only do we find strong evidence of Greek, Egyptian and Assyrian influence, but also, in plainest form, the Phœnician wall previously referred to.

What nation of ancient times but that of Phœnicia ever was permitted to have a foothold in the land of the Pharaohs, of a nature that would influence them to such sympathy with Egyptian art as would lead them in other lands, and among a new set of surroundings to reproduce it? There was none. To the civilization of the period, of which we write, Egypt was as completely closed as China, one hundred and fifty years ago. One nation, and one nation only, was permitted to possess a permanent home in its boundaries, and that one because it was well known that the supremacy it sought was mercantile, and not territorial, in consequence of which it so won upon the Egyptians, as not only to be permitted to establish itself at Memphis, and erect a temple for the worship of its own gods, but so completely subordinating Egyptian prejudice, as in late years to have some portion of its deities added to the Egyptian pantheon.

The Egyptians never were seamen. How, then, do we find so strong an Egyptian influence among the remains of the ancient cities of the New World? The explanation is a simple one. It is not Egyptian, but Phœnician art, and this the more so that the

Fig. 15—Aztec Idol—Egyptian Type.

type is not merely Egyptian, but quite as strongly Greek and Assyrian.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the Phœnicians had an almost uninterrupted intercourse with the Greeks, Persians, Assyrians and Jews, as well as the Egyptians, and it seems that their commercial supremacy and the advantage which the association gave to these countries was the means of engendering not only a native skill, but also a versatility and range of method and design in art, as well as architecture, that was not obtained by any other of their time.

We could scarcely expect to find much similarity between Greek and Egyptian architecture or art. The intercourse between these nations was much too casual to warrant one looking for it, but it would not be unreasonable to expect evidence of the influence of both of these countries as well as of the others previously mentioned in Phœnician remains, when we recollect that the workshops and merchants of Phœnicia made it their peculiar business to cater to the needs of all of them; and curiously enough, the art and the architecture found in Mexico are just such as we would expect to

find produced by such a set of circumstances, when the restrictions of a local market and a peculiar need were removed.

In the architecture, as we see from these photographs after M. Desiré Charnay, the buildings are, as described by M. Renan, of pronouncedly Phœnician origin, and the decoration not only Egyptian, but Greek, with an unmistakable trace of Assyrian and Persian, while, when we come to the art of the Aztec, we find that the motive in the winged vase from Mexico contained in the figure, is no other than the winged disk of Egypt and Phœnicia (Fig. 17).

We shall, however, leave this aspect of the question, by simply calling attention to the pieces of mural decoration which speak so emphatically for themselves, in the light of the foregoing, and shall pass shortly to the religious beliefs of the Aztecs and Phœnicians, where we shall meet a series of not only corroborative, but of startlingly corroborative facts.

Starting originally as monotheists, the Phœnicians, in process of time, clothed each of the attributes of the deity with a distinct personality, which quickly developed into Polytheism, with a principal god and a number of lesser and tributary deities, who were supposed to act under his guidance, and subject to his control; and so widespread was the influence of this form of belief emanating from them, that it became not only the basis of the Greek and Roman superstitions, but in various modifications seems to have overrun the face of the earth, as peopled at that time. In process of time, however, strange developments were produced by this mongrel worship and the decadence from their once simple and pure faith, so that the original conception of the deity was ultimately buried beneath a mass of superstition, that in time sapped the very vitals of Phœnicia, as a nation.

Having once embarked in polytheism, the Phœnicians soon imported into their system new and strange ideas of the deity. Baal became identified with the sun, and Ashtoreth with the moon, and a general belief that the anger of the gods was best averted by human sacrifice prevailed; and to such an extent did this prevail, that in the later years of the nation's history not only in Phœnicia proper, but throughout its entire colonial system, there was an established practice of offering up human sacrifices, especially in times of public calamity, which bore the most terrible aspects in parents sacrificing their children to Baal, under the presumption that being the most precious possession of parents, they were the offering most certain to appease the wrath of the supernal powers. When we now come to the Pacific, we find the traces of this belief spread from shore to shore, not only in exact form in Samoa and Tahiti, but sacrifice by mutilation in nearly every island on this route laid down, and as might be expected in most pronounced form, where the largest traces of their influence and civilization are most apparent.

Among the early inhabitants of Mexico, human sacrifice prevailed to an appalling extent, and, curiously enough, we find that the deity at whose shrine this usually took place was one which, while going under another name, corresponds exactly with the Phœnician Baal or Moloch, this deity, among the Aztecs, being represented by an image, half-human, half-brute, with a cavity in front; and when we turn to the Chinchemecs, we find the old and distinctly Phœnician custom of an open-air worship of the sun and the moon, and the strange usage of presenting to the sun the bleeding heart, torn from the victim before throwing it with the rest of the carcass at the feet of the image to be consumed with fire, while as many as twenty thousand victims were offered some years as a propitiation not confined by any means to adults, but as in the more degenerate days of Phœnicia, including children of both sexes.

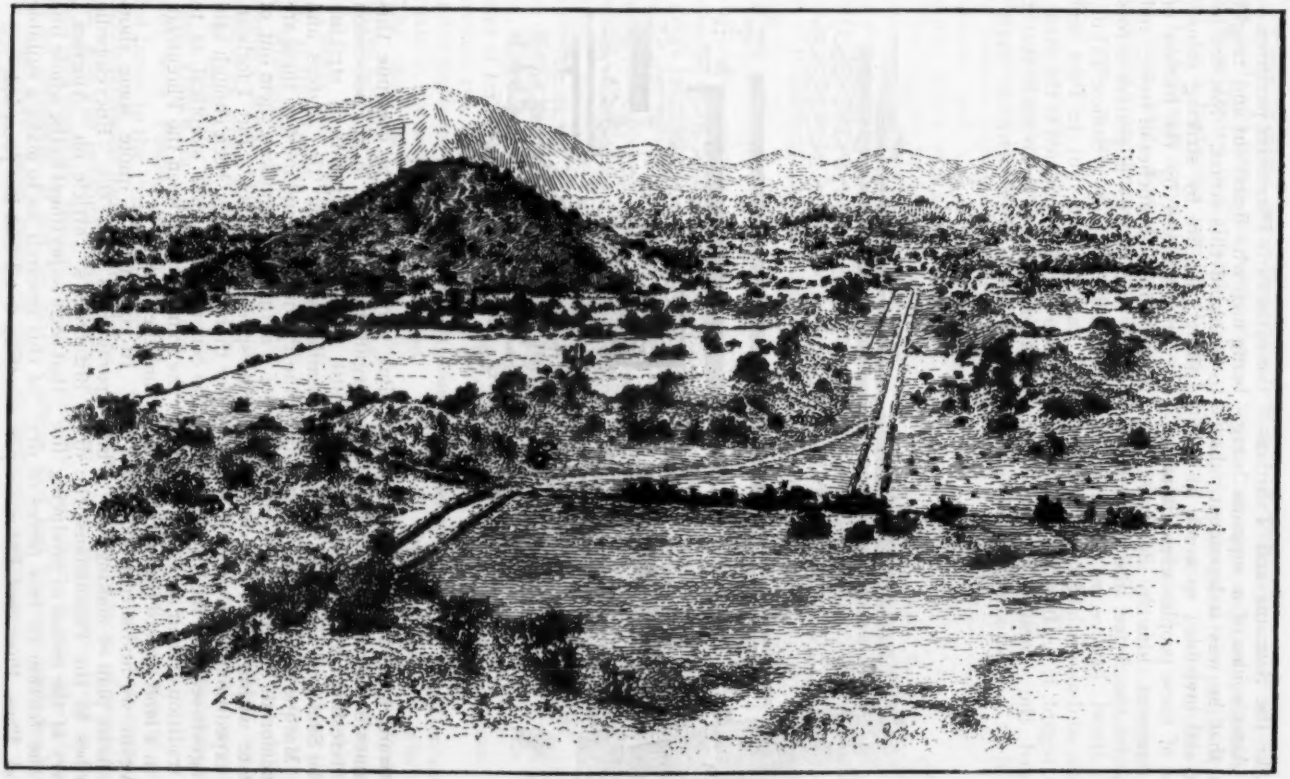


Fig. 19—Pyramid of the Sun, Mexico.

Like the Samoans and Tahitians, the Aztec's idea of a supreme being was that he was independent, absolute and invisible; so much so, that none of these peoples ever attempted to represent him by image. Not only did the Aztec, like the Samoan and Maori, believe in the existence of the soul as distinct from the body, and regard it as immortal, but they located the entrance to the other world at a determined point to the

tion of the early Phœnician pantheon—being men who found out and taught to mankind this secret. Not fire by drilling, nor fire by striking stones, but fire produced by the friction of portions of the branches of trees; and on the line of this migration across the Pacific, not only in Samoa, Tahiti, and Easter Island, but in Peru and Mexico the plan pursued is the same, and there seems to be no doubt that it was of peculiarly Phœnician origin.

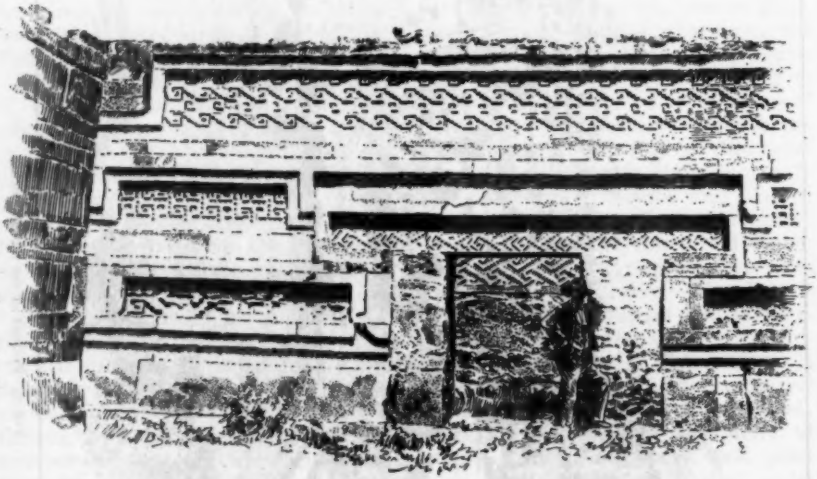


Fig. 16—Mural Decoration, Palenque.

westward, a circumstance that speaks volumes for their origin, and which finds an interesting correspondence, not only in the Samoan Falealupo, but among the Marquesans. These, from time immemorial, but certainly reaching to a date within historic record, fitted out expeditions, and ventured on long voyages in search of the Elysium, which the tradition of their ancestors reported lay in a land toward the setting sun.

Again, we find a correspondence in the Aztec plan of making fire. Philo ascribes to the Phœnicians the discovery of the means of producing fire by the friction of two pieces of dry wood, Phos, Phur and Phlox—a por-

But why attempt to continue this argument? I have in my possession still some twenty points of striking similarity between the Aztecs and the Phœnicians, and most of these are of a nature that removes them out of the sphere of chance. But I forbear, for there has surely been enough said to convince the most skeptical as to the connection between the Phœnician and the Aztec.

In conclusion I quote some short paragraphs from the "Encyclopedia Britannica's" article on "America" that seem so pertinent to the whole line of this research, as to make a suitable setting to all that has preceded.

"Votan, it seems, came from a foreign land, and found the whole country, from Darien to California, occupied by a barbarous people. Votan and his followers arrived in large ships, and wore long, flowing garments." According to one document by Ordonez this event is laid a thousand years before Christ.

It is desirable to notice that this date corresponds exactly with the dates given in the Bible narrative of the historic voyages of Hiram and Solomon, and the building of the temple, which was about 1000 B. C. "This journey to America from their native country was a long and painful one and indicates that seas and lands intervened between them. The tradition reports it to be in the far East, and that the first comers filled seven ships."

Votan returned four or more times to his native country, and on the first occasion visited, according to Ordonez, a great city wherein a magnificent temple was in course of erection and which he supposed was Jerusalem. He also visited "the dwellings of the thirteen serpents," which undoubtedly refers to the temple in Benares, one of the most ancient cities on the face of the globe, and the religious center of India for centuries before the Christian era, being the birthplace of Hindoo mythology. Here the God incarnate in the serpent was worshiped.

The Rev. Mr. Sherring, in his "Sacred City of the Hindoos" (1868) says:

"Twenty-five centuries ago, at least, it was famous, when Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy, when Tyre was planting her colonies, when Athens was growing in strength, before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added luster to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants had been carried into captivity, she had already risen to greatness, if not to glory. Nay, she may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and sent her ivory, her apes and her peacocks to adorn his palaces, while partly with her gold she may have overlaid the Temple of the Lord."

All of which receives a peculiar value in the light of what has preceded,

Fig. 17—Aztec Vase with Winged Disc Symbol.

and is emphasized, if a little attention be given to the Aztec Molloch, where the drapery of the image will be found to be serpentine in form, and bearing the symbolic *four hands* of the goddess Kali, the wife of Shira, to whom the "Monkey temple," at Benares was erected, and at whose shrine daily sacrifices of human victims were offered, up to a comparatively recent date, when the English Government interfered.

"Votan also visited the ruins of an old building which had been erected by men for the purpose of reaching heaven. The people who lived in its vicinity told him it was the place where God had given to each family its particular language."

We have no difficulty in recognizing this as referring to the "Tower of Babel," at Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, and in doing so the chain becomes, link by link, more complete; but curiously enough the case does not rest even here, for Humboldt in describing the Aztec cycle of fifty-two years, gives strong reason for believing that it was borrowed from an ancient Zodiac formed of twenty-seven or twenty-eight lunar houses, which was made use of from the remotest antiquity, in Tartary, Thibet and India, which divided the month into four weeks of five days, and enable us to trace a distinct connection between the Mexican and the Asiatic nations. Of course, we are compelled to believe that these several nations received it from a common source, and no one so perfectly fills all the necessary conditions of the case as the Phœnicians.

If anything more were necessary to a complete establishment of this theory, we find it in another interesting paragraph from the same source which says:

Fig. 18—Aztec Molloch.

"The architectural character of the oldest towns lend some support to the considerable antiquity claimed for them."

"The ruins of Mexico and Central America present so many different architectural styles, that it seems very probable that they were built at different times, and by different peoples. Those which appear to be oldest, and which are most uniform in

style are, the substructures in Mayapam."

The native traditions held that Quetzalcoatl traversed the peninsula, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and on reaching the last ocean, sent back his companions to tell the Cholulans that in a future age his brothers, white men and bearded like himself, would land there from the sea, where the sun rises, and come to rule the country."

To this I append a note of the gold and silver yield of Mexico, in support of the contention that this was the location referred to in Scripture.

	GOLD.	SILVER.	TOTAL.
	$70,000,000	$2,090,000,000	$2,160,000,000
1537 to 1821...	£14,000,000	£418,000,000	£432,000,000
	$50,000,000	$900,000,000	$953,000,000
1821 to 1880...	£10,000,000	£180,000,000	£190,000,000
	£24,000,000	£598,000,000	£622,000,000
	$120,000,000	$2,990,000,000	$3,110,000,000

SYNOPSIS.

First.—We find a correspondence between the architectural remains in Mexico and those of Europe and Asia.

Second.—We find that the details of this art are not a distinct type but composite, and the product of a variety of sources.

Third.—We segregate this composite art, and reduce it to its original sources.

Fourth.—We determine the nation, and the condition under which the amalgamation took place.

Fifth.—We show that they were the only people capable of making this journey and this amalgamation.

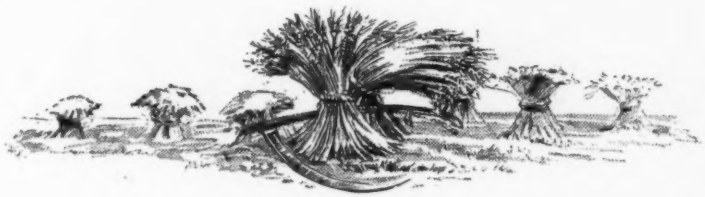
Sixth.—We know that they made such journeys.

Seventh.—We show a motive for these journeys.

Eighth.—We trace the course they pursued.

Ninth.—We determine from historic records the date at which the journey took place.

Tenth.—And show that the religious beliefs of both were identical, and consequently conclude that in consequence of this and the other matters referred to, the Aztec was the product of Phœnician adventure and civilization.



REBELLION.

BY C. MICHENER.

What care I for her eyes! The skies are blue.
What care I for her eyes'
I have the skies.
It is a common hue,
The skies are blue.
What care I for her eyes; the skies are blue.

NAVIDAD.

A CHRISTMAS DAY WITH THE EARLY CALIFORNIANS.

BY DON ARTURO BANDINI.

NAVIDAD! Pasquas! Noche Buena! Christmas! What memories of good old times gone, never to return, must the above words bring back to the minds of old Californians. *Noche Buena* meant to us jollity in the full sense of the word, but with some religious thoughts as well. With all the uproarious fiestas and racket, the thought that to the world was born a Savior, was not forgotten, and to the credit of Mother Church be it said, that the great event was kept in the minds of the people by the continuous and merry ringing of the bells. For us *muchachos* and younger folks, however, the *Vispera de Navidad*, or Christmas Eve, was the day of great expectations. I remember how a lot of us would get on the roof of our large adobe house to watch for the arrival of the different great rancheros escorting each his individual gaily decorated *carreta* (ox-cart), which contained his family. What canopies these humble conveyances carried! Great silken bedspreads, worked with the most beautiful flowers, the fringe serving as a screen and reaching to the axle. Others had coverings of gay rebosos, China crepe, and lace curtains, with flowers and figures embroidered in vivid colors. And the escorts: how shall I describe the trappings of the gallant horse and his still more gallant rider, and not be charged with exaggeration? Fortunately I know many, both Americans and Spanish-Americans, that can corroborate my statements.

The costume of the early Californians was picturesque and serviceable; for riding, especially, it was most appropriate; the short, graceful jacket, beautifully embroidered in silver or gold, the trousers snug at the seat, but expanding from thigh to ankle; the side-seams being open, the wearer, if he so preferred, could bring them together by means of silver buttons or clasps in the shape of tiny shells; underneath all this was the snowy *calzonsillo*, or riding drawers. Others used knee-breeches and *botas*, a species of leggings worn to protect the lower part of the leg. On the bota the embroiderer used her greatest ingenuity to show it to the best advantage; indeed the early Californian was more particular about the beauty of this article than almost any other part of his dress. The bota was wrapped two or three times around the leg and fastened at the top by a wide and tasseled garter. As in the middle ages, some knights carried to extremes the length of their pointed shoes, even to the extent of attaching the end to their girdles; so did some of the early Californians with the cords and tassels of their botas, the ends of which would touch the ground.

Luxury, it is said, leads to effeminacy; if such is the case, it had no effect on the Californians, for a hardier race of men could not be found the world over. As for their fighting qualities no less a competent judge than Kit Carson said, that "they were hard to beat."

In those days, the people always rode good horses; but for the Christmas fiestas they used the very best and most showy of their numberless herds —satin mouths, and feet that barely touched the earth, worthy descendants of the Arabian Alboraks, light of limb, and eye of fire, devourers of miles and leagues, tireless, indomitable. New-

comers, think not what you call, or rather spell, "broncho" (meant for "bronco," wild, unbroken) is his true descendant. No; what you now meet and see is the hybrid offspring of a nameless race.

The trappings also must befit the horse. Imagine a black or red saddle, according to the taste of the rider, the leather most artistically stamped in flowers or embroidered with silver threads, the pommel and seat lined with silver, and often being of the solid metal itself, a snowy or jet black *anquera* descending half way to the ground. The headstall and reins heavily mounted, even more. Some families that I could name never used an inch of leather on the last mentioned pieces, but had them composed of pure silver filagree work with gold slides and mountings. The rider that indulged in all this luxury became it well. He bestrode his steed with the proud consciousness of being the horseman *par excellence* of the world, while his animal plunged and curveted as if to show and prove himself worthy of the burden that he bore. Such were some of the sights of olden California. In those days everybody knew everybody else, and as the well-known families passed by, the bright curtains would part, young and old faces peered out, and shrill greetings flew from carreta (wagon) to house, and vice versa. But the event was yet to come. Gaily decorated and festooned carretas, prancing horses, and splendid horsemen were a common enough sight for us, but the Pastores —Ah! that was something that occurred but once a year during Navidad—Christmas time. Los Pastores—The Shepherds—is a species of sacred drama, something like the Passion Play; the principal characters were the Archangel Michael, the devil, a lazy, clownish individual, named Bartolo, and shepherds. Of these personages the ones most admired by the boys, and the rabble in general were, first, the devil; then St. Michael. The former was patterned after the most approved pictures of his Satanic majesty to be found in the old church—horns, tail, cloven hoof, etc. The pastores went from house to house enacting the same scenes. The first act, if I may call it so, represented the shepherds watching their flocks by night. The second was the appearance of an angel announcing the birth of Christ and commanding them to go and adore Him. Meantime the devil was using sarcasms and endeavoring in every way to keep the pastores from going. The lazy Bartolo, lying on his sheepskin, was cracking tame jokes which the crowd received with marks of the greatest approval and merriment. The third was the scene in the stable, the Infant, Mary, and Joseph being invisible. The part most enjoyed by the spectators, the boys in particular, was when the pastores sallied into the street; there and then the angel and the devil crossed swords, and a seeming combat *à l'outrance* began. As a matter of course, the fiend was soon put *hors de combat*, much to the edification of the pious ones, but to the great chagrin of us boys who looked on him as the principal hero of the day. Our confidence and admiration were soon restored, however, for, on rising to his feet, the fiend would select some young active-looking Indian in the crowd and rush at him with a blood-curdling screech. "Lo" could not stand this and would light out for dear life, superstitious fear adding wings to his feet. Then began the greatest and most uproarious chase on record, the Indians urging on their man with shrill whoops, while the boys encouraged their hero in the most approved and animated manner. The principal ground for this famous struggle was the old plaza opposite the Church of "Our Lady of the Angels." Three or four times around the circle would the race continue, "Lo" being afraid to retire from the immediate protection of the crowd. At last the pursuer would get near enough to strike the quarry with the flat of his

sword. The Indian, in despair, would then stop, draw his knife and show fight, and the chase was ended; that devil was not meeting aboriginal St. Michaels. These pastores were huge feeders. At every house they visited, they were treated to *bunuelos*—sweetened cakes fried crisp in grease. Bunuelos are to my mind, always associated with old-time Christmas festivities and pastores. I remember that my great ambition was to grow up as quickly as possible so that I might be able to take the character of the devil or that of St. Michael. My preference was decidedly for the former, but I was doomed to disappointment, as it fell to my lot to take the part of the angel, and that long before I was grown. But about this and how it happened, I will tell later on.

Let not the reader imagine that scenery or other stage effects accompanied the street pastores—quite the contrary; everything was of the crudest sort. The favorite spot for these strolling actors was the courtyard, the usual appendage of an early Californian residence. Taking a lot of candle-wicking and placing it in large vessels filled with melted tallow, the actors would place these on different parts of the adobe walls, and fire them, and the lights for the performance were ready. It was quite a weird scene to see by the dim and smoky light of the primitive torches, the grotesque figures going through their different acts. Many privileges had the pastores of old, such as invading the *patios*, (courtyards) and even the residences of the highest people in the land. Wherever they went, they were sure of good treatment, and sometimes very liberal *largesse*. One thing was peculiar: the old American settlers, most of whom were from the enlightened State of Massachusetts, even from the very hub itself—Boston—fell heart and soul in with these customs, enjoying and encouraging all kinds of performances with a zeal and ardor equal to that of the native Californians. The greatest good fellowship and friendliness prevailed between these two most opposite natures. The argonaut was just as ready for Pastores, horse-racing, bull-fighting, dancing, etc., as his native brother; indeed, after they were thoroughly initiated, they went a step ahead in organizing all these saturnalias. It has been asserted with good reason that many Americans profited by abusing the confidence or taking advantage of the simplicity of some of these people. This is undoubtedly true, but the record of the good old pioneers is quite clean on that score; the cloud overshadows some later comers.

The last play given by the pastores in Los Angeles City was on the Christmas eve of 1861. The place selected on this occasion was the site on which now stands the present Pico House, then a large courtyard pertaining to the Pico homestead. This was the residence of Don Pio Pico and his brother Don Andres—the former the last Mexican Governor of California, and the latter the commander of the few rancheros, poorly armed and organized to resist the American occupation. These good gentlemen told the pastores to make the greatest display possible, as it would probably be the last time that the play would occur, for the people must soon choose between the North and the South. Though the storm was far to the east from us, still the distant but threatening muttering could now and then be plainly heard in our western land. Such being the promising outlook for the future, the pastores went to work with a will. First came countless carretas loaded down with willow branches and tule for stall and wall. Ready hands soon unloaded these and the work of decoration commenced; side-booths brightened with greenery, others with costly hangings sprang into existence as if by magic; confusion reigned supreme; shrill cries, expostulations and silvery Spanish oaths filled the air. Caterers—*tamale* men and women; candy and fruit

venders—*enchilada* and *tortilla* women; proprietors of musical taverns—all struggled, and even fought for choice locations exactly as the American hawkers do at our modern fairs. Above all the din could be heard the twangings of guitars, shriekings of violins and songs interspersed with blank verse. All these came from the booths already occupied by their more lucky or energetic proprietors. At last all the ambitious, one-day merchants seemed to have found a place, and some quiet is restored. Gaily dressed rancheros and more soberly attired townspeople walk around visiting, admiring and patronizing the different stands. If you wish to know the rank, wealth or social standing of each individual, watch the actions of any proprietor of a booth; see how deferential his smile to some, and with what humble but all-absorbing interest he listens to their conversation. But suddenly he straightens up, stands on tip-toe, looks shocked and offended, and whispers, but loud enough to be heard by his visitors. "Sh! sh!" What is the matter, you wonder. Why, he is only rebuking and silencing two *pelados* (impecunious ones) for daring to talk so loud near such presence.

Another Navidad or Christmas play, but of higher order and more refinement than the pastores, was called *Pastorela*. In this last one all the crude passages of the former were left out, and many beautiful and realistic ones took their place; for example, the scene of the annunciation to the shepherds, combats between angels and devils, glimpses of hell, etc., would make a spectacular drama of no mean order. It was in the Pastorela that the expectations and ambition of my childhood were realized.

About this time some priests of the order of St. Vincent de Paul came to Los Angeles with the avowed purpose of erecting a college, the result of whose labor was the founding an institution which is now an honor to Southern California — St. Vincent's College. The good fathers being somewhat short of funds, cast about for some one to help them on with the good work. They made a fortunate selection in Don Antonio Coronel, who agreed to give, at his own expense, three recitals of the Pastorela. At that time the only theater in Southern California was the upstairs hall in the historical old county courthouse. Here all the *dramatis personæ* good, bad and indifferent held forth, and this was the place selected for the Pastorela. I remember well what indescribable joy and exultation filled my boyish heart when my mother, at the earnest solicitation of Don Antonio Coronel, at last gave her consent to my taking the part of the Archangel Michael. The character of Satan was given to a magnificent fellow named Ramon V——.

For months before Christmas we had rehearsals three times a week, at the residence of Señor Coronel, his sister, Doña Soledad, an artist with the harp, furnishing the music. Those rehearsals were a source of continual joy to us, and with such practice, and the inexhaustible patience of our instructor, by the time the eventual Christmas eve came, everything—acting, costumes and scenery—were simply perfect. Before the play commenced, two orations, one in Spanish, and the other in English, had to be made before the curtain. Mr. Coronel's nephew spoke in Spanish and I in English. My speech was composed by some individual whose name, fortunately for him, I have forgotten. Fragments of that famous discourse have remained with me to the present time. For this tenacity of memory I can give but two reasons, namely, first—the numberless hours of hard work that I spent learning it; secondly—my dear old mother who, by the way, understood but very little English, would make me recite it to her numerous friends in detail.

That momentous night, in the supposed and complete costume of St. Michael, I came before the great audi-

ence, made my bow and began. I strenuously advocated the advantages of a modern education, especially that derived from an institution located in their midst. I remember, also, with what *sang froid* I made the following complimentary assertion, to wit: that I knew "that many of the hearts of my listeners were bleeding to see their children growing up ignorant, lazy and a curse to society—all for the want of a good education." Also that it would take me too long to enumerate the advantages that would result from such an institution, but that they knew from hard experience how to appreciate its blessings much better than I. In after days I have often thought that the only thing that saved me from being mobbed was my extreme youth. The audience gave me a most respectful hearing and many rounds of applause. I will here admit that I learned that speech after the style of the parrots, by listening, and repeated accordingly. But retribution nearly overtook me. When I retired behind the scenes, an admiring but dreadfully near-sighted old lady took up a lighted candle to more closely examine my catching costume, and it caught, sure enough; for in her pirouetting about, she brought the flame too near my expanded, curled, tissue-paper wings, and presto, change! from white angel to fiery devil. Fortunately for me, Satan, who it is said "goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," came most opportunely across me, during his hunt, and being in his element, speedily extinguished the flames. The marks of the singeing were soon erased or disguised, and the Pastorela came off with grand *éclat* and complete financial success.

Strange as it may seem, the most liberal patrons and frequenters of the nativity drama were the Jewish people; so much so that the play was given an extra night at their earnest solicitation. Christmas morning at 3 A. M., was the scene of great commotion at all the California homes, preparing to attend to early mass, sometimes called by Americans "midnight mass," but styled by the Spanish-Americans *la misa del gallo* (the mass of the rooster) named so, I presume, from the fact that the barnyard lords do their most vigorous crowing at or about that time. Everybody that was not bedridden went to the misa del gallo, which was celebrated at 4 A. M. It is a beautiful and really impressive service with no sermon.

In the olden time the surroundings were more romantic than in these prosaic days. After the mass, all would gather at a little distance from the church door and exchange greetings and good wishes; *Feliz Noche Buena; Felices Pasquas* (Merry Christmas) were heard on all sides. Gifts were not customary. I remember the large number of beautiful and richly caparisoned horses that were tied to the railing surrounding the old plaza, the rays of the cold, rising Christmas sun reflected back from silver ornaments on headstall and saddle. So chilled from being tied out in the cold, the impatient and fiery creatures would welcome the appearance of their masters with loud neighs of welcome or stamping of hoofs. The elder gentlemen would go with slow and dignified steps to their more quiet steeds; but the younger men! Ah! here was the time and place for horsemanship, with the fair ones looking on so demurely, far more demure than their modern sisters. Still no glance or movement of grace escaped their sharp, bright eyes.

The remainder of the day was devoted to social intercourse, music, dancing, horsemanship, etc.; in the evening, pastores *ad libitum*. It is a sad task to recall to mind, and more so to note down, all the events and customs of those happy days. Still some comfort may be derived from the knowledge that the perusal may afford the reader pleasure, and that he may join with the chronicler in heartily bidding the good old times a "Feliz Noche Buena!"

TWO GREAT JEWS.

BY GUSTAV ADOLF DANZIGER.

HE question has often been asked: Did Jesus really exist? Was not his life an invention to promulgate a doctrine? After mature deliberation and study, the writer of this article has come to the conclusion that Jesus did live and work for the welfare of mankind; that his death was the seal to his work; but that he died by hands of the Romans, caused by a spiteful priesthood, who saw in his labors a menace to their own selfish affairs. The writer is also convinced that Jesus was a principal figure in his time, who sought to inaugurate a new phase, as will be demonstrated hereafter.

Bruno Bauer, in his excellent work "A Christ and the Cæsars," has certainly succeeded in clearing the Jews in general from the guilt of having killed Christ. He has demonstrated beyond a doubt that the great mass of the Jews had no hand in the persecutions against the Preacher of Nazareth. But we do not agree with the author of "Christ and the Cæsars," that Jesus was an after-consideration." We hold that he and Hillel were central figures of their times. Among those who doubted the existence of Jesus were not only those who denied his Messiahship, but many Christian writers who have written long arguments to prove that Jesus never lived. But, as before stated, we cannot agree with these writers. Jesus lived, beyond a doubt, but not because Mark, or Matthew, or Luke, or Paul say so. Their statements would not convince us. Because (and here it is best to quote some reasons, which a number of scholars and historians, among whom Dr. Isaac M. Wise, have given):

First—None of the gospels, now before us in the Greek, was written in the first century. The Christian Scriptures of the first century were epistles and apocalypses, of which John's is an example.

The gospel stories and the precepts of Jesus were preserved traditionally in the various churches, and must necessarily have undergone many changes and modifications before they were reduced to writing. Whether the gospel according to the Hebrews. and the gospel according to the Egyptians, mentioned by the oldest historians of the Church (Clemens, Origines and Eusebius) were older than those before us, cannot be proven now, as we know nothing of their contents. The first account of the existence of the four gospels is in the Muratory fragment, which, according to the best authorities on the subject, was written by an Italian bishop between the years 180 to 200 after Christ.

Second—The oldest of the gospels is that of Mark. It is less legendary and more epic and chronological than the others. It is Unitarian in doctrine, confirms nowhere the miraculous origin of Jesus, represents the Holy Ghost as a mere vision of Jesus, has none of the anti-Pharisaical speeches, which are the products of the second century, and is not Jewish in principle.

The 13th chapter of Mark (so much is evident from the fruits of modern criticism, compiled by Dr. H. Graetz in his great work, "The History of the Jews," Vol. III, Chap. 2, and Vol. IV, note 19) must have been written during the persecution of the Jews by Emperor Hadrian, after the fall of Bethar, when Jerusalem had

been changed into a Pagan city, to which facts Mark so clearly refers. The date of these persecutions is, according to Graetz, 135 to 138 after Christ. According to the Talmud, Bethar fell 122 after Christ. The persecutions outside of Bethar must have commenced before the fall of that city. It is certain, therefore, that the oldest gospel was written between 120 and 138 after Christ. This leads to almost a certain knowledge of Mark himself.

Dr. Mosheim, in his "Ecclesiastical History," (Chap. 5) informs us, when the Emperor (Hadrian) had at length razed Jerusalem, entirely destroyed even its foundations, (an unhistorical statement) and decreed laws of the severest kind against the whole body of the Jewish people, the greatest part of the Christians, who lived in Palestine, to prevent their being confounded with the Jews, abandoned entirely the Mosaic rites and chose a bishop named Mark, a foreigner, and consequently an alien from the commonwealth of Israel. This Mark, and no other, was the author of the second and oldest gospel extant. He was head master of an academy in Alexandria before he was elected bishop.

It is also discernible why Mark wrote his gospel. Up to that date, the Christians read in their churches the Jewish Bible only and exclusively. One of the edicts of Hadrian prohibited, under the penalty of death, the possession, reading, exposition, or teaching of the Jewish Bible, especially the Pentateuch. So the Christians, also, had no Scriptures to read in their churches. It entailed upon Mark the duty of writing a gospel to be read in churches, in lieu of the Bible. He being the bishop of the parent congregation, his book soon became widely known among Christians, whose traditions differed essentially from those of Mark and his congregation.

This successful attack upon the evidences of Christianity would certainly preclude the possibility of verifying the existence of Jesus. But the Talmudists cannot be doubted. They are the veriest reporters, because they were his contemporaries. And they hated him because they held he misused the ineffable Name; because he had been declared illegitimate; and lastly because Rabbi Joshua ben Perachyah, who had been the teacher of Jesus, had declared him under ban for expressing an opinion in the presence of his superiors (Tract Sanhedrin). The Rabbis hated Jesus so much that they put the ban upon anyone who conversed with the apostles.* It is, therefore, quite reasonable to conclude that Jesus existed, for otherwise they would not have mentioned him. The Rabbis have indeed chronicled the names of all, or nearly all, persons of those early times, who in any way were associated with the fate and history of the Jews during the latter days of the second temple and long afterwards.

The reason why the existence of Paul has been doubted was mainly due to the fact that the Rabbis did not mention his name; but it has been demonstrated (see, among others, Wise's "Origin of Christianity") that Paul is identical with Elisha Ben Abuyah, whom the Rabbis styled Achar, after his conversion to Christianity.† Based upon such evidence as Talmudic sources furnish, we enter upon the discussion of the subject before us.

Some time ago, the writer of the present article was asked why the Jews rejected Jesus of Nazareth, and have persistently refused to acknowledge him, even as a great Rabbi, considering, the questioner added, that there is not a Rabbi to be found who could have aspired to the dignity of a Messiah, nor was there any one so pious, so patient and so good as he whom the world had learned to regard as the Christ. My answer was prompt and to the point. The Jews never rejected Christ, which is proven by the fact that the people received him kindly; and when he entered Jerusa-

*See Abodah Zarah, 16b. †See Hagigah 15a.

lem, they danced and sang Hosannas. As this shows a popular demonstration, it would be folly to say that the Jews as a people rejected him. That he was considered a great Rabbi is evidenced by the fact that he was shown sufficient respect even by the priesthood. For while it is recorded that he drove the traders from the Temple, there is nothing to show that any one opposed him; clearly they dared not oppose him, because they looked upon him as a holy man. This bold act, however, brought him the immoderate hatred of the acting High Priest, who had obtained this privilege from the Roman Procurator, and who derived a revenue from that trade. I shall speak of the consequences which Jesus incurred through his bold stand, later on.

It is not true that there was no Rabbi as good or as pious and as patient as Jesus. Men who suffered the death of ignominy and torture for the Law of Moses are not at all rare in Jewish history—the noblest among them was Rabbi Akibah. Certainly there has never been a Rabbi who died on the cross for the purpose of vicarious atonement. However, we shall discuss this point further on. In his sufferings and the peculiar features of his death, the case of Jesus has certainly no parallel. His life, however, has a proto-type in Hillel. The latter was a Babylonian by birth, and came to Jerusalem at quite an early age, where he lived from 70 before Christ until 10 after Christ. The Sanhedrin was presided over by the two great savants, Shemaiah and Abtalion. Hillel's desire for knowledge led him to their school; but he was poor, and though his brother was a prominent merchant, Hillel refused to be supported by him. He chopped wood for a living, and divided the proceeds, part for his personal needs, which were few, and part for the entrance fee to the University. Being without work for one day, he was unable to pay the entrance-fee; but being eager to hear the lecture, he climbed upon the roof and heard the lecture through the skylight. He was so absorbed in the subject under discussion that he took no notice of the cold and the falling snow. The snow gradually covered him and the skylight. On the following morning the pupils found him cold and stiff. They took him into the lecture-room, and though it was the Sabbath-day, they kindled a fire and revived him. "Hillel is worth it," said the President, "and on his account, ye can break the law."* He continued his studies, and when, after years, the savants met at Jericho to select a president for the University and the Sanhedrin, their eyes fell upon the meek Babylonian, who was distinguished no less for his profound learning than for his humility and philanthropy.†

Hillel was a descendant of David by one of the latter's daughters, and but for his meekness would have occupied the place later occupied by Herod. Hillel was the founder of the humanitarian and logical school in Palestine. It was the fourth phase of the Kingdom of Heaven. The first phase closed with Samuel the prophet as the visible head. The second phase closed with Nehemiah at its head who was a Davidian prince. The third phase closed with the high-priest Hyrcan II at its head. The fourth phase, of which Ezra was the founder, asserted itself with Hillel. "The law of God governs the Kingdom of Heaven and its legitimate expounders are the highest authority in the Kingdom of God" became the axiom. The religious idea leads the people; the political idea is but a secondary consideration. At the time of Jesus, this principle in the phase of the Kingdom of Heaven had suffered a relapse; the political idea became more and more assertive, and we can readily understand why Jesus spoke

*See Yomah 35.

†See Sotah 48. "A heavenly voice said: 'there is one among you who is worthy that the *Shekhinah* rest upon him'—and the assemblage looked upon Hillel."

so much about the Kingdom of Heaven. Hillel said that it mattered little whether the King or any one else collected the taxes and fought the battles. Everything concentrated itself upon the spirit of the law in its humanitarian sense and application. The object of God's law, he claimed, is peace and good-will to man, and he deduced from this that the principal law was and is: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This principle he expressed in the negative form: "What unto thee is hateful, practice not upon thy neighbor.* This is the principle of the law, the rest is its commentary; go and finish."

It is man's most sacred duty to be unselfish; to study the law and gain knowledge, but to guard against vanity and haughtiness. He taught his disciples not to place too much reliance on their own virtue and goodness until their very day of death; to condemn none before they had placed themselves in the situation of accused sinners; to speak clearly and with perfect veracity, and that their affirmation or denial be made in the simplest language. When the question of the law of the Sabbath was brought before him, he ruled that "the Sabbath was given to you, but you were not given to the Sabbath." "Man shall practice the law of God and live, but if the law interfere with his life, let him break the law and live"† was another axiom of his, and he practiced what he preached in private life and as Nassi—prince. The many proselytes which he made, therefore, were made by mild suasion and by the power of his noble example. Here, then, we have almost a perfect man. He preached the Kingdom of Heaven, making the essence or the spirit of the law its first principle; he also preached faith, as can be gleaned from his admonition to his disciples. And the question naturally arises, why did he not proclaim himself a Messiah? For if we are to believe the Talmudists, it seems that Hillel was a great favorite in heaven. "Hillel is worthy that the Shekhinah descend and rest upon him like unto Moses"—a voice from heaven (Bath Kol) was heard to proclaim, so the Rabbis say; "but the people are unworthy of such a miracle" (vide: Sanhedrin 11*a*). Nor do I find in the Talmud that Jesus of Nazareth—who is so much like his prototype—ever proclaimed himself a Messiah. Those Rabbis who hated Jesus blamed him for going among the people and *quasi* popularizing the knowledge of the spirit of the law.* It seems also that he was not considered a bad man by the majority of the Rabbis, for in the non-expurgated editions of the Talmud I find that the Rabbis blamed Rabbi Joshua ben Perachyah for pushing away Jesus. They claim that the very action of preventing a man from the opportunity to correct his statements is wrong. I glean from this that they simply disagreed with the mode of his exposition. He evidently desired to inaugurate the fifth phase of the Kingdom of Heaven, in which he, by the later labors of Paul, succeeded. The fifth phase of the Kingdom of Heaven was to have the spiritual Messiah at its head. He therefore followed in the footsteps of Hillel. Had the Rabbis of his time thought of that, Jesus might have lived and died an honored prince; and the reason why Hillel did not proclaim himself a Messiah is because his phase did not require it. But nearly seventy years had gone by; that phase was at its close; the glory was waning, and he of Nazareth, whose keen perception was enhanced by a personal contact with the people—he thought the time ripe for the fifth, the Messianic phase. Had it remained thus; had not personal spite connived to make a criminal of the

*D'aloch sani lechabrach al taabid; zu torah veidech perishu: lech gemor.

†Vechai bohem-velo sheyomus bohem.

*Shehikdicho tavshilo borabim—he cooked—or burned—his food in public. I take this to mean that he popularized the knowledge which the haughty Rabbis claimed as their own exclusively.

man who was guided by the purest motives, we are quite sure that the catastrophe which wrought ruin in the Palestinian hierarchy would never have come to pass. We fail to see the necessity of a total obliteration of hierarchical supremacy; the Hebrews had gone through so many battles with neighboring nations; their temple had once before been destroyed, but they did not lose their identity. Nor is it logical that the appearance, work and death of Jesus would have effected such a change, for many a prince and prophet had suffered death before him; sects had sprung up in Palestine; people and factions opposed each other ere that; yet Judaism remained intact. Jesus had evidently changed nothing, for, as we have shown, he preached nothing that could have been construed as being against the law of Moses. He did not go further than Hillel, or many other contemporaries; and the question naturally arises: Who brought the *religious change?*

It seems to me that the religious change was brought about by Paul whom the Rabbis call Achar; and the proposition reduces itself to the following points:

The political change was brought about by the death of Jesus rather than by his work, since in life he had preached submission to Roman law; faith in God; love toward the enemy (the Romans) whom the Hebrews could not conquer, but by submission and loving regard they could have converted; the Romans would then have been friends instead of enemies. This is exactly what Hillel taught. Those, then, who opposed Jesus and hoped to secure themselves, some by bribing the Romans, and others by bitter opposition—they and they only brought the calamity upon the country.

The second point—the religious change—is to be sought in the work of Achar, or Paul. The Rabbis justly claim that Paul destroyed the work of Jesus. The latter, like Hillel, by humanitarian principles, gained converts for Judaism, but they did not seek them; they were satisfied to accept into the fold anyone who would be willing to live up to the spirit of the law without much regard for the dogma. Paul, however, popularized Judaism by adapting it to the needs, habits, and modes of the people he came in contact with. He Romanized Judaism for the Romans, and Hellenized it for the Greeks. In doing this, Paul certainly upset the work of Jesus, who meant to continue the hierarchy, or sought to re-establish it by humanitarian principles and faith, until God should change the faith of the nations. "Your temple is in the hands of Roman soldiers and Hebrew hirelings; therefore stay away from the temple," he said. "Pray in your closets; understand what it means 'I delight in mercy, and not in sacrifices.' This is a time of affliction and tribulation; bear it with all the patience at your command, as a punishment for your sins. All depends on the restoration of the Kingdom of Heaven and God's grace to Israel; this accomplished, Providence will heal all wounds." While this doctrine placed Jesus in conflict with the officiating priests, Sadducees and Zealots, it certainly met with the indorsement of thousands whose feelings and aspirations were less political and more religious (vide: Wise's "Second Commonwealth").

We have stated that Jesus never proclaimed himself the Messiah, for, like Hillel, he had no cause or reason to do so. But more than that he knew that such a proclamation would be equivalent to a death-sentence. Mosheeach—Messiah—signifies "the anointed one," a title which no one dared to claim except the King over all Israel, the high-priest or his proxy. Jesus knew that his life was in jeopardy, if he were proclaimed Messiah, and when Peter did it against the expressed will of Jesus, the latter knew that the Hebrew authorities would reject him; that he would suffer and would be killed by the Romans.

These would have objected to Jesus' assumption of this title for two most important reasons: Firstly, because Jesus was poor; and supposing he had aspired to no other position than that of high-priest, it is reasonably sure that he would have had to suffer, because the Romans chose to give that dignity to such persons as could satisfy their greed. Secondly, because the Messiah, under whatever guise he appeared, must, of necessity be hostile to the invader; it lies in the very nature of the thing. The redeemer must redeem someone from something, or it is a misnomer. If Jesus was the anointed one, he was the enemy of the Romans, and it was an easy matter for the enemies of Jesus to accuse him of treason. What matters it that Jesus objected to being proclaimed the Messiah? What matters it that he rebuked Peter in unmistakable language—"Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men?" What matters all this? The enthusiastic disciples seized the idea, and with the death staring in his eyes, Jesus was proclaimed the Christ! Oh, what a sovereign pity that so great a teacher, so beautiful a character should be so misunderstood!

We have not hesitated to place Jesus side by side with Hillel; both were great and most lovable characters. But in placing them in juxtaposition, we are willing to give the palm to the man who literally sacrificed himself for truth and for humanity. It seems to us that it would have required but a word, the sign of a complaint on the part of Jesus, to cause the masses to rise against his enemies. But he was well aware that this would cost the lives of thousands without effecting any good. Bloodshed and worldly power were contrary to his teachings and most repugnant to his nature. Therefore, he resolved upon delivering himself into the hands of the authorities. Most admirable of men, who could thus die the death of a martyr to save others!

In this, then, lies the difference between these two great men: Jesus dies for what he preached, and also to save others from as sad a fate as his own, brought about by over-enthusiastic disciples. In this alone there is unutterable greatness; the man who is thus humane is a hero, before whose glory all other men fade into insignificance.

It is no wonder that the world has learned to look upon Jesus as the Savior; for though we might not adhere to the idea of vicarious atonement, yet we must acknowledge that in Jesus of Nazareth—even as in Hillel—was the potentiality of a Savior, which was enhanced and consecrated by his death on the cross.

He does not teach any other truths than those taught by his forerunner, Hillel; but there is a sweet solemnity upon every word he utters; his every expression breathes love and compassion. "Let him without guilt cast the first stone"—this is almost the same that Hillel said to his disciples, but the latter did not say it with death staring in his face.

There is a wonderful grace about his form, his serene face is inexpressibly sweet; his voice is as heaven's own music; the words that drop from his lips are liquid pearls; they impress his hearers with a feeling that is a co-mingling of joy, hope and sadness.

Hillel appears to us a wise teacher and a good man; but in his words there is no tinge of sorrow, no shadow of trouble. In the words of Jesus, however, one almost hears his tragic fate; in his announcement of the Kingdom of Heaven, one can hear the beats of the hammer upon the nails that pierce his hands. As the masses listen to him, an angel of sorrow spreads his wings and clouds the sun; it is the background to the tragedy to be enacted on Calvary. For, what he speaks will be construed as treason, by virtue of the proclamation his disciples have made; and the tool of the Romans—Caiphas—is waiting to inform the bloodthirstiest

of Romans—Pilate. But the people delight in hearing him speak. For who would not love the bearer of light and life eternal? To them his very person becomes adorable. He speaks of spiritual redemption; he speaks to them in language they can understand—language in which the haughty scholars never spoke to them; he is tender and kind; he is full of pity and compassion; he bids them hope, be patient, in spite of the fact that he is on the brink of the grave of torture and death. Ah, thus speaks, indeed, a Messiah!

But the time is up, the chains are forged, the crown of thorns is ready, the accuser is on the stand, and Pilate, the cruel hypocrite, is upon his seat, whence he dispenses death.

Veil thy face, O sun! grow dark, ye skies! Earth tremble, and mankind weep; for he, the most angelic of preachers, the most patient and kindest of teachers, the meek and lowly prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, is to die the death on the Cross!

Is it possible? He who lent grandeur to humility; who broke down the barriers of the school, and brought the wisdom of life from the learned into the homes of the lowliest among his people—is he to die the death of agony? Aye, it is so. The redeemer of the poor and ignorant, the friend of the cheerless and careworn died on the Cross, but he died for a cause, for which to die is godly; he died for the spirit and essence of all religious beliefs—purity, charity and holiness. He was the hero of the Messianic drama, which ended with his death, until Paul rose and transformed the entire scheme of Jesus and of Hillel. He could facilitate the propagation of the idea of a "Son of God," because nearly all heathen nations believed in some such legend. The Palestinian Peter, therefore, opposed the "Apostle of the Gentiles" because the "Sonship" of Jesus, or of any other being was paramount to dualism, a thought most repugnant to Hebrews, who adhered to the axiom of Moses: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord, our God is one God." But Paul knew very well that the idea of a Messiah, a redeemer, would not be understood by Gentiles. The free Arabs, the martial Romans, the æsthetic Greeks needed no Savior; while the Hebrews had made the Messianic idea a cardinal principle of faith, on account of their constant troubles, the aggressive heathens ridiculed it. A "Son of God," however, was not only more congenial, but it really opened the eyes of the Pagan world. The vicarious sacrifice was a most comfortable thought, and the heathen accepted the faith of the Hebrews in a modified form, because it harmonized with his own mode of thinking. And that which Hillel's tolerance but slowly would have brought about was afterwards readily communicated by the subtlety of Paul, through the martyred Rabbi of Nazareth. Had this not come to pass; had Jesus lived and died like Hillel, who knows but the Hebrews might have solved all the great problems of civilization more readily and peacefully than the barbarous means which are now employed? For, in spite of the great work of Hillel and Jesus, and in spite of the latter's death for the humanitarian principle, the world is not yet redeemed. That love of which men have dreamed, and for which men have died is as yet unrevealed. Perhaps the time is near when from the cradle of Messianic ideas—Palestine—a new Christ will rise, who will lead us to light and truth, and who will teach us to love each other as fellowmen and brothers. And we shall follow him, whatever be his name.

AN ISLE OF SUMMER, SANTA CATALINA.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

WHEN Cabrillo sailed by the Island of Santa Catalina, three hundred and fifty years ago, he found it inhabited by a vigorous race of natives who thronged the shores of the little bays and headlands, and gazed in wonderment at the white-winged ships of the Spanish adventurers. To-day the island stands as it did three centuries ago, but the people, the men and women, are but a memory represented by the quaint stone implements that are unearthed by the modern stroller among the deep cañons of this isle of summer.

Santa Catalina lies thirty miles off the shores of Los Angeles County, Southern California, and if asked to describe it, one might say that a lofty spur of the Sierra Madre by some strange convulsion had strayed away from the mother range, and now rests in the deep Pacific, its lofty peaks rising to form the Island of Saint Catherine. This is but a figure of the imagination; but Santa Catalina is a mountain range twenty-two miles long, from one to eight miles wide, rising from the ocean with grim precipitous walls, abounding in deep cañons, and scenery, grand and impressive beyond description.

From the mainland there appear to be two islands, a mistake into which Cabrillo fell, due to the lofty peaks which divide it, and on clear days the entire shape and length of the island can be traced lying upon the surface of the sea like some sleeping monster. In days gone by—the Cabrillo days—the natives reached Catalina in long, narrow canoes; now the twenty or more miles is crossed by fine steamers that sail from the ports of Santa Monica, Redondo and San Pedro, and the tourist or pleasure-seeker is provided with all the material comforts and luxuries that find place in the famous Sound steamers of the East. Once out from the headlands that guard San Pedro, we are in what is known as the Santa Barbara channel. Away to the northeast, unseen but felt by the calmness of the sea, are the Santa Barbara Islands; to the south and dead ahead, the grim heights of Santa Catalina; and beyond, low, lying in the haze, San Clemente, the barren. How blue the water is, seemingly a reflection of the sky; and in its depths drift living gems, jelly-fish in wondrous shape, moving by gentle pulsation. Flying-fishes clear the air in every direction, in seeming flight, and a variety of sea-fowl follow in the wake. Once in mid-channel, the great range of the Sierra Madre looms up grandly; Mount San Jacinto, Santa Ana, San Gorgonio, with other snowy peaks, pierce the sky in strange contradictions to the orange and lemon groves that are sheltered at their base. As we near the island, its grim and forbidding nature becomes more and more pronounced. The shore, apparently of rock, rises abruptly from the sea, facing it with a bold front, while high above, ridges and peaks rise one behind the other—a maze of mountain ranges. It would puzzle the mariner, were he not familiar with the coast, to find the harbor, but suddenly as we near the island, a deep cañon is seen to reach down to the sea, ending in a white beach; then another, and finally a lofty sugar-loaf rock is passed, and the little half-moon-shaped bay comes in sight with its sandy beach, its wide cañon reaching away to distant mountains, its scores of picturesque cottages and homes, its white tents and hotels.

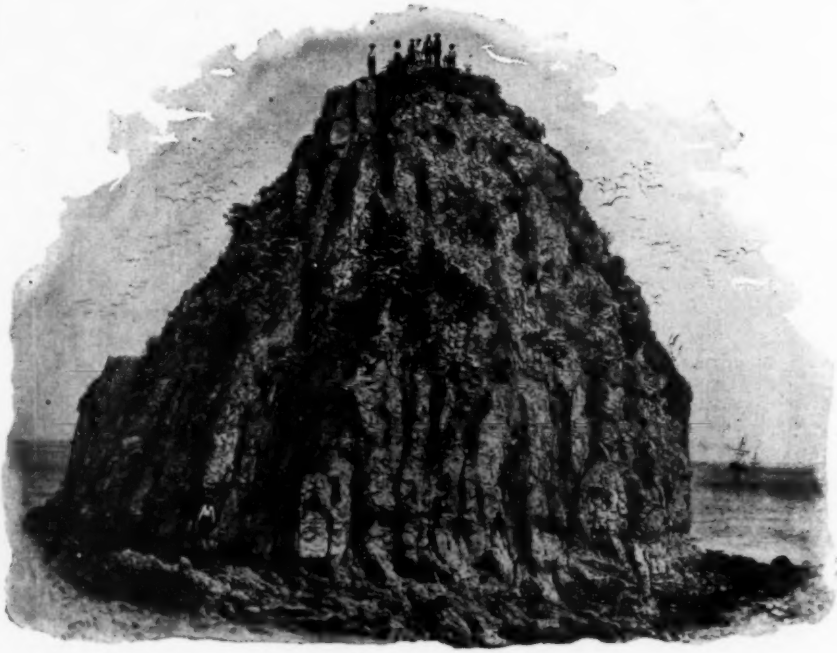
The town of Avalon is built in the mouth of the cañon, and the hotels

The Pavilion. Hotel Metropole.

Avalon, Santa Catalina.

are fairly perched on an ancient kitchen-midden; the tell-tale black earth appearing everywhere, with its bits of gleaming abalone gathered ages ago by the ancient inhabitants. The little bay has its long wharf, its fleets of boats, its yachts of all sizes moored here and there, for this is the tant of all a marvelous trail that takes the visitor to the summit of the island, unfolding beauties and wonders of scenery difficult to describe.

For years, Santa Catalina has been known as a charming resort, but only within the past two or three seasons has it taken on metropolitan airs, seen



Sugar-Loaf Rock, Avalon Harbor.

famous cruising ground of the Southern California Yacht Club that includes the *Paloma*, *Aggie* and many of the crack yachts of the Pacific Coast.

Life at Avalon during the summer months is a round of gayety. The present owners of the island, the Banning Brothers, who have taken its 5,000 acres from the Lick estate, have improved it in many ways; built a beautiful pavilion near the beach, where the band plays nightly during the season; provided a large bath, wide and well kept roads, and most important of the erection of a large hotel, the Metropole, and taken rank among the great watering-places of the coast. Life at Catalina is ideal in every way. Its hills, cañons and mountains are restful to the eye, and the visitor can here find absolute seclusion or mingle with the fashionable throng. I confess to a strong bias in favor of this isle of summer, as I believe it to have a climate nearer to absolute perfection than any land so near all the conveniences of civilization. I have seen it under all conditions, and in a sum-

mer spent here from June until October. There was not a day not absolutely perfect, never too warm, never too cool; simply delicious; as near the ideal as one could wish. Think of it, you toilers in the East, a summer so clear, so constant in sunshine, that not a single squall, storm or shower came to disturb its perfection. True, if one were habituated to summer storms, thunder and lightning, then Catalina was not perfect, as it had none of these. It is the true land of sweet idleness, where one can drift around, with all nature to entertain. The bay teems with animal life, wonderful gold-fishes, sea anemones of brilliant hue, fishes that fly, marvelous living gems that float in the depths, flashing like diamonds by day and at night, changing the sea to a scene of weird splendors.

During the warm nights of August, the waters seemed to fairly change into gold; the bay is filled with flying fish, and everywhere their tracks are illumined against the surface. Huge jelly-fishes, the moons of the deep sea, shine brightly, their long tentacles extending away like the train of a meteor, while upon the bottom appear fitful gleams as of electric lights. The water is so clear here that fishes can be seen, as in the tropics, at a great depth, and the gardens of the sea afford to the drifting visitor a never-ending delight. To the lover of good fishing Catalina is a Paradise. Here is the home of the famous jewfish, a monster resembling the black-bass—a distant cousin in truth—a giant of the tribe that comes in during the summer months and is lured by the wary fisherman. I caught my first jewfish or black sea-bass with "Mexican Joe," the genial Catalinan of thirty years standing, who adds not only to the picturesqueness of the island, but to the actual enjoyment of its life. He took me out by Pebble Beach and told stories of the old days, while I waited for a bite, and when it came, well—it was I, not the jewfish who was caught. How he pulled the boat about, attempting to fill it with his mighty tail, wrenched our arms and made music with the big rushing line, are memories which anyone can revive at Catalina, but whether our catch of 342½ pounds for a single fish can be beaten remains to be seen.

The fish are gamy and plentiful in season. The sea-bass, yellow-tail, rock-bass, grouper, sheepshead, barracuda, tuna, mackerel—all do their share in adding to the joys of a summer at Santa Catalina. Then there are the trips to the various points of interest not down in the unwritten guide-book; the sail or row to Seal Rock, where a herd of seal and sea-lion, and possible sea-elephant may be watched; a trip to the isthmus; the sail along shore bringing into view impressive scenes at every move; the voyage to San Clemente, where a lone herder lives; and more interesting than all a search for the archæological treasures in which the island abounds.

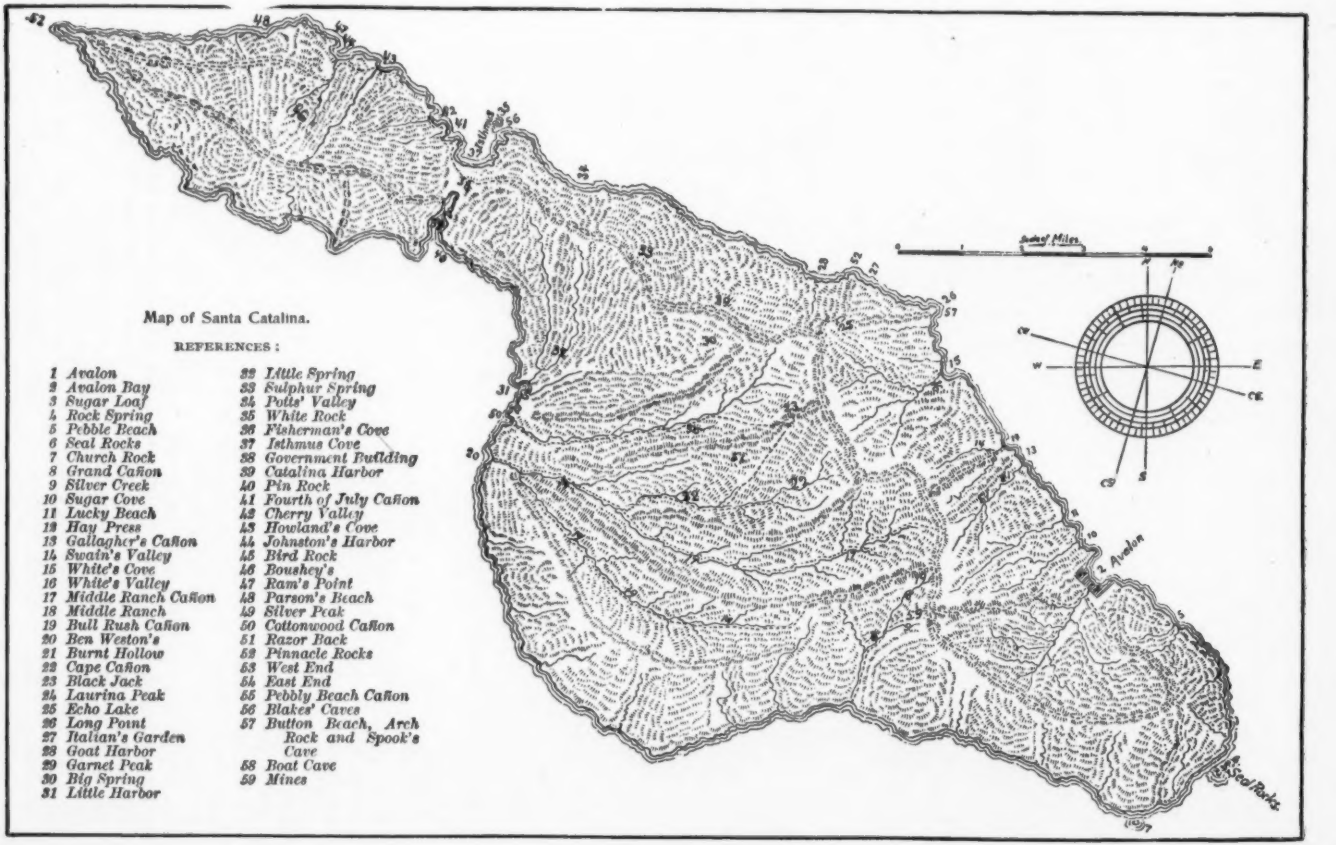
The new-comer at the island will immediately be attracted by the curiosity stores which abound, and among their chief treasures are the household gods of the ancient islanders whose descendants Cabrillo saw 350 years ago.

Associated with the ancient history of the island is a soapstone quarry in Potts Valley, where the ancients dug out the material with which many of their utensils are made. The general trend of the island is northwest and southeast. The prevailing winds beat against the west shore, while the east is a land of calms. The entire length of the island is broken up by ranges of mountains and spurs, which, cut here and there by deep cañons, present a bewildering maze. If the beaches and caves are attractive, what shall we say of the upland region of this isle of summer? To the casual observer the island is a jumble of peaks, available to the wild goat alone; but a surprise awaits the visitor, who, weary of fishing, with rifle

Avalon, from the South.

in hand or mounted upon a sturdy pony, essays the upper country, as here great, level tracts are found, broad cañons, fertile valleys abounding in water, and a wealth of verdure not suspected by those who view the island from the lowland. It was my good fortune on a recent visit to accompany the survey which made a week's trip over the various ranges, during which many new and interesting features of island life were observed. The outfit consisted of six or seven mules and horses, the former laden with articles dear to the camper's heart, the latter bearing the members of the expedition, the important figure of which proved to be Mexican Joe—cook, hunter, story-teller, guide and general-utility man. The new trail leads directly back from Avalon, winding away up the hills, giving the climber a vision of new wonders at every step. The trail, a triumph of engineering skill, winds about the slopes of the hills, bringing the ocean and the deep cañons alternately into view, and, finally, when near the summit, the full splendor of the view appears. From the saddle one can drop a stone that will fall and roll away to be lost in the deep cañon. The one that bears the little hamlet of Avalon is a deep chasm at our feet; a gigantic basin into which scores of minor cañons empty like green rivers. Below us, to the south, spread away like a checker-board, is Avalon; the blue waters of the bay dotted with white specks, which might be gulls, but are the yachting fleet. Away across the stretch of blue lies the mainland, the familiar peaks of the Sierra Madre standing out in bold relief against the sky.

The upper portion of the island is a revelation. Instead of the sharp points of mountain peaks, here is a broad plateau extending over to the west shore and wide valleys, sug-


Map of Santa Catalina.
REFERENCES :
1 Avalon
2 Avalon Bay
3 Sugar Loaf
4 Rock Spring
5 Pebble Beach
6 Seal Rocks
7 Church Rock
8 Grand Cañon
9 Silver Creek
10 Sugar Cove
11 Lucky Beach
12 Hay Press
13 Gallagher's Cañon
14 Swain's Valley
15 White's Cove
16 White's Valley
17 Middle Ranch Cañon
18 Middle Ranch
19 Bull Rush Cañon
20 Ben Weston's
21 Burnt Hollow
22 Cape Cañon
23 Black Jack
24 Laurina Peak
25 Echo Lake
26 Long Point
27 Italian's Garden
28 Goat Harbor
29 Garnet Peak
30 Big Spring
31 Little Harbor
32 Little Spring
33 Sulphur Spring
34 Potts' Valley
35 White Rock
36 Fisherman's Cove
37 Isthmus Cove
38 Government Building
39 Catalina Harbor
40 Pin Rock
41 Fourth of July Cañon
42 Cherry Valley
43 Howland's Cove
44 Johnston's Harbor
45 Bird Rock
46 Boushey's
47 Ram's Point
48 Parson's Beach
49 Silver Peak
50 Cottonwood Cañon
51 Razor Back
52 Pinnacle Rocks
53 West End
54 East End
55 Pebbly Beach Cañon
56 Blakes' Caves
57 Button Beach, Arch Rock and Spook's Cave
58 Boat Cave
59 Mines
Avalon
Seal Rocks
Miles
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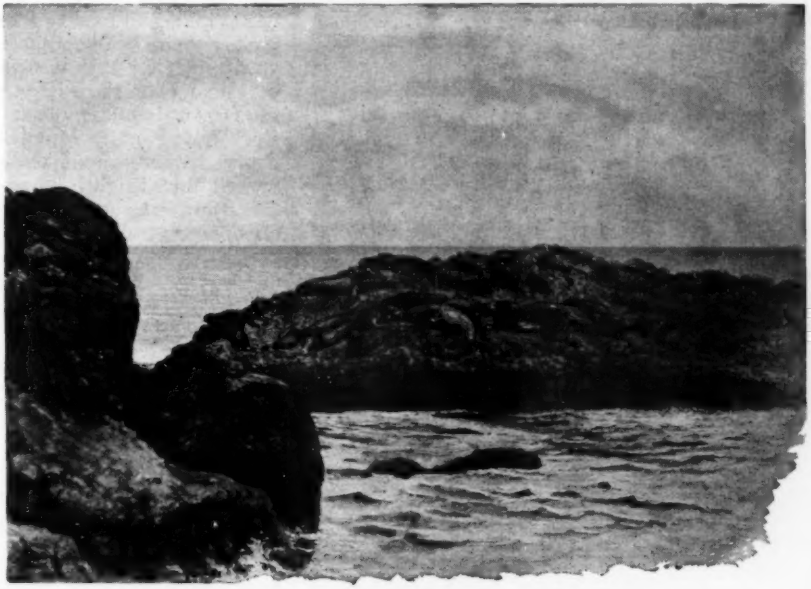
gestive of agricultural possibilities. From a lofty point on the west, I sat in the saddle and tossed a pebble over that must have fallen into the ocean, 1,500 feet below. The afternoon breeze was blowing in the mist, which shattered against the wall of rock, drifted up the cañon illumined by the sun, like masses of molten silver. From far below, came the roar of the sea as it broke upon the rocks, the weird cry of the sea-lion, and occasionally, out from the flying fog, dashed a white-winged gull that seemed to separate itself from the cloud-mass and become an animate being, to eye me in wonderment and soar away. The entire west coast faces the sea, with forbidding walls of rock rising from 500 to 1,500 feet, breasting the sea with a bold front, hurling the masses of foam high in air, and in the occasional winter storms forming a grand and impressive spectacle. Where the various cañons reach the sea, are little inlets, with abrupt, sandy beaches against which the waves beat, and approach able only on calm days. The object of the survey was to lay out what will be one of the most remarkable stage-roads in the country, reaching from Avalon to the Isthmus. The Wilmington Transportation Company, operating the line of steamers between Catalina Island and the mainland, owned one of the earliest stage-routes in California, running from San Pedro through Los Angeles and San Bernardino across the desert into Arizona.

This line, from San Pedro to San Bernardino, was one of the best equipped and most noted lines in California; and this company now proposes to revive the ancient glories of staging in California at Catalina, and afford the visitor from the outer world an opportunity to ride along the crest of Santa Catalina mountains and enjoy the wonders that go to make up its charms, and the tourist a six-in-hand ride over the crests of the island mountains. The route led our train over level tracts for miles, admirably adapted for the purpose, over miniature mountain ranges, through rich valleys and along the edge of precipitous cliffs. The horses seemed to catch the inspiration, and the pack and Mexican Joe were left far behind. In the center of the island, the ocean was not to be seen. We might have been a thousand miles from it, so far as any evidence of its presence was concerned. The soft balmy air was redolent with the odor of flowers. The notes of the valley quail made music everywhere, telling of woodland life; yet a rush of the horses up a gentle rise would bring the blue expanse of the Pacific into view. A ride of six or seven miles through these various scenes and we plunge down into Middle-ranch Cañon, the grand cañon of Catalina, extending literally from one side of the island to another, east and west. The entrance down which the coach-road is to extend was now a narrow trail bordered on each side by luxuriant vegetation. The little stream was hidden by a thick growth of willows and cottonwood, while a variety of flowering shrubs added their attractions. Masses of wild rose blocked the way; the trees were hung with festoons of clematis, and here brilliant masses of red against deep black green leaves told of the wild currant, one of the most interesting "trees" found on the island. The wealth of verdure which catches the eye as we ride along is a revelation.

An hour's ride down the cañon brings us to the Middle-Ranch house, which is to be the terminus of the stage in this direction. Here the lodge is to be fitted up and become a half-way house for sportsmen and tourists. It will be a mountain inn, after the Mexican fashion, Mexican viands and comforts being dispensed. Here one can revel in the insidious *tamale* made from the island quail and pheasant. *Carne con chile* will tempt the appetite, not to speak of *chile colerado* and *chile a la Mexican Joe*. In short, this attractive spot by the side of the mountain stream will become a

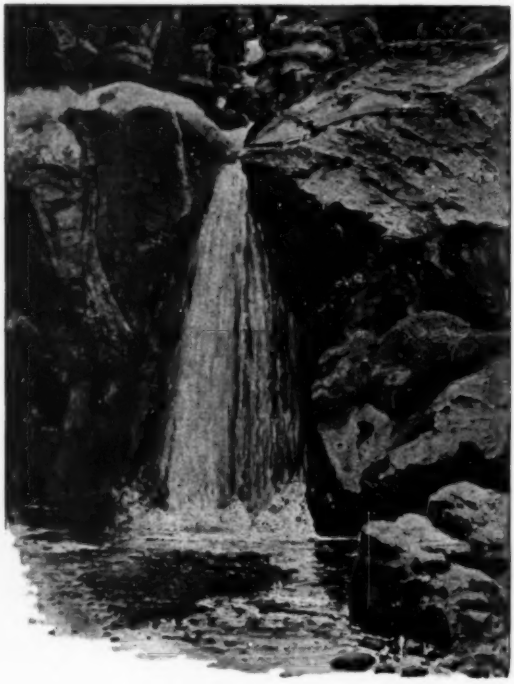
picturesque resort where all the material comforts will be attended to in the Spanish-Mexican fashion. From here the sportsman can essay the quail, the roar of whose wings sounds all the time. Mexican Joe will take him to the haunts of the Catalina wild cattle and wild goat, while the present owners of the island propose stocking its valleys and plains with deer, antelope, pheasant, wild turkey and other game. Our first camp was to be in Cottonwood Cañon, well down to the ocean. The trail has been overgrown, and some of the party go ahead and cut the crossing limbs, and we slowly descend into one of the most attractive cañons of the island, deep-wooded, and bearing a stream abounding in miniature falls. Down into the bed of the stream we plunge, splashing through the crystal water beneath the fallen trunks of great trees, pushing through the willows whose undulating roots tint the stream-bed a deep red, now over the hilltops high above the stream, where the trail winds through the wild lilac, and bits of blue ocean shine through the distant trees. Down the horses plunge into the stream-bed, now following it out upon glades where the roar of the wings of the quail startle horse and rider, skirting huge rocks where delicate ferns are fanned by the west wind, and finally come out upon Cottonwood grove—our camp for the night. The cañon here has abrupt lofty walls by the foot of which the stream rushes. The grove is of cottonwood trees, and beneath their sheltering limbs the wild grass has grown and turned to hay. The horses and mules are tethered, beds of blankets made on the grass, and by the roaring camp-fire Mexican Joe initiates some of the party into the mysteries of roast mutton *a la Catalina*. The juicy slabs of meat are placed upon a huge skewer six feet long,



The Seal Rocks.

which Joe deftly turns over the coals, while with the other hand he gently stirs the ingredients of the famous *Carne con chile*.

The stars were out and elbowing each other in the sky by the time this feast was served, and as we discussed its merits, other and uninvited guests came. A roar of many wings, and a flock of quail rushed down into the tops of the Cottonwoods and selected their roosts above our heads. Others came, until the grove seemed fairly alive with them, and their notes and calls filled the air with melody. Then stretched on blankets around the fire we thought of the old days in the Cottonwood, when Cabrillo was beating off and on in the channel; listened to the tales of Mexican Joe, of his adventures on sea and land, his famous struggle with a Catalina wild bull, in which the animal charged him down the mountain side, receiving a bullet that stopped the maddened creature at his very feet; and many more such stories. The day following, the cañon was followed to the sea, its wealth of water investigated, and twenty-five inches found, as good as a gold mine, for this was to be taken over the hills to the famous isthmus. From Cottonwood and Middle-Ranch, other cañons were visited, found rich in vegetation and water, and nearly all open by trails that suggested delightful trips in almost any direction.



La Paloma Fall, Cottonwood Cañon.

From Middle-Ranch the road following the proposed stage-route led up a well-wooded cañon, where the wild goat lurked; finally, bringing us to the foot of the highest peak on the island — "Black Jack" — whose peak rises nearly 3,000 feet above the Pacific. The ascent of the peak, though difficult, can be made on horseback and well repays the climb, as the view is one of the finest in Southern California. Catalina is at our feet with its maze of mountains, its innumerable cañons, its bays and inlets. The intense blue of the water is striking. San Clemente away to the west stands out in bold relief against it. The coast of the mainland can be traced far down towards San Diego, while the peaks of the Sierra Madre, though forty or fifty miles away, appear near at hand. From Black Jack the road winds for five miles or more through a most interesting country, showing here and there evidences of ancient occupation, finally coming out at the isthmus a narrow neck of land that connects the

island. Here it would appear that the island was at one time separate, with bays reaching in from east and west, affording good harbors and excellent facilities for boating. The west harbor is partly land-locked, an ideal place for boating, and in time destined to become one of the most popular resorts on the coast. This spot, with its two bays, will be the terminus of the stage-route, and here the steamer *Hermosa* will stop on each trip, the locality being about ten miles nearer Santa Monica and Redondo than Avalon. The site will be improved in every way, laid out as a park, and provided with water from Cottonwood Cañon; the idea being to form here a delightful summer and winter resort. Land and facilities for camping or building will be afforded free to parties not objectionable; the place beautified in every way and kept up to the highest standard. The isthmus has long been a favorite camping ground, the fishing and boating being of the best; and now that the climatic possibilities of Catalina have attracted so much attention among medical men all over the country, it will be made as attractive as possible, and thrown open in February of the present year as a winter resort, as well as summer, and equipped with the best transportation facilities. We have seen Catalina in summer with its perfect climate always cool, with that lack of change so desirable to the invalid, yet the winter if possible is even more delightful. Then it is that the true beauties of this isle of summer are seen. The rains, which curiously enough are less than on the mainland, change the brown hills to a vivid green, and we have an emerald in an azure setting.

Myriads of flowers spring up and the face of the island is changed as if by magic. They grow to the very ocean edge; their delicate forms overhanging the water and are reflected in it. On the west coast where high seas rage during the winter storms, the beds of wild-flowers are deluged by the spray that, hurled high in air, is borne away over the fields to cover the delicate forms with gleaming spangles of salt. The island winter exists but in name. In February and through the winter months, Catalina is still an isle of summer.

Sam Brannan.
(From an old steel engraving of about 1860.)

EARLY CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRES.

BY GEORGE HAMLIN FITCH.

CALIFORNIA has always been famous for big things, natural and artificial, and it is, therefore, not a matter of wonder that its millionaires are men of large financial caliber. The railroad and mining millionaires seem to appeal to the imagination of the "tenderfoot" Eastern correspondent, who comes out to the far West, and disposes of its social and material features after a week's stay. These men, who have rolled up imperial fortunes in the life of a single generation, are certainly imposing figures to one who shares the natural human worship of wealth, but they do not compare in picturesqueness with the earlier California milionaires—the men who came up out of the ruck in the days of the argonauts, and who set their stamp on the first twenty years of California's history. There was nothing accidental in the careers of these earlier men. No lucky strike of great mineral wealth, no enormous development of railroad land grants gave them fortune; they owed their wealth solely to native ability, to that capacity for taking advantage of opportunities which they possessed in the highest degree. None derived money by inheritance; not one was helped to wealth by friend or associate, though all aided in the making of millionaires, and, one, at least, lived far beyond his time, and tasted the bitterness of ingratitude from men to whom he had lent a hand in their days of sore need.

The world furnishes no parallel to

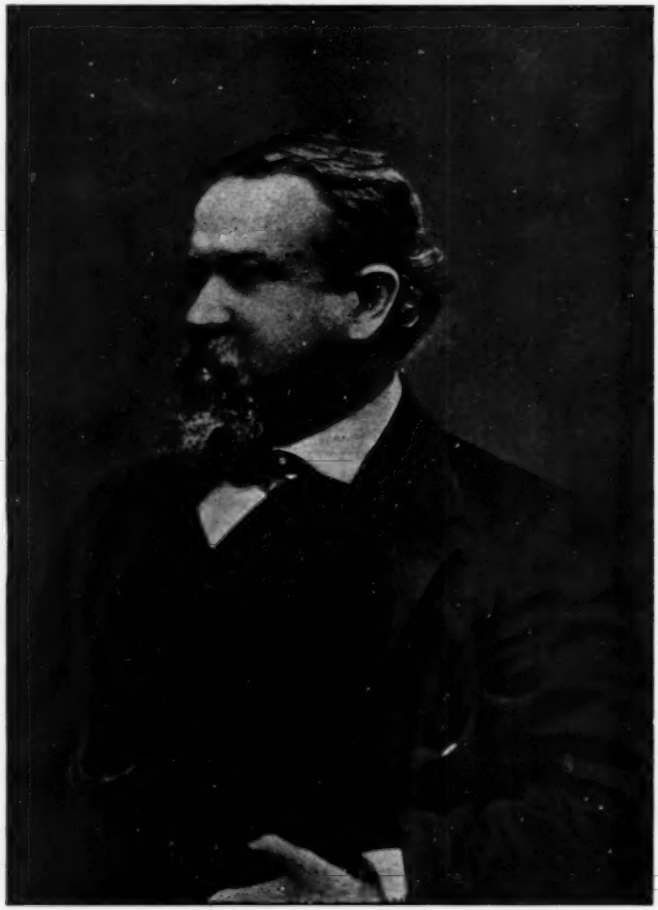
the energy of these men, or to the rapidity with which they gathered imperial fortunes, or to the swiftness of the flight of their wealth. No Arabian Nights' tale ever surpassed in wonders the story of these early Californians. They had not Aladdin's lamp, but they conquered time and space, and upset all natural laws in their rush after wealth and power. With far more than the normal endowment of energy and strength, it was natural that they should be filled with those fierce passions that found such free expression in the Italy of the Borgias. Self-control does not come naturally to such men. They "want the earth," to use an expressive bit of current slang, and they generally get what they want. The virtues of measure or moderation cannot be preached to men whose blood is at fever heat, and whose souls cry out for fresh conquests, when the ordinary man is languid from over exertion. Such men as these are survivals of an earlier period, when civilization had not refined away that barbaric energy which has furnished the motive power for the great conquerors of modern times. And in their contempt for many laws that bind the normal man, they also show this inheritance. But any one who will carefully study the lives of these typical early Californians will see that there was far more of good than of evil in their nature, and that they all did work that was of great value in the development of the resources of California.

The first place among the early millionaires must be given to Sam Brannan. Something in the man's free and easy nature may be learned from this title of "Sam," which clung to him through life. No one ever thought of giving him his full name; it would have fitted him as ill as any unfamiliar dignity. Brannan was a Mormon elder, who was selected by Brigham Young to bring a shipload of the faithful to California. This was before the discovery of gold, when the head of the Mormon church dreamed of a great empire, either on the shores of the Pacific, or on the Sandwich Islands. He found the place he sought, however, by the Great Salt Lake, so that when Brannan reached California, he found the scheme of a Pacific Coast empire abandoned. He made a great effort to induce the Prophet to settle in Hawaii, where the Mormons had purchased a large tract, but he failed, and from that time dates his apostacy.

Many legends have gathered about this period. The Mormons always asserted that Brannan gained his first start toward fortune by the use of the money of the saints, but the more natural explanation is that he profited by his shrewdness as a trader. Certainly he was doing a small business at Sacramento as the keeper of a general variety store, when the gold discovery came. Here was Brannan's first great opportunity, and the way he improved it showed his genius as a trader. While others were declaring that the gold would soon be exhausted, Brannan hastened to San Francisco and bought up a large stock of such goods as miners would need. He had these goods in his store when the great gold rush began, and he sold them at an enormous profit. Brannan, also, was the first to see the commercial advantages of San Francisco, and he bought largely of real estate, when others predicted the early decay of the young city. He had the courage of his convictions, and did more to develop San Francisco than any other man. He built the finest business block of that day; he urged the importance of street improvements; he subscribed liberally to every public purpose; he was the life of the first Vigilance Committee and an active contributor to the great committee which Coleman headed.

For five years before the breaking out of the Civil War, Brannan was recognized as the richest man in California. Everything he touched turned to gold. Then came the reaction. First his wife, who had never done

anything to aid him in making a fortune, sued him for divorce and stripped him of half his property. About the same time his scheme to found a bank and issue paper money was killed by jealous rivals. This was the unkindest cut of all, and Brannan never recovered from it. Several schemes like the Calistoga resort failed to pay, and when he most needed money, none was to be had. So fell the man who had been the moving spirit of San Francisco for nearly ten years. In his fall were forgotten the personal services he gave, the money he spent like water to uphold the Union cause during the war.



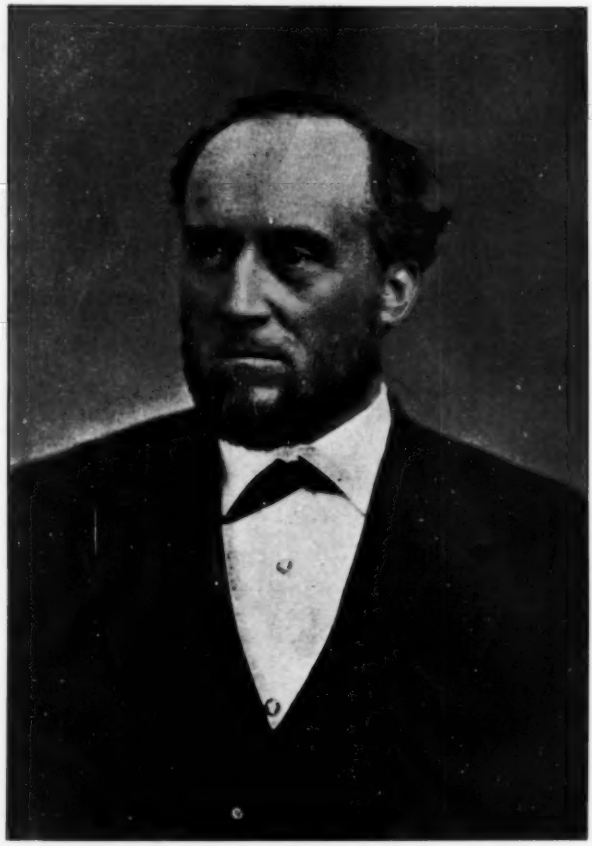
Milton S. Latham

But though his own country had a short memory, Mexico proved more grateful. Brannan had fitted out at his own cost a regiment of frontiersmen from this State, and had placed them at the disposal of Juarez, when such aid was sorely needed. When

success came to the Mexicans, they did not forget Brannan. He was given a royal concession of land on the Yaqui River, in Sonora, and there, when broken in fortune, he turned, in the hope of making more millions. His scheme was feasible. It was to plant colonies of Americans on these rich Sonora lands and grow all the products of this semi-tropical land. But Brannan, who had Mulberry Sellers' gift of seeing millions in any scheme that was brought under the flash light of his imagination, reckoned without the Indians, who were the original owners of this land and held the legal nine points of possession. They refused to permit any colonists to settle, and Brannan was forced to begin the tedious and disheartening work of securing aid from the Mexican Government. The McGarrahan claim is a juvenile compared with many claims that rest in the dusty archives of our sister Republic. The delay wore Brannan out and he died at Mazatlan, still full of hope in the future. This refusal of the broken old man to admit defeat proved the sterling qualities of Brannan's nature. He had many and grave faults, but over against them must be set superb courage, royal generosity and a tenacity of purpose that no misfortune could impair. He should be held in grateful remembrance by Californians as one of the first men in the State who saw clearly its possibilities, and who gave without stint to every enterprise which promised to develop its great resources.

Mention of Sam Brannan and his downfall recalls the peculiar career of another early Californian, who, though not a millionaire, cut a wide swath in the financial affairs of San Francisco, and when ruin came was execrated for years. This was Harry Meiggs, a man of Brannan's type—brave, resolute, energetic, generous and incapable of recognizing defeat. Meiggs was a lumber merchant who tried to boom North Beach in San Francisco. He built an expensive wharf, which remained one of the curiosities of the city for over twenty years, but he became involved in real estate speculation, and was finally tempted to make use of his position as a municipal officer to raise money on forged city warrants. Finally, when exposure could no longer be delayed, he converted all his available property into cash, loaded the remnant upon a bark and slipped out, like a thief in the night, through the Golden Gate and made good his escape to Chile. With the wreck of his fortune he began life anew in Chile. There railroad development had just begun, and Meiggs performed the same part in spanning the Cordilleras that Charles Crocker did, a generation later, in the Sierra Nevada. The work was difficult and dangerous, but Meiggs' enormous executive force came into good play in this Spanish land of to-morrow. He agreed to construct the road within seven years from breaking ground, at a cost far below the estimates of English and other foreign railroad engineers, but he had a clause put in the contract that, should the road be finished before the specified time, the Government bound itself to permit Meiggs to manage the railroad and receive any profits for the intermediate time. The Chileans thought nothing of this proviso, as it was not regarded as possible that the road could be finished within the specified time. Meiggs had the best engineers, and he had almost unlimited cheap labor. He put an army of peons at work, and in a little over four years the road was finished. Meiggs made a great fortune from the receipts of the road, during the three years that he had control, and he gained prestige in Chile, which stood him in good stead in later years when he became the railroad builder for Peru. The story of the great Arroyo railroad in Peru is too long to tell here, but it will suffice to say that Meiggs in his old age undertook the gigantic task of building a railroad across the Andes to connect Lima, the

Peruvian capital, with Brazil and the eastern seaboard. His idea was that royal fortunes would be won by bringing the produce of the rich interior tableland of Peru, Bolivia and Brazil to the seacoast. So he began a work which was destined never to be finished, for it would require the treasures of the old Incas to tunnel the mountains, that no engineering skill may surmount.



William C. Ralston.

As soon as he was in a position to do so, Meiggs sent back a trusted representative to San Francisco and paid all the claims against him. His advertisement to all creditors to call upon his agent may be found in old files of the San Francisco newspapers. Then he tried to have a bill passed by the California Legislature removing the legal cloud that rested against him, so that he might return in safety for a visit to his old home; but this was found to be unconstitutional. So Meiggs never saw again the city from which he fled. No old Californian with whom I ever talked held Meiggs to be the chief offender in his forgery

and flight. Those who are well informed in regard to the circumstances declare that he was used as a scapegoat to hide wealthy usurers who coined money out of his necessities, and who were fully aware of his misuse of the city warrants.

The whole after career of the man shows that he possessed qualities that do not go with the defaulter or embezzler. Yet in the face of the facts of his restitution, a philosophic historian of California has devoted pages to putting Meiggs in moral pillory, because he succumbed to temptation, and setting him up as an exception to the rule that disaster comes to those who violate the moral laws. It may be added that this historian disapproves of the Vigilance Committee, which cleared the moral atmosphere of San Francisco and shipped out of the State a large number of cut-throats and swindlers. Chile raised a monument to Meiggs, the railroad builder and financier, whose word was always as good as his bond ; and it is not out of place, therefore, that the truth should be told here about this picturesque figure of early California days, who was more sinned against than sinning.

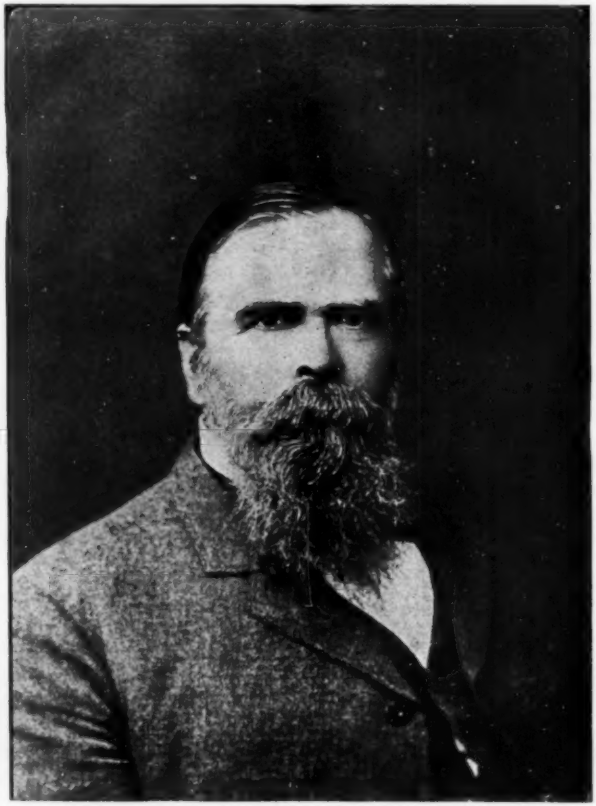
One of the men who had large influence in California during the days before the war, and in the dark period of the rebellion, was Milton S. Latham, yet his name is almost unknown outside the State for which he did so much. Latham was a born advocate, gifted with persuasive power in the highest degree, and endowed with personal qualities that made him many friends. He had enjoyed a far better education than most of those who sought fortune in California during the gold rush. He came here in 1850 from Alabama, where he had made a reputation as a lawyer, and soon he had established an excellent practice in his new home. Political preferment came to him at the early age of twenty-two years. He was elected to Congress, and served two terms ; then was chosen Governor of California, and scarcely had he taken the chair when he was called upon to resign and accept the United States senatorship. Thus in ten years he had filled all the most important public offices in the gift of the people—a feat, perhaps, without a parallel in this country, when it is remembered that Latham was only thirty-one years old when he entered the Senate. He returned to California while the Civil War was in its height, and like Brannan, he proved to be a power in advocating the cause of the Union.

Latham's legal practice naturally led him into business speculation and the development of the resources of the country. He became banker, financier and railroad builder. Beyond all his contemporaries he had the artistic tastes which it requires large wealth to gratify. He built the finest house in the young city of San Francisco, and he made it a veritable palace of art, filled with treasures from the Old and the New World. There he kept open house, and entertained hundreds of visitors. In an evil day, he conceived the idea of carrying a railroad into the heart of the great redwood forests that line the Russian River, about sixty miles north of the Golden Gate. Lumbermen saw millions in the scheme. So Latham built a narrow gauge road, which skirted the coast. He put six millions into the venture, out of which he never drew legal interest on the investment. The road was enormously expensive to build because of the numerous tunnels and the heavy grades ; it was very costly to maintain, and the freight on the timber, which was counted upon to maintain it, did not pay any large return above operating expenses. Hard times came, this railway burden dragged Latham down, and he was stripped of the fortune he had used with so generous a hand.

About the only memorial that is left of him is the picturesque railroad that furnishes a series of magnificent views of mountain and sea, the sub-

stantial mansion which witnessed his open-handed hospitality, now converted into a boarding-house, and the monument in Laurel Hill Cemetery that he reared to the memory of his first wife—a white Italian marble figure, gazing out upon the shoreless Pacific. To-day the sea is as blue and lustrous, the headlands that stand as warders of the Golden Gate as tawny and rugged as in the days when fortune showered her favors upon Latham. But what changes these years wrought in his life, as well as in the lives of those who worked with him! Gone are most of the fortunes that were piled up in the heat and dust of the great city, and few memorials remain, even in that city of the dead where Latham rests, to remind one of him and the other financial giants of his days.

Of all the early Californians who made big fortunes, the most widely known was William C. Ralston. Wherever the fame of California has spread, there is known the name of Ralston, who stands as a type of the far western Monte Cristo, the realization of the stage ideal of a financier with almost unlimited power, before whose command the very forces of



John Bidwell.

nature are made to yield. The glamour of his personal influence endures to this day, and old men who knew him well speak with moistened eyes of this Napoleon of the New West, who dominated all his associates and did the work of a half dozen strong men, apparently without effort. Something there was in Ralston which the scientists have not yet been able to explain—that touch of the fire of genius which enabled him to bend conservative men to the most daring ventures. And the warm imagination, that gave him power as a speculator, endowed him also with the dangerous quality of binding men to him as with hooks of steel. Those who differed from him the most widely in temperament were found among his zealous partisans, eager to do his bidding. Any fears of the future, which they may have had in moments of depression, were cleared away the moment they came into the presence of this powerful personality that never knew doubt, fear or hesitation, this man who seemed free from the weaknesses of other men. His was a name to conjure with, for men came to believe in his invincible luck, and no longer doubted the feasibility of any project that he approved. Much of Ralston's success must be attributed to the fact that all his great enterprises were carried out by men who were imbued with his own confident spirit. They knew no such word as fail, and with unlimited energy and resources they pushed each venture to completion. It was a spectacle to which Victor Hugo alone, in this latter half of the century, could have done justice. There was something in it of the same defiance of the laws of nature and the power of the elements shown by the heroes of "The Toilers of the Sea."

Looking back at Ralston's work now, it is easy to see the desperate chances that he smilingly accepted, but the men of his day were blind to any dangers, and only a few could coldly analyze his operations and predict the collapse that came in the end. And when that ruin came, it is proof of the personal influence of Ralston that he could have saved himself by appealing to his friends. The selfishness born of trade would have been forgotten, had this financial dictator stepped down into the market-place and asked aid of the hundreds whom he had helped. But his pride revolted from this step, or he fancied that ingratitude would be his portion; so this moving spirit of a score of great enterprises was suddenly quenched in the waters of San Francisco Bay, going out in a great mystery which will never be cleared till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll.

Ralston first came into prominence as a steamboat man on the Mississippi. We know from Mark Twain's book what a training the old river traffic gave; what risks rival captains and pilots took to get in ahead of one another; what exciting races were seen with the great boats trembling under the dangerous throbbing of the engines. It was a life to stimulate all the dormant traits of a speculator, and Ralston's nature expanded under the influences about him, till the Mississippi River life became too slow for his ambition. Then the gold rush began and among the foremost of the adventurers was Ralston. He never mined for gold; that was too prosaic an occupation. He devoted himself to trade and banking, in which there was free play for his imagination. Wealth came to him as iron comes to the magnet, but he did not become a great financial power until the organization of the Bank of California, in 1864. Among the heavy stockholders were D. O. Mills, Ralston, R. S. Fritz, J. B. Thomas, O. F. Giffin, John O. Earl and Alvinza Hayward. The capital stock was two million dollars with the privilege of increase to five million dollars. Although Ralston was nominally the cashier, in reality he was the ruling power, the very bank itself. Ralston used his

position, at first, with wisdom. He was always ready to aid any enterprise that promised to help the State, but unlimited power brought its penalties. He kept open house at Belmont and spent thousands in the entertainment of guests. No prominent visitor from the East or Europe failed to enjoy Ralston's hospitality. His country home was one of the wonders of the State, being finished throughout with California laurel, while the grounds bore a strong resemblance to those of the great estates in England. It was one of the peculiarities of Ralston that he cared nothing for the luxury that he provided for his guests. Power was what he lusted after, even more than wealth, and in the management of the bank and his many ventures outside the bank Ralston tasted to the full the sweets of authority.

But despite his marvelous sagacity, his untiring industry and his enormous executive force, Ralston could not escape the fate that overtakes, sooner or later, the man who runs great risks for great gains. There came a day when his ventures began to fail. A man of Ralston's temperament, sanguine, confident and filled with the sense of power bred by long-continued success, is loath to acknowledge defeat. He will risk all and more than he ought to risk to avoid that sense of failure which he cannot endure. The great speculator is like the great general—no sacrifice is too costly to bring success. Ralston, in his last days, when ruin encompassed him on every side, was much like Napoleon after the Russian campaign was fairly begun. He instinctively felt the doom before him, but he determined to use every means at hand to ward it off. So it came to pass that the bank which he had founded was brought to the verge of ruin, and the treasure which he was trusted to preserve was scattered in the vain effort to retrieve his personal fortunes. When exposure could be delayed no longer, he took that plunge into the Bay of San Francisco, which proved to be his last. Whether it was suicide or accident can never be told; but its results were clear. It cut down in his prime the ablest financier the Pacific Coast has ever seen and it left no man to carry out his work.

There is no older living pioneer of California than General John Bidwell, and he was a millionaire when most of the rich men in the State to-day were just beginning the accumulation of wealth. Bidwell comes of New England stock and a strain of Yankee shrewdness runs all through his career. It is more than a half-century ago that Bidwell crossed the plains with a party from Missouri. He reached California early in 1841, and his first exhibition of native shrewdness was in joining fortunes with General Sutter, then the foremost man in the Mexican territory. He acted as agent of Sutter, and in this way came to know intimately all the prominent Spanish Americans, as well as the foreigners in California. As interpreter of Governor Micheltorena, he gained valuable experience, and in his reminiscences in the *Century Magazine* he has told with quiet humor and no little descriptive skill the story of the Bear Flag uprising, the struggle over the possession of California and the results that followed.

Bidwell also has given the clearest and most interesting account of the discovery of gold at Coloma by Marshall. Although he was a miner and gave his name to old Bidwell's Bar, on the Feather River, yet he always preferred agriculture and fruit-growing. Through his close acquaintance with the legal status of all the Spanish grants, he obtained possession of a large body of rich land at Chico, Butte County, which he has since greatly improved, so that now he possesses the finest orchard in the State. The cherry, peach, pear, apricot and almond trees on General Bidwell's ranch are unequaled in size, for many are forty years old. Here on this magnificent domain lives the

old General. Unlike many rich Californians, he is most popular in his own home, where he is best known, as he has done much to add to the attractiveness of Chico, and his charities are large. He is a great advocate of temperance, and in several campaigns he has been the prohibition candidate for Governor of California. He was the latest Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party. His life is thoroughly consistent with his professions, for he rooted out a valuable vineyard planted to wine-grapes and stopped the making of any intoxicating beverage on his ranch. General Bidwell's wealth is estimated at three million dollars, most of it in real estate which is constantly increasing in value. He bears his years well, and his memory is unusual for one of his age, for he not only recalls the main outline of events that occurred forty or fifty years ago, but even the minor details. This remarkable memory makes him a very interesting companion, for his talk of early days in California is better than the work of the historians.

The California Mining Stock market, which has now reached so low an ebb of fortune, once dominated the financial life of San Francisco, and the man who first ruled it, and then transmitted his power to the Bonanza kings, is well worth a short study. Erwin Davis was a natural banker and financier. He had a special gift for the negotiation of large business enterprises such as Lloyd Tevis possesses in such high degree. He had also a genius for the exploiting of mines and the manipulation of mining stocks. Coming to San Francisco and gaining control of the mining market in the early days, when the Bonanza men were unheard of, he ruled speculation in this city for over five years. Davis lived on the summit of what is now known as Nob Hill. He bought the property on which Senator Stanford's mansion now stands, and he built there what was then regarded as a very fine residence. The original owner of this lot was Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, the actress, who lived in a pretty cottage on the crest of what was then a great sugar-loaf-shaped sandhill. Financial and domestic trouble swept over the clever actress, and she was forced to part with the home that she loved. Davis cleared away the sand and built the large house which was afterward removed to the southwest corner of Pine and Hyde streets. He also built the finest stable in California, using laurel and manzanita in the finishings of the stalls. As he had cleared away the work of the actress, so in his turn Senator Stanford left not a vestige of the mining magnate's improvements. The stable and house were removed, the level of the lot was lowered, and a great wall was built around the property. The only relic of old days, on this bleak hill, is the weather-worn home that stands directly opposite Stanford's mansion, and that looks precisely as it did thirty years ago.

Failure finally overtook Davis in one of his mining deals, and he removed to London, where he has built up another great fortune in the floating of new mines and in speculation in stocks.

Other early California millionaires there are who are well worth a sketch, but the limits of this article almost forbid the mention of their names. James Lick is so well known by his great gift of the Observatory on Mount Hamilton that he needs no more than passing mention. He has demonstrated that a gift to science is the surest means of perpetuating one's name.

Of other men who gained fortune in the early days may be mentioned David Jacks, the land-owner of Monterey County; Jesse D. Carr, the Salinas cattle grower; C. H. Huffman, who has thousands of acres in wheat in Merced County and who built, with Charles Crocker, the largest irrigating canal in this county; and J. S. Cone, the wheat king of the Upper Sacramento Valley, who counts his grain fields by the mile along the great river in Tehama County.

ONE CHRISTMAS DAWNING.

BY CLARE CARLYLE.

"LOOK here, Robert, why can't you be sensible for once an' join the rest of us boys ter night either at the schoolhouse, where they 're goin' ter have a Christmas tree, or at the dance in the new building next Joe Fischer's saloon. I'm goin' ter both places; would n't miss dancin' for the world ; an' I must go to this Christmas tree, for my new girl will be there. There won't be a feller in town put as much on the tree for any girl as I have for mine ; three big boxes all covered with that soft stuff, with combs an' brushes, an' lookin' glasses, an' them little fixins' they told me was ter clean finger-nails. The girls at the store seemed ter think I wanted a carload of boxes. First, they sold me a yeller one ; an' when that was paid for, an' I spoke about a pink one's being purty, they bundled it up an' before I knew it they had their money for that. The little girl behind the counter kept smilin' up at me till I was n't certain whether she was mashed on me in my new clothes, or, startin' before daylight, I had n't a good wash on me face, an' she was makin' fun. I forgot ter look in the glass, after I got ter town, an' the more I thought about it, the worse I felt. Then blood just lit up my face an' must have struck ter my brain, for if that dog-goned girl did n't sell me a red box, sayin' 't would n't soil so quick as them others, an' that coal dust was mighty bad for plush boxes. I lit out, at that, an' tore inter the nearest barber's, an' I'll be jim swizzled if there was n't a long black streak runnin' from my left eye down ter my shirt collar."

A slight smile showed for an instant about the mouth of the man who sat, listening to the swaggering talk of James, with his elbows on the rude table before him, his fingers buried in his prematurely gray hair. The other continued :

" For them that likes them sort of doins' the show at the schoolhouse will be fine. Mrs. Preston, the doctor's wife 's been trainin' the kids, an' the way they sing them pieces she 's learned 'em they say will beat anything this side the mountains. After the first song, Miss Koffin, the teacher 's goin' ter speak a piece, an' I 'll be surprised if them little Lewis boys she licks regular don't stand outside under the winder an' say it over after her, through their noses, like herself.

" They 've done that before, an' old Perkins, who thought he must keep order, bein' director, stumbled an' nearly fell down the slope chasin' 'em. After Miss Koffin's piece, Lewis Lewis 'll play a tune on his fiddle; then Bobby Burns, with his bow legs, an' squint eyes rolled up, playin' he was looking straight inter Heaven, 'll speak a piece he made himself. And then they 'll all whoop it up singin', old an' young, after which there will be tabloos, where the youngsters are all kneelin' playin' they 're angels an' such stuff ; an' Pete Deckett 'll burn something on a shovel that will make 'em look all colors of the rainbow. After they 're all through with that performance an' the winders are up, for the smoke ter go out and the boys ter look in, the presents 'll be handed 'round ; an' don't I want ter see Jennie's eyes shine when she sees the boxes? Yeller, pink an' red, an' the stuff they 're covered with as thick an' soft as the down on a new hatched chicken ! Now, old boy, if ye say yees 'll go, I 'll stop for ye, an' I 'll interduce ye ter Jennie an' the rest. So brace up an' begin ter have a good

time; Christmas is just ther time to start in on."

An expression of annoyance crossed the face of his companion, who raised his head from his hands and looked at his good-natured visitor, saying: "It's very good of you to invite me, James, but as I have a book I wish to read, I can't go with you to-night."

James looked with contempt at the shelves ranged on one side of the cabin, filled with books, periodicals and neatly folded papers. To him they represented a waste of money and time; he then returned to the charge:

"'T was last Christmas, old feller, we was takin' turns nursin' ye, who was that bad with fever I never thought ye 'd see another. 'T was a bad job we had n't let yees gone, for it's just as well ter be buried by friends as ter bury yerself in the injun house by day an' yer cabin by night, with never a soul to trade a word with."

This hint in regard to the former kindness of the youth had the desired effect upon Robert Vaughn, and a reluctant consent was given to accompany James to the scene of the Christmas festivities, stipulating, however, that he should receive no introductions to any of James' friends or acquaintances. The young man, feeling he had achieved a victory, hastily took his departure, after stating at what hour he would call.

Robert Vaughn then arose and began pacing the narrow limits of his cabin, which he seemed to fill completely with his personality. He was a man of generous proportions, having the upright figure and bearing of a military commander rather than a mining-camp engineer. His face, in spite of its present troubled look and frown, was a face to inspire confidence, and the pleasant light that usually shone in his blue English eyes denoted a mind filled with kindly impulses. He paused at last before the open fire, and, unconsciously, gave expression aloud to his agitating thoughts:

"Three years ago to-night! and it seems as though it was only yesterday; yet in those three years I 've lived ten ordinary lives and died ten thousand deaths. To *suffer, suffer, suffer!* must have been written in the book of fate for me at the beginning.

"Yes, *burned!* with letters of fire to illustrate the fires of hell in which my soul has lingered, for *years!* It was a bitter fight to satisfy the cravings of my nature that poverty or the cruel will of others could not change. But I rose, victorious, to a height from which I could look back on that path over which I had journeyed with tortured heart, under the lash that struck my sensitive boyhood's soul; and from that height of safety and respite her hands have torn me. The hands of a frail creature I could *crush* and kill has hurled me down from happiness. Curse her! Curse her!"

He threw himself down, burying his face in his hands; in his restlessness soon rising again, he went to the opposite corner and from a little box, filled with old letters and other souvenirs, he took a plain gold ring. He threw it upon the table before him as though its touch were fire.

"I do not keep it in remembrance of her," he whispered; "I need no such reminder, but it seems to me like a poor human thing, with a mission that utterly failed; failed as a token to bind her to a life of happiness, of love and honor, because it was plain and poor, and her nature too sordid to wait for the costly jewels I could not give her then; but I 'll find her at last. What is ambition or wealth to me now beside my hope for revenge?" He paced the floor again in excitement. It took a long time for the old love to die.

A sneer crept over his expressive features as he went on: "But I learned my lesson, at last, when necessity drove me back to work, and I stopped from my quest awhile. Learned it as I stood beside the great

engine watching the revolving, reaching arms that could crush man and overcome the works of nature—arms moving steadily ; accomplishing, subduing. I have watched the throbs, like human heart-beats, yet knowing they never pulsed with pain ; that here was no quivering of inner fibers to turn from steady purpose, and I have striven to make my heart like that steel, upon which there shall be no imprint."

Did he not remember that the great engine, with all its might, must obey the impulses of a guiding hand, and on the lever of our lives rested a controlling power we are unable to resist with all our boasted will ?

The door burst open unceremoniously, and James, the irrepressible, rushed into the room stamping and brushing, with right and left, the damp snow with which he was covered.

'It's snowin' like blazes," was his greeting. "Would n't wonder if that train was n't stuck between here and town, an' ther 'll be no dance ternight. I made up my mind to waltz with all the purtiest girls an' cut Tom French out, who says he used ter be a dancin' master."

He began whistling a lively air, and, placing his hands on his hips, sailed about the room, turning over the rugs of bearskin with his great feet, and knocking down one or two volumes from the shelves, with his projecting elbows.

In the confusion, Vaughn slipped the ring into his pocket and turned toward the door. James paused in his mad whirl and took note of the look of annoyance upon Vaughn's face, but did not see fit to remark it, and began addressing him in his usual familiar manner, which would have been resented, coming from another source.

"Now, you 're never goin' like that," said he, looking with disapproval at the dark flannel shirt above whose low collar Robert Vaughn's throat showed whitely. "Just for once, Robert, let me eyes look at yees in a biled shirt; what 's the use goin' to a Christmas tree, where everybody in camp 'll be lookin', if yees can't go like a swell ?"

He glanced complacently in the small mirror at his own image, gorgeous in expansive shirt-front, high collar and scarlet tie, with a great imitation diamond blazing in the center. His curly hair was plastered over his brow, and his slight mustache was waxed and pointed on either side like two bodkins beneath his tilted nose.

He knew the little room was redolent of the strong perfumery upon his blue silk handkerchief, and gloried in the fact.

"I do not wish to go at all, James," the other said impatiently.

James tried to rectify his mistake by saying :

"Of course ye don't ; yer agoin' ter please me, an' I only thought, seein' ye was so handsome in yer every-day clothes, I'd like ter see how perfectly grand you'ld be dressed up like."

Vaughn smiled helplessly and made no further remonstrance, unwillingly accompanying his guest. James anxiously regarded himself in the glass for a moment expressing apprehensions as to the effects of snow upon his waxed mustache, and, with his handkerchief ready to shield that ornamental appendage, joined his friend outside.

The snow was falling in great damp flakes, soon weighting down any stationary object. It was not dark, for a full moon was somewhere behind the thick snow-laden clouds ; but walking was difficult along the uneven street, and Vaughn's cabin was nearly a mile from the schoolhouse.

"Sure it 'll be all out an' look like the wet feathers of a rooster ; an' there's Tom, an' Bobby, an' the rest that won't have so fur ter go will take the shine off me altogether," said James regretfully, thinking of his waxed mustache, which he attempted

to shield with the blue handkerchief, then remembering the perfumery that might be exhausted upon the unappreciative breeze, sadly restored it to his pocket and tried the efficiency of his generous hand.

A sound of music presently fell upon their ears, and raising their bowed heads they found themselves near the schoolhouse. The door stood open, for people were passing in and the warm light streamed out invitingly; but the words being sung had struck the ears of Robert Vaughn, and he suddenly halted.

The last words of a sweet old carol were dying away—words taught by the refined, sympathetic woman who understood the heart-longings for old associations of most of those about her; longings doubly felt at this season of all others, so universally observed in their old home.

At the opening of the door upon the scenes within, it all came before him, as he stood there among the whirling flakes. The night he last heard those words sung, in the same childish tones, was his wedding night.

He had stood at a window in the great house of his friend and benefactor, in the old town across the seas, where primitive customs still prevailed, encouraged by the gentry, who clung to the traditions of their forefathers; and she was there beside him, her golden head upon his shoulder, and her slender hand upon which shone the ring clasped in his own. He clenched his hands, set his teeth and turned toward his cabin.

"See here, old feller," said James, "they 've begun a'ready an' we won't get seats; I wanted ter get as fur forward as I could."

'I'm going home," said Vaughn, hoarsely.

James took him by the arm. "Do ye want ter spile my evenin'?" he said, piteously; "my looks are all spiled, I know, with this confounded snow stickin' to me like tar; but I'm goin', an' I want yees along." His companion yielded, as to the entreaties of a child, always willing himself to suffer rather than cause another's unhappiness.

Their entrance at the schoolhouse created a decided sensation among the audience, for Robert Vaughn seldom crossed a threshold save his own.

James felt decidedly important, since his companion was regarded as superior to most of those about him by reason of his learning and his reserve, which checked, in most cases, the familiarity that breeds contempt.

James obeyed the letter, if not the spirit, of the command regarding introductions, but he fully intended Vaughn should know that the sallow little girl in the blue dress with the pink bows scattered indiscriminately over her small person was the admired Jennie.

"Step right up this way, Mister Vaughn," he said, his voice quite audible. "Miss Jennie Owens," he announced, boldly stepping up to that blushing young person. "Could yees tell meself an' me friend, Mister Vaughn, where we could find seats so we can see the whole performance?"

Jennie blushed again, and bowing to the stranger, pointed to the vacant chairs she had been carefully guarding for these very occupants.

"Good evenin', Mrs. Preston," said James, shaking hands with a sweet-faced lady who sat near, unmindful of the fact that Miss Koffin, on the improvised stage close by, stood ready to recite, indignant at the interruption.

"Me friend Mr. Vaughn thought he 'd come with me ter-night an' see how he 'd like the show."

"Sit down, Jim," called a voice near the door, "can't ye see the school marm's goin' ter speak 'er piece?"

James seated himself in dignified silence, and the young woman began her recitation.

His fears in regard to the mischievous little Lewis boys proved ground-

less, and Miss Koffin droned, or sharply enunciated with flourishes abrupt and startling or majestically slow, without interruption to the end.

She wisely refrained from responding to the cries of some among the audience for "another piece," understanding, through a frankly given hint, the sentiments of the impatient majority, expressed in a whisper by Ben Hooper to a companion: "That if they was goin' ter sing-song a dozen more pieces like that he 'd be hanged if he 'd stay a minute; moreover, he 'd step up an' take off the presents he 'd brought for 'Mandy right afore their eyes."

A remark that called down upon him the wrath of the young man who worshipped Miss Koffin from afar, and who informed him that, "if he did n't shut up an' listen ter whatever was goin', he 'd lick the life outer him when the show was over."

Robert Vaughn sat on stoically to the end, when the presents were distributed, Jennie's boxes admired, and James made happy by her blushing thanks and her aunt's grateful and conscious acceptance of those falling to her share.

Robert had also been remembered by this generous friend, who, knowing of no more acceptable gift to him than a book, had selected one with careful regard to the binding. It gleamed with red and gold without, and within, where James had not condescended to look, was the inscription, "Tommy Tillotson and his Dog, or the Reward of a Good Boy."

There was some dissatisfaction among the Sunday-school scholars, who openly declared the teachers guilty of partiality in the distribution of gifts intended for the school exclusively. And poor little Mrs. Padley thought the worked motto, "The Lord Will Provide," purchased and presented on principles of economy by Miss Koffin, was a pointed allusion to her poverty and the burden of a shiftless husband and seven children; otherwise the evening was a success, in its way, and the originators were well repaid for their trouble. The somewhat excited audience were once more called to order and joined in a final anthem, before dismissal. The words of the anthem were simple and old, yet an ever-necessary reminder to humanity:

> For Christ has suffered, Christ has died
> To wash all sins away,
> As He forgave, may all forgive,
> This blessed Christmas day.

There were several voices of exquisite natural melody in the mixed assembly, and to Robert, passionately fond of music, this would have been as a grateful gift; but the words of that closing stanza were significant and seemed a personal appeal. Christ has suffered. Could any human agony exceed the agony of that divine existence who bears the extreme of every ill? Yet "He forgave." Strongly affected by the words, Robert made a gesture of dissent, as though refusing to listen to a voice of pleading.

"Forgive!" he almost said aloud, bitterly, as he stood outside, the excited and mainly happy audience hurrying past him.

The warmth and life, the interest and affection displayed, gave him a keener sense of his loneliness and loss. He was soon quite alone; even James had forgotten him, in his joy of being allowed to escort Jennie Owens home, and carry her parcels.

The snowfall had ceased suddenly, the wind blew keen and fitfully, and the moon, released from the screen of storm-clouds, shone full above the white, ragged clouds occasionally passing over its face, then fluttering away as though chased by flying companions.

Robert Vaughn thought, with a feeling of dread, of the lonely cabin, of the unresponsive silence reigning there, and looked about longingly as if seeking some place to which he might flee. A strong gust of wind swept by and fluttered the leaves of the book he held; the slight occur-

rence turned his thoughts, and reminded him that a package of periodicals and papers would arrive by the evening's mail. He walked mechanically in the direction of the station and met the somewhat excited proprietor of the saloon, who informed him the train had not yet reached camp.

"They left Coaland at the usual time, and this blamed storm must have snowed them in between stations. Dan and his whole crowd were coming up, and if they get here at all to-night it's likely 't will be too late for the dance," said the proprietor.

They waited about the station for an hour more, and at last, along the snow-clogged track, a solitary man, still bearing his brakesman's colored lantern and nearly exhausted, appeared. From him the horrified listeners soon learned that the expected train had been hurled down an embankment, and lay a heap of shattered cars of dead and dying humanity, some five miles down the line.

Christmas eve festivities were suspended, and the men of the camp struggled through deeply piled snow to the scene of the accident. They made their way with difficulty down the steep incline, over which the cars had rolled, to the wreck beside the stream at the bottom. The empty coal-cars in the rear of the mixed train had been dragged after and piled in horrid confusion upon the coaches containing the passengers, burying many who still lived and whose groans reached their ears.

It was past midnight, and the moon still sailed above, lending her light to the scene. The black waters gurgled loudly as though striving to drown the feebly uttered cries. The branches of the great cedars, along the slope, laden with the heavy snow, drooped like arms beneath the weight of winding sheets. The rescuers worked with a will, thanking God in their hearts that the horror of fire had not been added to the wreck.

The minutes rolled on as the men toiled to reach the victims. The mountains above seemed to mock them with their aspect of calm endurance. The black stream brought to them a thought of the river of death. The wind swept down the gorge with a wail like a dirge. The hours rolled on. One by one the unfortunates were released from the wreck, most of them mercifully dead, others crushed and shattered; and those who never prayed before prayed now for death to release them from their agony.

A change came over the moonlight, foretelling the approach of day. The wind lulled, and the summits of the great mountains flushed faintly. The shadows among the drooping cedars and over the black waters, seeming darker beneath that hovering shadow of death, yielded slowly to the oncoming light.

Robert Vaughn, one of the first upon the scene and untiring in his efforts of relief, paused for a moment and looked about him. On litters, formed of broken seats and the universal debris of the wreck, lay those of the women found dead. The increasing light showed plainly each lineament and feature, some distorted by fear and horror, others still wearing a blank look of despair. The painted cheeks and blackened brows, the artificial shadows beneath the eyes intensified the ghastliness of death. Their gaudy finery was torn and blood-stained, the jewels upon the dead arms and throats sparkled like glaring, defiant eyes. The souls torn from the debased tenements and waiting in agony for God's final judgment, might have turned in horror and loathing from what was once his stainless gift.

The helpers were lifting another from the wreck. The woman's form was slight and girlish; upon her face pain and even death scarce left a disfiguring mark. It might have been sleep that closed the great violet eyes and pressed the long,

curling lashes on the dimpled cheeks. Her red-gold hair lay in rings, clinging where the death-damp had soddened them, about her white. low brow; for hers had been a lingering death, and the soul to be judged by a divine standard was just loosed from its cell. The perfect, pallid lips had scarce ceased to quiver, and a tiny stream of blood like a scarlet thread, still slowly trickled from between.

The throat, bare above the pointed neck of her rich bodice, was white as the snow on the cedars, and creased and rounded as that of a babe's. She was a piece of human flesh of fairest mold and coloring; beside her sodden, painted sisters she lay like a "pearl among the swine of humanity." But death had not spared her its worst approach, and her body was crushed, her lower limbs mangled. One ear, perfect as the petal of a white rose, had been torn across down to the great cold drop sparkling with fire that seemed alive and mocking the coldness of death. All remarks were silenced by the movement of Robert Vaughn. He bent above the prostrate form, and even the dullest might have read the secret of his life's tragedy in his face.

He lifted it at last, white and drawn and stern as the decree of death, and glanced at the heights above as though reading in their rugged grandeur, in whose presence man shrinks into insignificance, and his very sorrows became a passing slight event, an answer to his heart. Was it a vision of celestial hosts, as in the ages long ago, who bore the lesson we are so slow to learn? Or had the helplessness of death the power of appeal, which living lips could never utter, that changed the look upon the face over which he bent once more, whispering slowly, "Margaret" and "forgiveness?" And then, as if oblivious of all human eyes, he placed upon the yielding, fast-stiffening hand, the tiny, plain gold ring.

The great, white shining hills now glowed with crimson light, the fir-trees on the summits turned to flaming brands, and over the mountains burst in splendor another Christmas day. So, on each was bestowed a separate gift, according to the will of that Love at whose command light comes after darkness.

A SHELL.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

Across a beach of shining sand
  A shell rolled at my feet,
I kissed and laid it far beyond
  The line where billows beat.

When on the wave of death I drift
  Far up the Beach of Bliss,
May someone greet my storm-tossed soul
  With welcoming hand and kiss.

OR THE CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS.

BY BELLE M. AUSTIN.

AT high-noon, April 19th, the wide portals of the Pavilion were thrown open, and the Festival of Flowers that has made Santa Barbara famous began. Here were blended the witchery of bloom, fruitage, fragrance and music. The interior of the great building was draped in the soft gray-green moss from the live-oak, which, with occasional clusters of airy pampas-plumes and branching palm-leaves, made a pleasing background for the gayer tints of the numberless flowers which were in every imaginable shape, from the most conventional design to Nature's wildwood tangle.

At every turn was a surprise. Here a spreading palm, or an orange tree laden with fruit and blossoms; there a tall camelia with shining foliage and waxen bloom, or, perhaps, next a banana reaching out its heavy leaves to touch the dainty tea-plant. Everywhere a wonderful profusion and exuberance of growth. Among the many tables covered with their burdens of bloom was one devoted to flowers taken from a place which only a year ago was an uncultivated spot on a rocky hillside. Here were thirty-five varieties of roses, besides begonias, marguerites and poppies. Great baskets of blossoming pinks, exquisite pansies, and seventy-five varieties or shades of nasturtiums. A floral cottage covered with Banksia roses, its door invitingly open stood midway down the hall. The carpet a mosaic of pink and white rose petals. A flower-hammock swung, and in the window ledges, graceful baskets of roses. Near by was a garden blooming as sweetly and unconsciously as if out under its native skies; beyond stood a tiny olive orchard with soft, silvery, green foliage.

Swung high against one wall an immense horn of plenty poured forth a flood of roses, and one thousand were used in its construction. In a sequestered corner was represented most charmingly, in miniature, a mountain cañon. Here towered the sycamore, its tender green foliage contrasting with the somber oak. A tiny stream wound in and out among the mossy banks, dancing over its pebbly bed. A little patch found its way through the glade, by wild shrubs and over the flower-spangled grass. A table was spread, and here was a picnic, the children being daintily dressed dolls. They had finished their luncheon. Some were gathering flowers, others sitting on the banks, among ferns and vines. Altogether it was a perfect representation of a cañon picnic in Southern California.

A little further on was another tiny woodland vale, where was set a miniature adobe with its old-time roof of red tiles, the low veranda and the olla set there to keep the water cool during the long heat of summer. It lacked but the dark-eyed children of the sun, who lived in their rude houses and laughed and sung their life away in the earlier days.

The modest wild flowers smiled from their nook in another alcove. Here were a hundred and twenty varieties, each with its individual charm, mingled with the dainty ferns and vines of the woodland. Not only flowers, but fruits were here: the orange and lemon, lime and citron, beside loquat, cherimoya and guava, persimmon, banana, date and pomegranate—all perfect in their semi-tropic luxuriance of growth.

In the evening, the hundreds of incandescent lights, shining like brilliant suns in the firmament of gray-green moss, made the scene more than ever bewitching. This day at last gave place to the greatest of all the Carnival days, when every one, from the highest to the lowliest, joined in the merry-making, and the floral goddess came in earnest to witness the finest floral procession and battle of flowers ever witnessed out of Italy. The town was awake early enough this morning (though it has the name of liking a lingering nap on ordinary days) and the very air was alive with the spirit of festivity. Men hurrying to and fro with armfuls of flowers; maidens with baskets, or plucking the dewy blossoms; every now and then along the side of the street or in the garden, carriages with merry groups about them, being fast hidden in bloom—everywhere movement and gaiety among the gathering clans of Flora's Kingdom. Two o'clock came. The tribunes occupying opposite blocks above the Arlington Hotel were filled with gaily dressed people. The long street was outlined with the same expectant throng, nearly all carrying baskets or bouquets of flowers, the fairy weapons of the coming warfare. Not a cloud was in the sky; the air golden with sunshine; the sea sapphire-tinted. Every eye was turned eagerly down the white-paved street, which looked like a long floral aisle, with its numberless flowers and flags. At last the band was heard in the distance and down by the shore; the street began to be filled by a "glittering host advancing." First came the Grand Commander and his many aids, all representing either English or Spanish cavaliers, every prancing horse gorgeous with blanket and bridle of flowers and ribbons. Then drew near the lovely goddess, in her flowery chariot of Neptune.

Her throne was a mammoth conch shell, apparently resting on foam-flecked billows. Over her head a blossoming canopy. Her dress floated about her like the ethereal mist of a cloud; on her forehead a coronet of purest white roses. The dainty little nymphs that form her court were appareled like her, and rode the mimic waves in glistening shells. On she passed triumphantly, the people shouting their welcome, and strewing her pathway with the choicest buds and blossoms.

Slowly the procession came. What a vision of beauty! Not a horse or a carriage in the long line but was bright with flowers. Reaching the tribunes, the battle opened. Flying bouquets, wreaths, sprays and sailing single blossoms, flung gaily back and forth between the spectators and the fair occupants of the passing equipages, made the air a rainbow of colors. Soon the street was carpeted with fallen blossoms; still the battle waged. The only wonder was, where all the flowers came from. One great float represented the tropical products of this valley. A tall cocoanut palm rose from the center, from which waved long creepers. A mass of huge brakes and broad-leafed taro grew about the base, while a live monkey gamboled among the deep foliage. Outriders of the duskiest

hue guided the float. Next came the haymakers. Here were a number of charming lads and lassies, standing amidst a mass of new-mown hay, their rakes and pitchforks and hats and dresses adorned with wild flowers. Another passed in the form of a Malay boat, covered with daintiest pink roses, two sailors at the bow and stern, while the two fair Castilian ladies in delicate pink gowns played dreamy melodies on their guitars. Then came a great basket, the graceful handle arching from side to side, and the whole entirely covered with pink roses and the soft tree-moss. Within stood four lovely maidens in costumes artistically made of pink silk and the moss combined. They carried shields of pink roses to protect them from the flower shots. Another exquisite equipage was a basket entirely massed with marguerites, the four ladies wearing white gowns and hats in the form of a marguerite.

A low phaeton was a symphony of color, covered with the pale-gray "dusty miller" and pink roses (5,000 Duchess roses were used). The lovely gray horses had harnesses covered with pink satin ribbon, while the outriders were two handsome youths in pink and gray costume. The fair occupants wore pale gray silk dresses. The whole was lovely in the extreme. Here were dozens more as beautiful as these. One of the Banksia roses combined with wild purple boodea, having exactly the effect of white and purple violets; another, a cart massed with calla lilies with swinging bells of the flowers over it. Another cart and its occupants, golden with marigolds. One was all of the delicate smilax, and another covered with the nodding yellow blossoms of the airy wild mustard; and still another glorious with the wild poppy so dear to every Californian.

Then there was the beautiful Roman chariot of lilies and roses, drawn by three magnificent gray horses, with the classically attired maidens standing within; and Robin Hood—his "merry men all robed in Lincoln green, but Friar Tuck who was cowled in gray," their horses decked with flowers. After these came by the Japanese jinrickisha with a tiny native maiden being borne along by two gallant Japanese men. Then passed the pony carts, their happy little riders fairly smothered in flowers; and the proud boys on the much ornamented donkeys, and the unique chariot in the shape of an egg of white flowers, from which peeped a fuzzy yellow chicken. Another lad went flyingly by as a lively rooster with spreading wings. The merry troop of equestriennes with elaborately decorated saddles and costumes were followed by the long line of native Californians. They wore the dress and gay trappings of the Castilian gentleman, with Mexican stamped saddles and silver-mounted bridles, all gay with wild flowers, while they played, as they rode, their beloved guitar.

Back and forth the gorgeous army marched and countermarched for more than an hour, the battle still raging, till at last the dainty ammunition was exhausted, when all passed before the goddess, and she bestowed upon the fairest the prizes, with her own hand. Then the gay lines disbanded, and the town was again filled with the returning brave. Never before in all the history of battles in America was there one like this.

After the floral parade, it was supposed that Santa Barbara had reached the pinnacle of her glory; but she still had in store the "Dance of the Flowers" which rivaled it in enchantment. Again the great pavilion, still a bower of beauty, opened for the most artistic entertainment in the annals of the little city. The thousands upon thousands of flowers; the loveliness of the human blossoms; the fair young faces of the floral dancers in their exquisite flower-like costumes; the hundreds of richly attired spectators; the gay uniforms of the officers of the warship *Charleston*—light, color, music, fragrance, blended to make a

scene of surpassing brilliancy. A trumpet-call announced the coming of the sylph-like little goddess borne along in her shell throne by her gay postillions, and about her a flight of butterflies (tiny boys in black tights with gauzy wings of brown and gold) which fluttered lightly as they passed. Following their queen came the flowers. These were twenty-eight young ladies, each dressed to simulate a distinct flower. Here were the golden poppy, and the delicate violet; the imperial fleur-de-lis and the piquant pansy; the chaste moss-rose, and the luxurious water-lily—each blooming in its own sweet way.

The dancers moved forward with a graceful swaying motion like the "movement of a breeze-touched lily on its slender stalk." A long delicate ribbon of flowers was held by the first advancing four, in their uplifted hands, while in their other hands they carried wreaths or bouquets. Reaching the place of honor, where were seated the invited guests of the carnival, they placed before them, with graceful courtesies, the garlands they had brought, thus conveying, as was designed, the welcome of the city to her visitors, in a most charming and original manner. After the presentation of the floral tributes, the dancers in couples passed again down the hall, and after a series of graceful changes, arranged themselves in the form of a horseshoe, the little gold-dusted butterflies fluttering again about them.

Another beautiful day dawned for the closing scene of the Carnival, which was again under the open sky —California's trysting place. It was an inspiriting picture: the crowd of people, mostly in summer attire; the numberless equipages, here a luxurious victoria, there a farm wagon; children in their little saddles (in no place in the world do children ride as they do here); the dark-browed Mexican with sombrero set square on his dusky head; next to him the jaunty city man; the mounted knights in their gay trappings, and ladies wearing knots of ribbon answering in color to those worn by their favorites.

Here were sixteen riders in the tournament clad in fitting costumes with bright sashes and kerchiefs on their heads.

Five poles placed forty yards apart, with arms on which hung the rings, formed the lists. At the opening burst of the music, the first knight starts, his horse flying as if on the wings of the wind; his twelve-foot lance held straight before him.

A shout, and the first ring is taken; and another, but a glance aside, no doubt at the lady with the lavender bow, caused him to miss the third; but the fourth and the fifth are his, and a great cheer rises from the three thousand people. Dainty handkerchiefs are waved to him as he passes back, and another valiant knight, this time the knight of the blue ribbon, bears down upon the rings, and with unerring hand he secures every one. Another shout arises and other dainty handkerchiefs wave; so the sport continues till each has had three trials. The first winner has a silver cup, the next some braided rawhide hand-lines, the third a Mexican horsehair *riata* (lasso). Next come the old-time sports and pastimes, and for the remainder of the bright afternoon the new-comers step into the background, and the native Californian comes to the front. His face is bronzed by the southern sun; his figure is as straight as an arrow. The broad-brimmed sombrero is rich with silver and silken thread, or plainer with a band of Mexican carved leather; the *chapajeros* are bear-skin with the long hair. His costume is like that of his father in the old days of regal ranching. In his hand is the unerring riata, and never was there a mustang too fiery to daunt him, or bronco he dared not mount. At the sound of the band, down the track rode a dozen or more of these typical *vaqueros* (cattle-herders); one gray-haired veteran leading an untamed horse from over the mountains.

The horsemen dismount and surround the dazed animal; the man who is to ride approaches him. High in the air he rears, then begins bucking and kicking, till the riata is skillfully thrown to encircle one hind and one fore foot. Again he plunges madly to free himself. At last he stands trembling, and very cautiously does the vaquero approach him again, and strokes him gently, speaking to him in his soothing Spanish tongue. At last the blind is fastened over the eyes of the terrified creature. Into the air he leaps again, but soon stands quivering for a moment. Then the saddle is placed lightly on his back and deftly cinched, and again he goes through a series of mad antics to rid himself of the burden. At length the man sees his chance to leap into the saddle. He removes the blind and then the sport begins. Head down, nostrils inflated and ears back, the furious bronco bucks and rears alternately, turns madly around in a circle, and tries in every way to unseat his captor, but still the cool Mexican holds fast. Finally the horse feels that he is mastered, and runs swiftly along the track between two other dashing horsemen, answering to the touch of the rein.

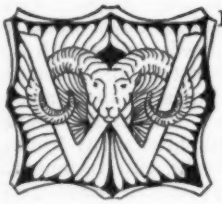
Two mustangs were thus subdued, but a fiery little bronco was brought in which promptly threw the Mexican who tried to ride him bareback, then vaulted the fence and struck out for the salt *estero* (creek) near by, where he was finally lassoed; but time forbade his taming, and next came the ground-skirmishing. A ten-dollar gold piece was wrapped in a small handkerchief and placed upon the track. The native Californians bear down upon it with their flying steeds and snatch it, while leaning almost to the ground from under the hoofs of their swift horses. Three of the prizes were secured, but not till after many trials. This sport closed the entertainment, to many of the visitors a novel and exciting experience.

The Santa Barbara Floral Association has been formed, which will aim to make the Carnival of Flowers an annual festival; and with it must come each year more and more delighted visitors to discover that this fair valley is indeed one of the rarest gems in Flora's coronet. We will hope that in years to come it may be far-famed like Nice, for its Carnival and Battle of Flowers; and even finer effects could be here attained, as there are infinitely more flowers than in the Old World city. There is no land that summer so loves, and nowhere is so blended the bloom of all countries.

Here is thy realm, O Flora Goddess fair,
Gemmed by thy flowers and bathed in lambient air,
Kindred with beauty, fragrance filled serene,
As lotus lands where blossoms lie and dream.

A CHRISTMAS BIGHORN.

BY HENRY M. CLIFFORD.



HEN Crawford's trail was cut through the Black Cañon of the Sierra Madres, it was said by old hunters to mean the last of big game in the upper range, as it virtually threw open to the world a region that hitherto had been almost as inaccessible as the famous valley visited by Sindbad upon the back of a roc. It was my fortune to reach the Black Cañon before the cutting of the trail, and to spend a Christmas on the upper range with one of the strange characters of the region.

It was two days before Christmas that I found myself at the mouth of a big green cañon that wound away, slowly reaching into the heart of the range. My outfit consisted of my horse, blankets and rifle, and thus lightly equipped, I was soon well up the cañon. The trail wound in and out, constantly crossing the rippling trout stream now passing beneath great sycamores and fragrant bay-trees between lofty cliffs and by the mouths of branching cañons, up which were caught vistas of the upper range with great mountains capped with snow. Twenty miles in, I came to the cabin of my search, a low, weather-beaten shanty, in the center of seemingly innumerable beehives about which the industrious insects thronged, filling the air with a subdued murmur distinguishable for a long distance.

There were strange tales abroad regarding my host. He was said to be the guardian of a vast treasure, a lost mine that had so far defied discovery. The secret had been known to the early Indians, and in some way had come down to old Juan, who was supposed by the credulous public to take from the mine simply what was necessary for his requirements, being under a solemn and fearful oath not to divulge the secret. That there was something plausible in this was suggested by the fact that at very regular intervals the old man appeared in a neighboring city, went to a certain bank, and deposited gold-dust and nuggets; the equivalent in coin being placed to his account. The deposit was invariably made the first of the month, and had been made for at least ten years, but rarely exceeded fifty or sixty dollars a month; such was the regularity of the deposit and the amount that it was supposed that the old man had a vast store at hand, and simply took out his monthly stipend. The facts had come to the ear of a daily paper, upon whose staff I was, and I had been detailed to work up the lost mine story, which explained my presence in the cañon, a few days before Christmas. The cabin was a long rambling affair and came into view suddenly, as I turned a big jutting rock. It set back in a little flat against the side of the mountain, overhung with trees draped with wild grape that in turn was festooned with the graceful clematis.

As my horse left the stream that here formed the trail and filled its bed and approached the cabin, I caught a glimpse of a scene not intended for public view. A young girl sat on the little veranda, and on the step below half-reclined a stalwart young fellow, who held her hand and was undoubtedly pressing his suit with ardor. The girl was a rare type of the Spanish-American, her mother having been an American, while old Juan, the father, was a Mexican, with just enough Indian

blood to make the eyes of his daughter deeper, darker, more passionate and lustrous, if possible. The young man took my horse, and with gracious salutation, the two lovers bade me welcome; and as I stepped upon the veranda, the old man came out, a small, bent, shriveled old fellow, with a pair of sunken eyes that gleamed like coals of fire against his parchment-like skin. I had met him before and received a hearty welcome, and we were soon talking over old times, I trying to lead the conversation to the object of my quest, and he plying me with questions relating to the valley and the outer world that he saw but once a month; but even the flagon of wine the girl placed upon the table did not facilitate matters. Indeed, suddenly the old man dropped his glass, eyed me in a peculiar way and said:

"Señor, you should have been a lawyer, instead of a layer-down of the law, but if you will pardon me I will say that your skillful questions are lost upon me. I know nothing of the so-called lost mine. Not a week passes but some one comes up here to question the old man. They have dug up my place, tunneled the range and made their claims, for years, but the secret of the lost mine is as much a secret as ever. If you wish adventure, now there is Felipe, who by St. Michael needs company, and will undoubtedly be glad to have you."

"What is it?" I asked. "Simply this," replied the old man, "this witch of a daughter of mine has so captivated him that he is her slave, and she, after an ancient fashion of her race, has made her hand the conditions of his bringing her a mountain-sheep from the high peaks of San Antonio, on Christmas day."

"The day after to-morrow?" I asked.

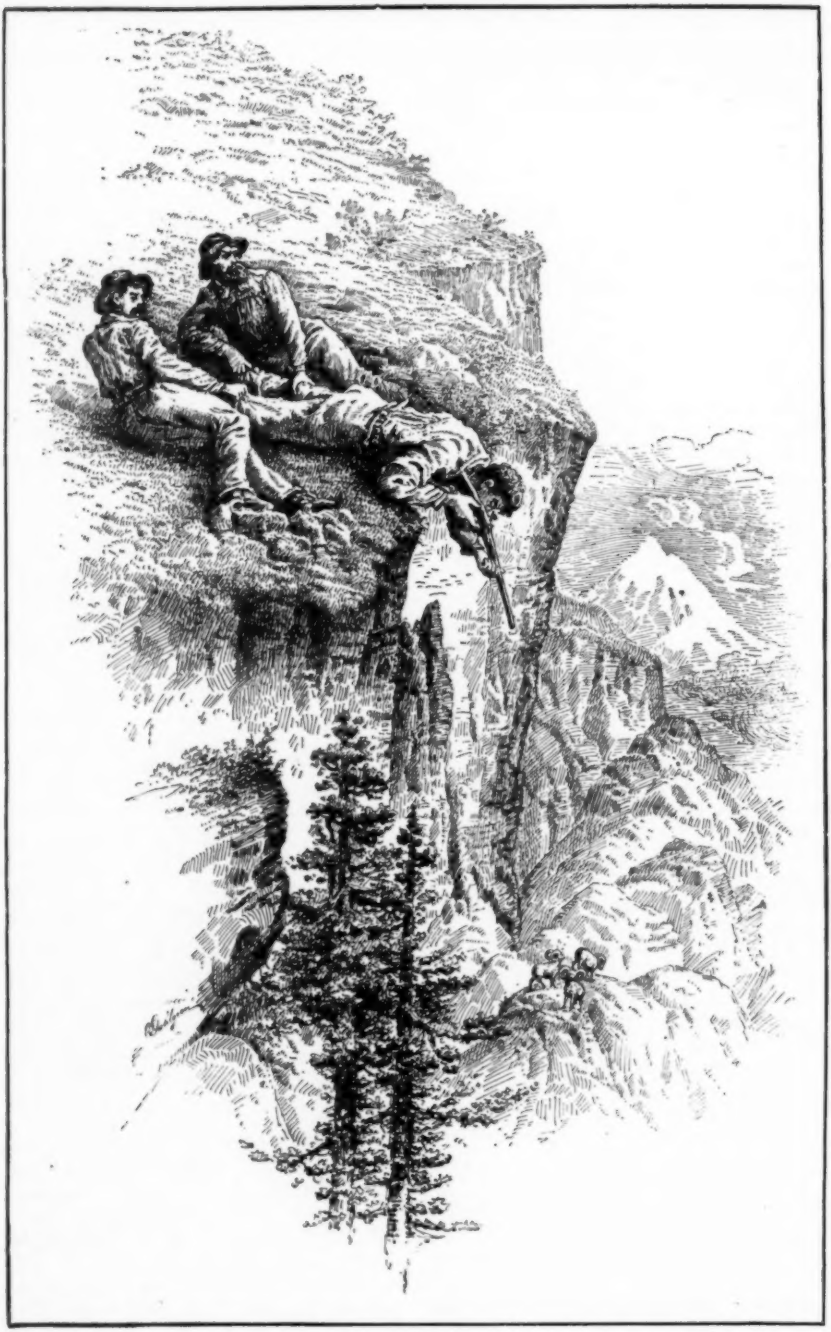
"Yes," replied the old man, "and look at the peak, it is almost an impossibility."

Limping down the steps, he went, and I after, then down the stream until a sudden break in the big mountain near us showed a magnificent spectacle: the white dome of a great mountain rising apparently out of a sea of green standing in high relief against the blue sky.

"It looks calm and quiet over the manzanita," said the old man brushing a fractious bee from his hair, "but watch it closely." I did as he bade me, and saw what I conceived to be clouds rolling up the north side of the mountain.

But they were not clouds. While the air where we stood was redolent with the odor of the wild lilac, and the song of the big blue shrike made music, my eyes rested on an arctic blizzard. The soft, fleecy masses were not clouds, but snow; a mighty blizzard was raging in the upper air, and catching the loose snow, it rolled it up the side of the great mountain, bowling it over and over, so that it ever increased in size until the summit was reached, when, caught by currents from the opposite sides, it was tossed high into the air to drift away snowy wraiths, to be lost in the warm currents from the summer-land below. Not a particularly inviting outlook, yet I made up my mind then and there that, if possible, I would join in the Christmas hunt for the bighorn; and a few moments later I had made the proposition to Felipe, and that night found us on the way to San Antonio, with a packer whom we picked up further up the trail.

Many miles up the cañon, we camped on a little shelf beneath the oaks, by the side of a musical brook, and the following day crossed the range, ever drawing nearer to the great dome of white that appeared like a spectre drawing us on. The snow on the mountains had driven the big game down, and we caught fleeting glimpses of deer; often saw the huge track of a bear in soft sands; and once a mountain lion faced us for a moment and slunk into the bush. The night before Christmas found us at the foot of the great mountain, and by pressing on up the wash that was called



Shooting the Bighorn.

the trail, we camped at midnight very near the snow-line high above the surrounding ranges. The blizzard had died away, and the great snowcap was silent and still, a strange rosy light playing about it. Long before the sun came up over the desert we were up and pushing our way up.

The higher we went, the more difficult it grew. Originally it had been a fair trail, but the rains of many winters had cut it out, filled it up with huge rocks and trunks of trees, until finally it became the simple bed of a stream of melted snow. We soon left it and began our climb over the rocks as best we could. Felipe was an ideal alpine climber, and by instinct found the way and led us ever upward. The blizzard of the previous days had swept part of the north slope clear of snow, and a mass of rocks, gigantic bowlders, great crags washed out of the very heart of the mountain were lying about, as if some mighty cataclysm had occurred. Over these we climbed, now wading in deep beds of snow, now out upon the bare rocks, moving carefully in and out, as we were now high above the winter snow-line and in the domain of bighorn sheep. For several hours we toiled upward, finally striking an immense sheet of snow, a field glazed with ice that stretched away hundreds of acres, and so far as appearances went, a miniature glacier reaching from the very summit of the mountain a mile or more down its flank and filling a great basin or depression. I was about to step upon it, being in front, when Felipe pulled me back.

"This is the mother of avalanches," he said, "and I have seen the entire field moving down the mountain with the roar of an earthquake."

To test the field, a big bowlder that was standing on the edge was started, and like a stone from a catapult it shot down upon the white field. Imperceptibly the snow began to move, gradually at first, until, with a strange roar, it rushed away, leaving the air filled with a snowy cloud. As it cleared we saw that the upper ten feet of the surface of the field had gone down the mountain and was piled up in a broken mass far below. We were just starting back, when Felipe clunched my arm; pointing away across the field of snow, and following the direction of his finger, I saw, or thought I saw two dun-colored objects. "The bighorn," he whispered, pulling me back, "and now to get them." The sheep had disappeared around a ledge evidently disturbed by the rushing snow, and the only way to reach them was by scaling a high bluff or plateau that appeared to be clear of snow. We had a rope and by alternately hoisting and puiling each other we reached the surface—a level spot of a few acres, from which a magnificent view of the entire country could be had. Away to the west were the orange and lemon groves of the south, a paradise of verdure backed by the broad Pacific, a turn of the head, and the eyes rested upon the California desert, a sea of shimmering sand, yellow like gold, a furnace, a lifeless horror that stretched away as far as the eye could reach, while around about us was the snow of an Eastern winter completing these strange contrasts. The plateau was blown clear, and we quickly made our way to the opposite side, where it suddenly fell away—an abrupt cliff. We crawled to the edge on hands and knees, and reaching it drew back; as we were upon a shelf or rock that fairly overhung the abyss below, Felipe laid prone upon the rock, threw his hat aside and leaned over, rifle in hand, while we held him by the legs and braced back. For a moment he looked in vain, then whispered to push him ahead. He was hanging head down when he fired, and his exultant shout as we hauled him back over the cliff told that a bighorn had fallen. We all took turns in looking over the brink, and there lay the rarest of California game by the side of a big rock, deserted by its mates. It took us three hours of climbing and lowering

to reach it, and it was another day before our triumphal procession wound its way down the green cañon to the old bee-ranch with the first bighorn taken on San Antonio for years. I might add that the big head and mighty horns that had weathered many a storm on the peak now adorn the home of Felipe and his wife, away down in the San Jacinto country.

NOCTURNE IN COLORADO.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

Rose-flame is melting in the murky west.
Along the lazy length of mountain trail
A sleeping mist hangs like a fleecy veil
That trembles, nodding on each shaggy crest;
Far to the barren north with silvered breast
A petrel wheeling goes; the lowing gale,
In whispers sad, breathes some mysterious tale
Of gath'ring gloom, of woe and strange unrest.

Red in the distance gleam the forest-fires
Like winking tapers through the saffron bloom—
Weird harbingers of grief and coming death,
That twinkle o'er a thousand granite spires
Where solemn broods the grandeur of earth's tomb
Pulsating with the dying day's last breath.

Powell Street, the First Church Built.

METHODISM IN CALIFORNIA.

No. I.

BY REV. A. C. HIRST, D. D., LL. D.

TRACING some of the lines of its past history; analyzing some of its present conditions and possibilities, and finding there a rosy and inspiring prophecy of the future mission and success of Methodism on the Pacific Coast, and especially in and around San Francisco—is the explanation for this, and a succeeding article, finding a place in the pages of THE CALIFORNIAN.

This will bring briefly under review the genius of Methodism and its present status in San Francisco, some of the causes for its normal development, its mission and opportunity, its educational interests and its prospects for future success.

The student of history has failed to accumulate aggressive force for his intellectual life, if he masters the historic page only as a correct record of facts in individual or national life, and fails to discern in the grand march of history the Divine plan and purpose. He fails even to hold the facts in the grasp of a clear apprehension, unless in the strong light of some great principle or positive law of which these facts are the illustration.

There is a ringing emphasis in the strong words of a recent writer: "The history of religion is the history of man. The chronicles of nations, made up as they are of wars and revolutions, political formations and decays, dynasties and parties, institutions affecting the temporal and material well-being of their subjects—these, and the like of these, are properly no part (or a very subordinate part) of the history of man. These are accidents, not substance; episodes, not methods. The true history, the thread on which these are strung, is that progressive life of the spirit which binds the nations in one providential order, and which alone gives meaning to man's being in time." This exalting principle maintains its supremacy in the State as well as in national and international history. Hence the careful study of the progress of Christianity in the city and State is of intense interest and value.

Another fact challenges attention: that the splendid achievements which have refined, purified and exalted civilization, and moved the world to lift herself and shake her awful front into the light, were made possible and real by the heroism of noble spirits, who, through self-abnegation, loyalty to truth and fidelity to high purpose, seized their crowns.

The rich beauty poured from the invisible urns in the golden splendor of the sunset hour have no such power to move the soul to lofty aspiration and to deeds of heroism as the richer atmosphere of human love and truth and faith that rolls down upon the world from such great souls. It is the incarnation of truth in human hearts that marks the real progress of the world. Its fruitage is science, art, philanthropy, patriotism, conquering enthusiasm, unselfish devotion, self-sacrificing zeal, the emancipation of woman, the broken chains of the slave, the subdued passions of men, the development of stalwart character, the building of grand manhood.

It sings its triumph in the answer of a devoted missionary to the efforts of friends to break the power of a noble conception over his soul:

Bishop William Taylor.

Hush you! Close your dismal story,
What to me are tempests wild?
Heroes on the way to glory
Heed not pastimes of a child.
For the souls of men I'm sailing;
Blow, ye winds, north, south, east, west,
Though the storm be round me wailing
There'll be peace within my breast.

When the sublime, fundamental principles of the Republic of Righteousness that the Divine Teacher founded

in the world become incarnated in the human heart, unfragrant selfishness blossoms into fragrant self-hood, and utters its splendid protest against any limitation of the power of a life filled with the infinities of goodness, benevolence, truth and heaven. The Divine Ideal, shining with holy light and inspiring with the foregleams of eternity, flashes forth its power. The unspeakable value of manhood is revealed, and man is in alliance and fraternity with omnipotence. This uncovers the genesis of greatness. This is genuine enthusiasm. This is truest heroism. It is human capacity filled with divine fullness. It is human possibility aglow and unfolded into conquering power by divine energy.

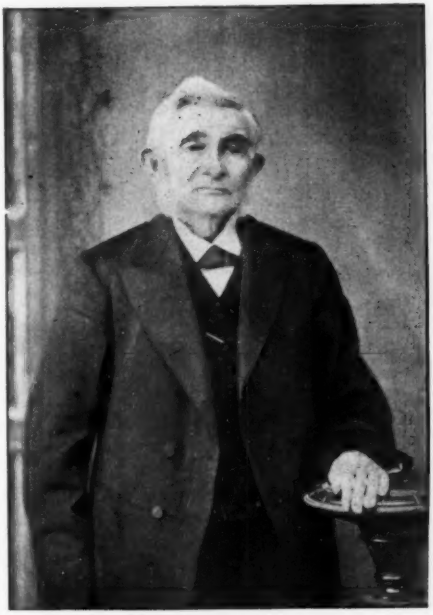
Methodism, in its organic life, grandly aroused and developed the spirit of self-sacrifice and holy daring. Her pioneer preachers were true heroes. Their preaching was soul-stirring, new, wonderful, entrancing. Multitudes thronged to hear them in the "old log schoolhouse," the barn, the grove, the private dwelling. Their names may not be emblazoned on the world's calendar, but the institutions of the land bear the impress of their work, and have been strengthened and enriched thereby. The iron teeth of Time can never destroy their record. Their age stands forth as one of the grandest epochs that characterize the history of the world's redemption, because stamped with their sublime heroism. The heritage of such lives is priceless. Such, for illustration, in the early historic days of Methodism in this nation was that of Francis Asbury, peerless and irresistible in his great life-purpose.

"The swamps and the rivers, the wilderness and the mountains, savage Indians and wild beasts of the forests, the longest reaches of distance and the most laborious modes of travel were as nothing in his presence, while he moved on ceaseless, tireless, in circuits that spanned half the continent."

During the forty-five years of his ministry he traveled 270,000 miles, mostly in sulky and on horseback. He preached 16,500 sermons, and as bishop presided at 225 annual conferences and ordained 4,000 preachers. During those eventful years, he saw the church grow in membership from 600 to 211,000, and from 10 preachers to 3,000.

Methodism to-day moves forward as the sublime fact of a spiritual force in splendid organization, interpenetrating the souls of men and pressing them onward to God in developing a refined and exalted manhood.

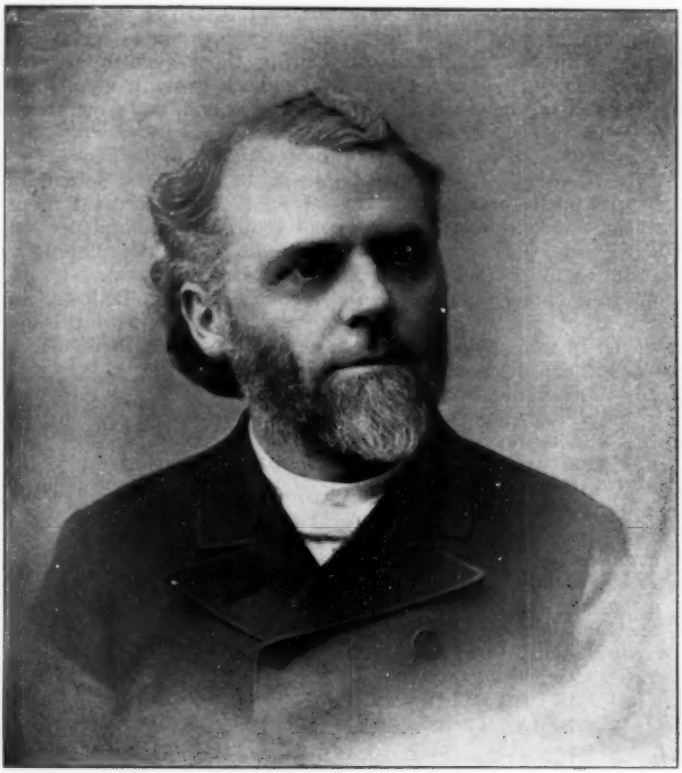
The Rev. Dr. Bellows, in 1866, gave his testimony to this genius of Methodism. "Methodism," said he,



John Trubody.

"commenced as an inspiration. It grew out of a necessity. It met a want. It performed a mighty and a holy work. Its missionaries have

gone down among the poor with their precious messages of penitence and love and faith. They have followed the emigrant into the wilderness, and been the pioneers of civilization, scattering the seeds of virtue and enlightenment in waste and desert places. They have done more than can be estimated to restrain, elevate and educate the common people of our land. There are no moral census tables to tell in mathematical figures the real good Methodism has done in improving the manners and morals of the people and influencing the higher life of society."



Rev. A. C Hirst, D. D., LL. D., Pastor of Simpson Memorial Church.

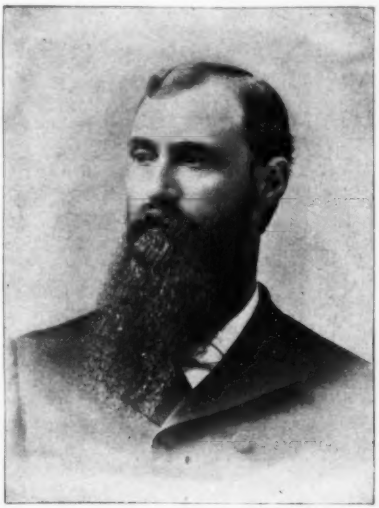
California was a most inviting field for such a moral and spiritual force as this, and for the self-sacrificing and persistent work of men and women under its control. Such preachers and laymen came, and by their wisdom, wonderful adaptability to the peculiar conditions, unyielding loyalty of purpose and glowing enthusiasm, wrested victory from seeming defeat. They transformed opposition into harmonious co-operation, softened the harsh asperities of a wild unbelief, and sent streaming into the lawless and riotous living a restraining and self-mastering power that was largely to determine the quality and quantity of the moral currents, for the future of the city and State.

They were men of intense convic-

tion, to whom the gospel was not a theory but a Divine reality, a rich personal experience. To them the sublime facts of the judgment, heaven, hell, life and death were vivid realities. Those early days ensphered the forces that were to determine the future civilization of the State. Materialism, sensualism, feverish restlessness swayed the thoughts of men and directed their lives. The spirit of Christianity was needed. The horizon lifted at its coming. The prophecy of the coming years was read by the men of faith, who have left as a heritage lessons of patience, of self-denial, of self-conquest, of mastery over a forest of difficulties, and through whose lips there came the thoughts of God.

Action explains and verifies thought. Action glorifies thought. Goodness is militant, and, like a sword, is made for war, flashing and striking as the antagonist of all wrong. A strong, symmetrical manhood incarnates goodness and truth, enshrines boundless powers and appeals to eternity for the fadeless laurels of victory it wins on the battle lines of Time.

Most interesting and romantic is the history of Methodism in the country and among the miners, in the days when the gold mania held its sway. If a careful record of the church life during that period could be secured, it would show how true, brave and heroic the pioneer itinerant was, and what hardships and toils he endured in planting the gospel in California. Facts more wonderful and startling than fiction centralize about Shasta, Coloma, Grass Valley and Nevada City. The names of Revs. John B. Hill, Adam Bland, C. V. Anthony, W. S. Urmy, H. B. Sheldon, and others, will pass into history as men of dauntless courage, conquering faith and tireless zeal. The three last-named are still honored and active members of the California Conference. Wonderful things are told of John B. Hill's glowing enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. In the year 1852, he built a church in Shasta, overlooking the town. The building was plain and unattractive, of rough boards set on end and battened. There were three



Rev. Freeman D. Bovard. D. D., Ph. D., Presiding Elder.

windows on each side and a door in the end. Shasta had a population of 1,500 inhabitants and was the headquarters for the mule trains. The people were eager for gold. This was intensely demoralizing. Irreligion and profligacy repelled the restraints, reproofs and warnings of the gospel. This stubborn indifference and opposition were only an inspiration to the undaunted Hill. He worked earnestly with his own hands in the erection of the little church. He boarded himself in an old shanty near by, joyous in his toil. He walked to Weaverville and preached, and from Downieville to Forest City, and delivered his burning message. He was his own chorister and janitor. Storm or snow drift, reckless living or blatant infidelity brought no defeat to this courageous, itinerant Methodist preacher.

H. B. Sheldon came to the State in 1852. He was one of the mountain preachers active, earnest, brave, and

capable of great physical endurance. He was gifted with a good voice and could sing with fine effect, which gave him popularity among the miners

Rev. E. R. Dille, D. D., Pastor Central Church.

He was often admitted to preach in saloons and gambling dens. With unflinching fidelity he declared the truth. One incident will give an insight into this phase of his work. At one time, at "Indian Diggings," ten miles from Volcano, he preached in a large tent where twenty tables of gamblers were planted, each table full. In that vile atmosphere of obscenity, profanity and mad speculation, the preacher was admitted by the proprietor who said to the gamblers and visitors, "Boys, would you like to hear some good singing and preaching?" "Yes," was the reply of these reckless men. The games were temporarily closed, cloths were thrown over the gold coin, cigars were lighted, and the gamblers thus prepared for the service, which was introduced by music from the brass band which was a part of the gambling institution.

Sheldon sang a touching hymn, offered prayer and preached. When this strange service closed, some one said: "Boys, this man can't live on Hallelujah, I am going home; get out the dust." And a generous collection was taken, with an old slouch hat as collection-box. Who can tell what sacred memories that hymn, prayer and sermon aroused in the hearts of those men who had left home, church and a refining civilization, in search of gold?

Who can paragraph the resolves quietly made in that impressive hour for a noble manhood? In the great whirl of the intense, unrestrained, adventurous, wicked life, men were made to feel that spiritualities were here in all their power; that the moral law made the same imperative demands upon them here as in the more civilized centers from whence they came; that moral responsibility was the same as in the old home—as on the old farm across the Rockies.

Some of the noble men who stood firm in those surging tides of immorality, striking masterful blows for purity and progress, still live in San Francisco and vicinity. Whom can the State more worthily honor than these veteran heroes? To them, more than to any others, is due the place California holds among the sisterhood of States—the fairest, the richest of them all in climate, fruitage, resources and possible development.

These men, who organized the church in California, were men of great faith and brave purpose. They built on solid foundations, and, as if

with prophetic vision, they sought to plan for the future material prosperity of the State, as well as for the progress of Christianity, by their fidelity amid the leaping torrents of worldliness and the mad frenzy for gold.

The peculiar conditions that confronted them aroused their best energies, and gave an irresistible force to the message of truth they brought to the minds of men.

Among those now living may be mentioned Rev. M. C. Briggs, D. D., who arrived in San Francisco, October 16, 1850, and soon after began his work as pastor in Sacramento, and who is still in the successful work of the pastorate in Petaluma. If the pen of some historian would paragraph the unwritten history crystallized about Dr. Briggs during these years as pastor, editor and leader of the best political thought of California, in her crucial hours as a new State, and especially in the crimson days of the rebellion, an insight into the heroism of those early days would be given that would awaken gratitude for the directive potency of Christian character and its rich fruitage, and arouse grander purposes among the churches for enthusiastic, aggressive work, as the new century dawns with inspiring promise. His commanding personality has been a leading factor in shaping the Methodism of California.

Another of these pioneer preachers is Rev. S. D. Simonds, who came with Dr. Briggs, and, after years of devoted and faithful service, is living a quiet life in San Francisco, hopefully awaiting the summons to reward. His record as editor of the *California Christian Advocate*, in these historic days, will remain as a monument to his memory. The columns of his paper were aflame with his burning protest against the immoralities of the day. So vigorous were his blows against gambling, vice, hypocrisy and libertinism, that two determined efforts were made to assassinate him. His life was in sacred keeping, and the assassin failed in his fiendish purpose. A few others of those preachers still live to rejoice in the wonderful growth of Methodism since its first planting, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

The announcement of the transfer of these stalwart preachers was received by Rev. William Taylor in May, 1850, from Rev. J. P. Durbin, D. D., Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal church. Also the transfer of Rev. Edward Barrister, who was to be placed in charge of the educational work. Such a reinforcement was prophetic of large results in church work.

Seneca Jones.

Rev. S. D. Simonds was very sick with typhus fever on his arrival in San Francisco, but on his recovery preached as opportunity offered, north of the bay. On the 27th of April, 1851, he organized and superintended the first Methodist camp meeting on the Pacific Coast. It was held at Sonoma and was a successful campaign for souls. The enthusiasm, spiritual fervor and wise adaptability to rude conditions of the superintendent transformed the primitive simplic-

ity and perplexing inconveniences environing the camp meeting into forces for spiritual victory. In August, 1851, he was appointed the pastor of Powell Street church, succeeding Rev. William Taylor, the first pastor of the same church. In

Rev. Thos. Filbin, A. M., Pastor California St. Church.

October, 1851, with Dr. Briggs as associate editor, he issued the first number of the *California Christian Advocate*, which is still in circulation as a most helpful and educating agency, and is under the wise editorial management of Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D.

Great opportunities were here, scarcely realized by the most thoughtful and sanguine of these pioneers of Methodism. Had prophetic vision been granted them, how grandly they might have planned and built for these years, and what a tremendous sweep of mental, moral and spiritual forces they would have started.

Bishop Simpson, during a visit to San Francisco in February, 1854, wrote to a friend in the East: "There is a wide field for usefulness here, and there are few who seem to comprehend the actual condition of things. I have been very warmly urged to fix my residence here, and I think I could spend a few years very pleasantly in trying to lay the foundations of the church on the Pacific Coast. It is a strange and peculiar country. Everything in society is on a grand scale. Everything is under high pressure, and I believe great good might be done by plans well directed and promptly and vigorously executed."

That bit of gold found in the raceway of Sutter's mill on the American Fork of the Sacramento River, was the magic and masterful key to the treasure-house of the immense mineral wealth of this great State. The intense thrill of this discovery leaped through the land. Hitherward the adventurers and gold hunter came. Representatives from all the world turned to the "Golden State." California, from being nearly unknown and unsettled, sprang into a mighty state with a force that shook the nation. Onward has been the march of her civilization, in giant strides.

San Francisco is a cosmopolitan city, enshrining the mighty forces that will make it a magnificent industrial, commercial and educational center. Multitudinous activities sweep forward to the realization of such a future. The "Golden Gate" of the finest harbor of the world flashes its welcome to the nations of the earth. Trade and commerce in every form are here. Every possible stimulus to aggressive exertion and brilliant achievement evokes thought and action. Treasures of art, colossal fortunes, artistic buildings, enchanting luxury, cultured homes, great universities, are the fruitage of a single quarter of a century. With all this social, material, and intellectual progress, the church has kept in line of march.

The "Old Adobe," near the Plaza, in San Francisco, a building which had been used as Custom House, was made historic as the place where was held the first Protestant service in California. An itinerant Methodist

preacher, Bible and hymn-book in his hand, and soul aglow with his message, was the hero of the hour.

This preacher was the Rev. William Roberts, Superintendent of the Oregon Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and first missionary of Methodism on these western shores. He came from the Jersey Conference. On April 24th, 1847, he preached the first sermon ever delivered in the State. California was then a part of the Oregon mission.

John Trubody, now living on Washington street, and a steward in the Powell street church, was one of the auditors, that memorable day. Rev. Roberts was his guest. The Trubody home was not spacious, palatial or luxuriant, but the genial hospitality of the host and hostess, the sweet fragrance of their Christian greeting and courtesy gave the weary itinerant a resting place.

The home was a board shanty 12x14 feet, of rudest architecture, and adorned with an adobe chimney. This Christian home was truly *multum in parvo*, for parlor, reception-room, bedroom, dining-room and kitchen were all in one. The preacher was no ordinary man, but one of broad culture with a rare genius for the work entrusted to him. He could adapt himself without complaint to the conditions that surrounded him. With his saddle bags for a pillow, and the floor in front of the fireplace for a bed, he slept.

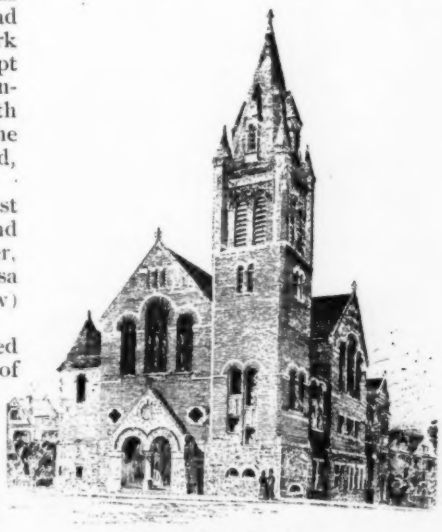
In that room he organized the first Methodist class, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Trubody, Mr. and Mrs. Hoddler, Mr. and Mrs. Glover, Father Asa White, Mr. Lament, (his son-in-law) and his wife.

Superintendent Roberts consecrated that little room as the birth-place of the first Protestant church organized in California. Then was the first Methodist love-feast held, twelve persons participating. What modest beginnings of a history that was to hold so prominent a place in so great a State!

How the roof of that humble home lifts, how its walls expand, as the Divine possibilities it enshrines move out to their splendid realization! Before his return to Oregon, Mr. Roberts placed Father Asa White, a local preacher, in charge of the new and important work. The parsonage was a cloth tent, pitched on the lot now occupied by the residence of Hon. Annis Merrill.

The first Sunday school in the State was organized in May, 1847, with J. H. Merrill as superintendent. Trubody came from Dover, Missouri, reaching San Francisco in 1847, and is now 84 years old.

He was determined to have a church and religious services, and finally selected a spot on what is now Powell street, between Washington and Jackson. From a Frenchman he purchased a fifty-vara lot for $5,000, and gave one-half of it for the purposes of a Methodist church. The same is now occupied by the Powell street church. Judge Annis Merrill, who has been for many years an honored member of that church, drew up the deed that marked the



California Street Church.

generous gift of John Trubody. On the other part of that lot Trubody built the first brick house ever erected in San Francisco. It still stands on the corner of Powell and Washington streets, remaining as one of the landmarks of the early times.

Rev. William Taylor was the first pastor of this church. When he

Rev. W W. Case, D. D., Pastor Howard St. Church.

arrived the building was in process of erection. Under the superintendence of Rev. William Roberts, the timbers were hewn and rudely prepared in the forests of Oregon. Captain Gilson in command of a vessel that sailed between New York and San Francisco, who, while here, often took his ship northward to Portland, became a friend to this church enterprise. The genial warmth of the enthusiasm of Trubody, Roberts and others, evoked his own generous impulses, and he brought in his vessel the timbers for building the first Methodist church, free of charge.

John Trubody, being a carpenter, was the master-builder. Other carpenters demanded and received ten dollars per day for their wages. More lumber was needed for siding, sheeting, flooring, etc. This was purchased at the rate of $60 per thousand feet. These and other hindrances and difficulties did not prevent the finishing of the building. Its architecture was primitive. Its attractions and conveniences were by no means equal to those of the modern churches, but it served its purpose, and the inspiring history centralizing there sweep grandly forward to the eternal ages, with forces to secure a higher and purer civilization. All this was the initial life of the present Powell street church, which rightfully wears the crown as the mother church of all the other Methodist churches of San Francisco.

Father White ministered to this little flock of believers, until the arrival of the Rev. William Taylor, now the Missionary bishop of Africa, the Pauline missionary of the 19th century and the pioneer Methodist preacher of California.

His first greeting from this rugged, uninviting field, among the most complex and perhaps the most unrestrained population of the world, was a fraternal letter from Superintendent Roberts :

SAN FRANCISCO, July 27, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—Let me welcome you to these shores as a fellow-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. Would that I could see you before I leave. But our work in Oregon forbids that I should remain longer. With the most heartfelt expressions of cordiality, again I welcome yourself and family to these shores.

I leave this letter in the hand of Brother Asa White, a local preacher in good standing in this place, in whose hands I have placed the interests of the church here until the arrival of some itinerant minister of the Methodist Episcopal church. I am, dear brother, Yours in Christ,

WILLIAM ROBERTS.

Few like William Taylor live among men. With an unquestioned piety, courageous as a lion, he preached the gospel with convincing power, marvelous simplicity and logical directness, in San Francisco at a time when wickedness reigned triumphant.

What a vivid contrast between the city as it appears now and as it was then ! A city of tents—with here and there adobe buildings and rough

board shanties, and great sandhills in every direction! The population was composed mostly of men and boys; few women were here. What conflicting elements of social, civil and religious life! How the mania for gold swept away all barriers, and how men, unrestrained by the sacred power of home, family and religion, resented any influences that would purify and enrich the life and character! Such times needed preachers and laymen of clear brain, steady nerve, masterful self-control, unyielding courage and unfailing tenderness, to meet the conditions, analyze the social problems and control the tremendous forces of human greed and passion. William Taylor, with commanding presence, with sublime faith, confronted these antagonisms, equipped with that whole confederation of powers which make the real man. His marvelous history since then, as a missionary in India and Africa, is but the resultant of such a consecrated life that has sacrificed with all cheerfulness, and has been inspired with a hope that spans the centuries.

With his family, he arrived in the sailing vessel *Andalusia*, in 1849, after a weary voyage of five months. His salary was $750—most meager for those days; scarcely sufficient to meet the natural demands and wants of a family for two months. Very soon he inaugurated that masterful system of street preaching which holds a distinctive place in history. On the Plaza, with his noble wife as chorister, he preached in startling simplicity, abruptness and convincing power. What a study for the World's Fair if some master artist could have placed on canvas a picture of one of those services! How picturesque! How romantic! How thrilling!

The organization of the Second Methodist Episcopal church was completed in January, 1852, under the wise management of William Taylor. The first pastor was the Rev. M. C. Briggs. The congregation worshipped in what was called the "Happy Valley Schoolhouse." This stood near to where the Grand Hotel stands to-day. Twenty-three persons composed the original membership The only survivors are James W. Whiting and wife, and Mrs. Seneca Jones. This was the small beginning of the present Howard street church, and of a remarkable history that gathers about it of the earnest struggle of godly men and women with financial difficulties, great discouragements and strong opposition. Through persistent effort they gained a glorious victory which even now sweeps on with cumulative force. They never dreamed how grandly they were building for the future. They never realized that they were planting an indestructible seed for the endless to-morrow.

Howard Street Church.

A gleaming scrap of history in this connection is worthy of special record.

Just prior to this organization, a home near the corner of Essex and Folsom streets, where the Folsom street church was afterwards built, was a church in embryo, a leading factor in shaping future history. It was the home of Seneca Jones. With his devoted wife and family he left Cincinnati, Ohio, on Christmas day, 1849, for California, traveling by stage over the Alleghany mountains to New York. At Brooklyn he purchased a house all ready packed and prepared for erection. On the clipper-ship *Saratoga*, Captain Trask commanding, he sailed from New York, February 20, 1850, by the Cape Horn route, for his new home in the far West. After a stormy passage of six months he reached San Francisco. In due time his house was built and was at that time one of the finest residences in the city.

Rev. S. D. Simmonds.

He consecrated that new home about April 14, 1851, by the organization of a Sunday school. The scholars were his own children and those of the neighborhood. He was superintendent, and his wife was chorister and teacher. There are fadeless garlands for such enthusiasm, and starset crowns for such builders of Christian life and character. He lifted not the embroidered banner of a selfish life, but in his home and in his business in the world, worked for the betterment of his neighbors, with the potency of a soul enshrining consecrated energies ever ready for duty. Two of his sons afterward became honored members of the California Conference.

This home-school — vigorous and prophetic—became a part of the organization at Happy Valley schoolhouse. The increasing congregations and the expanding interests of this new society demanded quarters larger than the schoolhouse and better adapted to church work. Events were moving rapidly. The Oregon and California Conferences were created by the action of the General Conference, which convened in Boston, in May, 1852. At that Conference, Rev. E. R. Ames, D. D., was elected and ordained as Bishop, and his first Episcopal tour was made to these new Conferences.

Up to this time no event had focalized such interest, centralized such expectations, or awakened greater hopes than the arrival of Bishop Ames in San Francisco, in January, 1853. The Methodists of the coast gave him a royal welcome. The service in the Happy Valley schoolhouse, on Sabbath, January 24th, when he preached his first sermon in the State, was of intense interest and was the more impressive because of the baptism by the Bishop, of the infant daughter of J. W. and Mrs. Whiting, the first child that had been baptized in the society. Two other events signalized the day. A quarterly Conference was held, at which the first Board of Trustees was chosen. Those to whom this special trust was committed were: J. W. Whiting, Seneca Jones, W. H. Coddington, James Christy, Charles Merriman, Horace Hoag, John Payne. This pronounced the final organization of the second Methodist church of San Francisco. The other action of this quarterly Conference was granting a license to the first local preacher—John Bennum — and recommending him to the annual Conference. He

was received as a traveling preacher, and appointed to a circuit in the mines. He is remembered as a man of attractive Christian character with a complete consecration to the work of the ministry. Soon after his appointment his work suddenly closed, as he was drowned in an attempt to ford a swollen stream. He passed from labor to eternal reward.

The first session of the California Conference was held in the Powell street church, February 3, 1853, Bishop Ames presiding. Keen discrimination and rare judgment were required to rightly adjust the work of these feeble churches, planted in the midst of such difficult and perplexing surroundings, and to project the lines for the aggressive movements of Methodism in California. Results proved that the Bishop commended the situation in his thought, and with a masterful analysis solved some of the tangled problems of that hour which were to determine the future. At the close of this memorable conference, the trustees and membership of the churches thus far organized in San Francisco heroically faced the future of difficult duty, discouragement and earnest service, with the forceful swing of brilliant conquest. This was especially true of the Second church, under the leadership of Rev. N. P. Heath as pastor. The selection of a lot on Folsom street proved unwise, because situated amid sand dunes and sand drifts, and too far from the center of population. The troubles of this heroic society did not cease with the erection of a house of worship, which was dedicated January 7, 1854. A five-thousand-dollar mortgage and one hundred and fifty dollars per month as interest gave no good cheer to that noble band of Christians. The burden was too heavy, and the discouragements accumulated and would have resulted in dismemberment but for the timely assistance of the Missionary Society of the church at large. The years that followed were eventful ones, ensphering a record of self-denial, patient service and persistent duty, that can never be fully written. The whole history of early Methodism in San Francisco and California is a battle-music pouring forth its rhythm of final victory.

(To be Continued.)

Powell Street, the Present Building.

Bird's-eye View of a Portion of Sunny Slope.

CROSS-COUNTRY REMINISCENCES.

BY HON. I. J. ROSE.

THE incidents which I shall attempt to describe, if narrated by an abler writer, might be of more interest to the reader; and it is only under the encouragement of my friends, and at their earnest request, that I begin my story.

In 1858, some miners, who had returned from California, so fired my imagination with their descriptions of its glorious climate, wealth of flowers and luscious fruits, that I was inspired with an irresistible desire to experience in person the delights to be found in this land of plenty.

In the same year, therefore, I started overland from Iowa, with the finest herd of shorthorns and drove of trotting-bred horses that had ever been driven over the plains. Twenty other young men, also afflicted with the "Western fever," joined my party, which then consisted of my foreman and his family, myself and wife, her mother and father, and their little ones, and the above-mentioned young men.

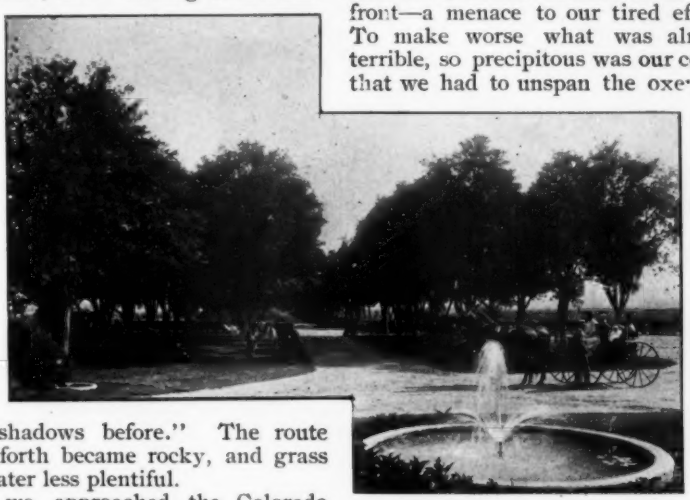
We had all the conveniences necessary for a camping life, and found traveling one round of diurnal pleasures. At Albuquerque we were joined by another party of thirty, and our journeyings continued to afford us delight and variety.

An outdoor life certainly has its fascinations. Let me try to picture to you one of our camping grounds. We halt at the base of the San Francisco Mountain, one of the most beautiful of earth's pinnacles that I have ever seen, and which, with its coronet of perpetual snow, is a landmark a hundred miles around. Huge pines form a canopy overhead; at our feet gurgles a spring of clear, cool water, the overflow from which trickles temptingly down the slope. In front of us extends a beautiful valley hemmed in on both sides by towering forests. The grass is knee-high, and as it waves to and fro in the gentle breeze, like a green sea ever undulating, its caprices of motion and shading are fantastic. Game is profuse, and herds of beautiful antelope and deer roam about and graze on the delicious pasturage, while wild turkeys and other small game are abundant in the woods, confiding creatures at the time I am speaking of that had not yet learned to fear destructive man. On the occasion to which I refer, the camp at night was full of trophies of a most successful hunt, a large bear among the slain adding dignity to our prowess.

Daily new sights and novel experiences lent charm to our travels. We passed Indian villages, and large rocks covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions. We saw the caverns of cave-dwellers, and deserted towns, the relics of which

denoted a former stage of civilization of a race now buried in the mists of time. All this and much more kept alive perpetual interest; but we must not tarry on the way too long, or we will not reach California.

After leaving San Francisco Mountain, a change came over the spirit of our dreams, and "coming events cast their shadows before." The route thenceforth became rocky, and grass and water less plentiful.



Orange Avenue, five-eighths of a mile long, at Sunny Slope.

As we approached the Colorado River, day by day our trials became more severe and our progress more retarded. However, our persevering efforts were finally rewarded, and we arrived at the range of mountains that bounds the valley through which the Colorado flows.

We had long suffered from excessive heat and want of water, and our mouths were scorched by thirst as by a flame, when suddenly, as we surmounted a lofty peak, the glittering waters of the Colorado burst upon our vision. Its banks, fringed with cottonwood and willows, promised shade and pasture for our suffering stock, our gratification being increased by beholding, far beyond, California, the goal of our hopes, which at a later date so bountifully repaid our sufferings. Our hopes and spirits revived, toils and sorrows were forgotten, and a shout of exultation arose as we beheld, apparently at our feet, this paradise of plenty. But soon all this bright anticipation, like the baseless fabric of a dream, vanished. The clear atmosphere had played truant with our judgment of distance, and bitter was our experience when, having arrived at the base of one mountain, we saw another loom up in front—a menace to our tired efforts. To make worse what was already terrible, so precipitous was our course that we had to unspan the oxen and let down the wagons by hand—a task which our wasted strength found almost impossible. However, after three days and nights of desperate work, we reached the valley. Our water had already given out, and the glaring sun beat viciously on our parched bodies. Men and stock were crazed by heat and drought, and were quite exhausted; and yet there was another day's journey to perform, and night set in before we quenched our thirst with water of the Colorado.

So exhausting had been the toil and travel of the last three days that a number of our party remained encamped on the river's bank, to recruit their strength, while I, with the remainder, after a day's rest, proceeded up the river in search of a suitable crossing place. We started at

Sunny Slope Manager's Residence.

daybreak, and by ten o'clock, having found a spot which promised facilities for our undertaking, we unspanned and went into camp. A party of men was then detached to fell timber of the light cottonwood wherewith to construct a raft.

At first all went well, but about eleven, some bands of Indians were seen crossing the river at a point some little distance above us. They numbered about three hundred, and as they swam the water with their bows fastened on their heads like big horns, they looked not unlike an army of demons. We perceived that they were fully armed and smeared with war paint; their movements at once foretold trouble, and we looked well to our arms. We corralled our wagons in a half circle, with the river for a base, to guard against surprise. After lunch we rested and smoked.

All this time the crafty savages were creeping upon us, and when we were least expecting, a shower of arrows dropped into camp. Thus we were unceremoniously aroused from the peace of repose to the turmoil of battle. The rattle of musketry, rifle and pistol soon mingled with the yells of the savages and our own excited voices, making the woods resound. Owing to our surprise, our firing at first was wild, and the Indians gained vantage. They came so near that we could see the play of their wild features as they twanged their bows. The firing from our side presently became more steady, but our foes had approached to within ten feet of our wagons. Now was the moment of suspense; could they face our fire and break through our barricade? As the smoke rose from that last volley, they were seen to become unsteady and then fall back.

My men were nearly out of ammunition, but dared not desert their posts at this crisis, for fear of inviting attack. Having foreseen this predicament, I had meantime filled a large basket with caps, bullets and powder, and placed it in a convenient position. This proved a fortunate precaution. Those who had fired their last bullet quickly reloaded, and another volley was poured into the retreating bands. Occasionally a single report would indicate that some less cautious Indian had exposed himself while darting from cover to cover.

This attack, which was made about one o'clock, was followed by a general lull. It did not last long, however, for a concerted movement was soon made, and the enemy again rushed at us without warning. So determined was this assault that, feeling sure that they would close with us, I rushed for a box of large carving-knives and stuck them in the ground within reach of the men in case of a hand-to-hand struggle. Shooting their arrows as they ran, the Indians came nearer and nearer, but at short range our regular firing was too effective, and they wavered. Another discharge broke their general spirit, and they turned in flight, which we precipitated by increased rapidity of firing. Many of us were now wounded.

Our stock had now been cut loose, and was in the hands of the marauders. This we trusted would satisfy them, but we were doomed to be disappointed. Under cover of a shower of arrows, another charge was made which was met on our part with a steady fire. On this occasion the Indians were sooner discouraged and retired to shelter. That portion of our party which was outside engaged in making a raft fared badly; as they struggled in, they had to run the gauntlet of the Indians' arrows.

My attention being attracted by a noise in the direction of a break in the barricade, I saw a horse leap into camp, and my foreman, Mr. Brown, reel off the animal's back. Staggering toward me, with his last breath he gasped out: "Rose, where's my wife? I'm shot full of arrows." These were his last words, poor fellow! When his wife saw his lifeless form, she allowed one pent-up sob to escape her, which seemed to take with

Receiving Grapes at the Sunny Slope Crushers.
Sunny Slope Winery and Distillery.

it life and hope. This was all the outward show she made of her bitter grief. Woman, you often put men to shame with your powers of endurance and restraint in time of extreme peril!

Only a few of our party were disabled, though over half were wounded. We had been engaged since one o'clock, and it was now sundown.

After consultation we decided to make use of a few oxen which had strayed back to camp, and retreat to our companions encamped lower down the river.

About two miles back there was a cañon, through which we should have to pass, and if the Indians caught us there, there would be no hope for us. At dark we stole out of camp and soon arrived at the cañon, where we waited for the moon to rise. During these hours, we had leisure to ponder on life and death. The pressure of suspense was felt by every soul, quiescence reigned, and lying in what we felt to be the very jaws of death we awaited our doom. The strain was fearful. The rattle of a detached rock would make our sealed hearts knock at our ribs. However, the moon finally rose, and we were thankful when morn found us back in the camp of those left behind to recruit. Eight of these, impatient to join us, had forged ahead, met the Indians, and in meeting them had met their fate by being brutally massacred. After this dreadful experience, we decided to return home.

I will touch on only a few incidents of our journey back. Provisions gave out, and we lived on the meat of cattle that died on the way, of which some were even diseased. Our shoes wore out and we made rude moccasins from the rawhides of these cattle. These rough coverings dried and hardened and dreadfully chafed our feet, already made tender by exposure. To add to our discomfort, the spears of the cactus would pierce our flesh, which would be sadly torn, as each morning we had an hour's diversion extracting these barbed needles.

Finally, after much suffering, we reached Albuquerque, and were much indebted to Gen. Rucker, Col. Booneville and other Government officers for lavish courtesy and many kindnesses. Our past experience, how-

ever, bitter though it was, did not deter us from prosecuting our design of going to California. From Albuquerque our journey back was comparatively easy, and about November we again reached the Rio Grande. As my wife and I stood on the river's edge, its unruffled water reflected back to us like a mirror our grotesque appearance; myself clothed in ragged nankeen breeches, patched and so glazed with dirt and exposure as to creak and rattle with every motion, my shirt being in like condition. Partially covered by a rusty overcoat, I was a fitting companion for my wife, who was hatless, shoeless and clad in a ragged cassimere dress liberally sprinkled with party-colored patches of dirt.

I rented an adobe house, with a door so low that on entering we had to stoop and thus do homage to the luxurious furniture within, which was constructed out of candle-boxes. Here we began life anew on a different stage, and after many hardships and trials and three years of waiting, we finally reached the land of our aspirations.

Fortunate generation, who in palace cars can now haste away from climes inclement to those extravagant in beauty and loveliness!

In 1861, I arrived at El Monte, lying at no great distance from Los Angeles, on one of those delightful evenings that so frequently occur in that part of California, bringing peace to the wanderer's soul. The willows threw dancing shadows on the road; bloom greeted the eye on all sides; sweet-scented flowers and new-mown hay charged the air with delicious perfumes; and nature and mankind seemed to take their repose, so quiet was the world, as the sun was sinking to his rest. Presently the bells of San Gabriel Mission rung the vespers, protesting, as it were, against nature's silence, and rousing the indolent to activity. On every hand was plenty; surely we had reached the promised land.

From El Monte we went to Los Angeles, and having in time made some little money, radiated thence in different directions in search of a permanent home. I visited Santa Clara County, went to San Jose, San Francisco and Sacramento, and proceeded to still more northern parts of California; but not one of the places that I visited had sufficient attractions to lure my fancy and love away from the San Gabriel Valley, which, to my mind is the most beautiful portion of California. So I turned my face homeward, and then tried in the balance San Bernardino and San Diego, and found them also wanting. My preference was still more strengthened.

My dream was to become the possessor of a ranche in this valley; and finally, after some difficulty—for parties did not desire to sell—I succeeded in purchasing a piece of land which was the nucleus of the Sunny Slope Estate.

I will not enter into details, but simply state that, for some years following, my life was covered by the darkest clouds, and my wife's lot was, I believe, one of the hardest. We struggled on in the very teeth of adversity, scraping, and economizing, pawning and borrowing, till the estate which was very large, became productive. Finally, with a quantity of wine which I had made, and a supply of provisions, I started, deep in debt but high in hope, for Prescott, Arizona. Bad roads deterred others from starting, and I had a monopoly, reaping thereby heavy returns. This is the history of the first important load of wines which left the now famous Sunny Slope vineyards.

From the time of this turn in my fortune I prospered, and when I finally sold almost all my interest in the Sunny Slope estate of over two thousand acres to a syndicate, and paid my debts, I may claim a net balance of $1,000,000 in my favor.

I have spoken of my difficulties and final success, not for my own aggrandizement, for any other man with

Sunny Slope Wine Cellar, No. 12, capacity, 250,000 gallons.

Sunny Slope Office.

energy, perseverance and business qualifications, could have accomplished as much in this particular location. I speak in tribute to Southern California, and in acknowledgment of its vast resources, which, if properly handled, are mines of wealth. I believe I may say without bias, that though all parts of California have attractions, the southern portion possesses such as are nowhere excelled—if anywhere equaled—in its combined advantages of climate, productiveness, present facilities of transportation, and its exceptionally refined and intelligent population, who demonstrate their energy and enterprise by the improvements accomplished and now under way.

Most people have heard of the boom that occurred a few years ago in Southern California, but there are many who have no conception of its results. With regard to that particular portion around the San Gabriel Valley, I may state without danger of cavil that it was an event which, though operating with a temporary depressing influence of about a year, proved this country to be a wonderful exception to those visited by a like unnatural condition. At the end of that year we began to recover from the shock, and gradually but firmly established our future on a far firmer basis than ever before. Improvements now march on the even tenor of their way. The values of lands are based on their actual productive capabilities, and, in short, a most healthy state of progression prevails.

Though the San Gabriel Valley is but a stone's throw from Los Angeles, not long ago it was alive with rabbits, quail and other small game, and from the slopes of the Sierra Madres the country below could be seen, covered with high grass, clover and native flora, whose variegated colors were ravishing to the eye. To-day those scenes are changed for more attractive ones. Vines, orange, lemon and other fruit trees, cultivated flowers and beautiful arborage gladden still more the sight. To-day as one gazes on the Sunny Slope vineyards, they appear like an ocean of green in their vastness, and in this lovely valley the beauty of the orange groves with their golden fruit can never be realized till seen, and the peach has a cheek as rosy as ever bloomed. In days gone by, as I reclined under some spreading live-oak tree, I felt that it required no inspiration to call this, which I thought the most favored spot of a favored country, Sunny Slope. Indeed, the gradual decline of the foothills, kissed by a sunshine of no transient nature but of a life-giving and invigorating quality, and tempered by the balmy breezes from the great Pacific, smiled so under the sunbeam's caress that it would have been almost a sacrilege to call the place by any other name.

But that this little land is not alone a land of poetry, and in order to show that a great industry of a great State is by no means stagnating therein, I may state that the Sunny Slope wines and brandies are at present held in even higher esteem than of yore, having captured their position by their continued excellence and purity. To-day the Sunny Slope brand is known all over the Union, and these products reach Canada, South America and Europe. Mr. Bichowsky, the present general manager, though he assumed control in an era of misfortune, by his versatility, perseverance and strict business principles, has placed the company's affairs in a flattering condition. To-day the owners of Sunny Slope have offices in the principal cities of the United States and in London. As another illustration of commercial progression, I may say that their fruit business is in a like thriving condition.

The water supply at Sunny Slope has its source about the center of the property, and is beyond comparison. The company has an enormous surplus which is held in storage in huge reservoirs. It might be of interest to those who think the locality a desert,

to know that the winery plant is run by water power.

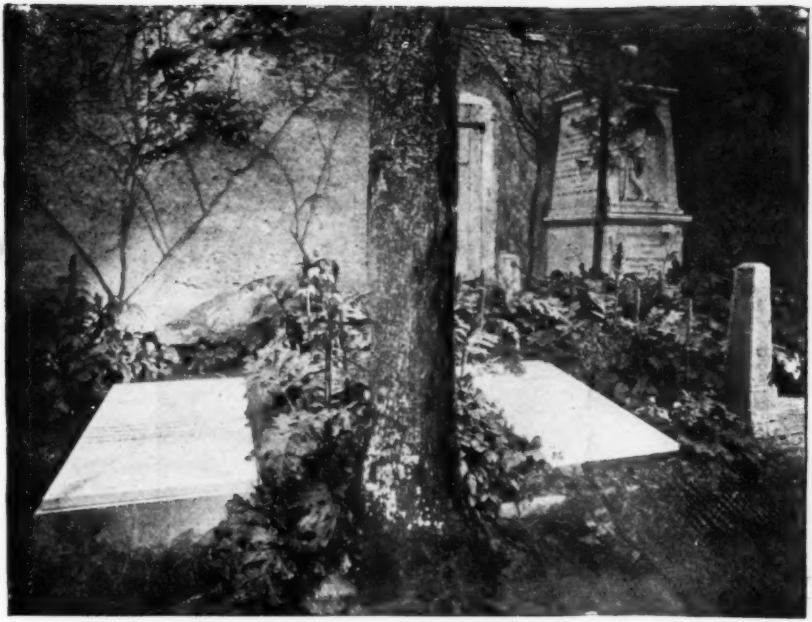
There are many large land owners who have divided their estates into small farms, believing that plan to be better for the country in general, and individuals in particular, than having so much land in large holdings. L. J. Rose & Co., Limited, agree with these opinions, and have cut up a small portion of Sunny Slope into farms. In this way, they will enable those whom they deem desirable purchasers to embark with them in fruit-growing, which has a record of profit during the past and a brighter future ahead.

It might also be of interest to the reader to learn that Sunny Slope is just thirty minutes from Los Angeles by rail; and in order to show how progression marks this section, it may be mentioned that the Southern Pacific runs just south of the estate, with a station there, and that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé bounds the property on the north, with a station at Lamanda Park (a settlement on the estate, a portion of which is covered with a forest of live-oak, making a most alluring residence section), while to reach Sunny Slope Winery and Distillery and arrive at the heart of the property, the Los Angeles Terminal traverses Sunny Slope through the center, having a station by this name a few yards from the plant.

Before closing, I would say that visitors have always been welcomed to this estate, and that this custom still prevails. It seems to be the fashion for those coming to Los Angeles, Pasadena or the Raymond Hotel, to visit the Sunny Slope vineyards, winery and orchards, and I trust this will not, like some fashions, go out of date.

For those who cannot visit my old home, I have been allowed to reproduce some views, so that they may see through the eyes of a camera what I feel to be an ideal spot.

Tropical Peep at Sunny Slope.



AT SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

O singing star! O voice of song! O soul
Which had the high harmonious heaven for goal!
Lark which outsang the nightingale and past,
As love outwearieth sorrow at the last,
And music discord; ever-gentle spirit
Who this here-lying dust did once inherit
And with a plenitude of life inform;
That life, that light went down in wreck and storm
To rise again in an eternal sky
Of love and fame. The clouds are gathered by
Which did o'erhang thee living, dark and thick,
Making breath sorrow. The heart so over-quick
Lies cold beneath this stone; from age to age
Shall colder hearts make here their pilgrimage
And kindle, as from ashes of a shrine,
Fire from the inextinguishable fire of thine,
Still warmer, cold, than any living is.
They shall make pilgrimage to thee for this
And for thanksgiving; for when men have blessed,
Praised, thanked and loved all poets, then—thou best
And best-beloved of poets and of men!—
They shall kneel here and love and bless again;
Paying with tears of love the love they owe
For gift of all of heaven earth can know.
The highest gods own lowliest offerings,
So even I hither a gift may bring;
O Heart of hearts!—disdain not thou my own,
Laid, with a violet, upon the stone.

Rome, 1892.

From the Curran Portrait.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

A PASSIONATE PILGRIMAGE.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

PASSIONATE pilgrims are we all. Earth is full of holy sepulchres, and each heart has its peculiar shrine. Somewhere in the world exists for each one of us a set of scenes endeared beyond all others; a land, or dwelling, or rood of ground by association linked with that name which has been for us a talisman all our lives; and thither in our heart of hearts we cherish a dream, life-long and unfulfilled, perhaps, of voyaging "like a quiet palmer."

It is not given to all to visit their Shekinah, still less to bring back the message from it; the first good gift was, however, granted me, and, without aspiring to the second, I have thought there must be those somewhere in this wide world whose worship was identical with mine, and upon whose imaginative hearts the very faintest, feeblest echo from the haunts of the "singing-god" may fall quickeningly and be born in a better music. Such may read into dull pages the fervor and color of southern skies and waters glowing in a "light that never was by land or sea."

From my earliest childhood, if anyone had asked me what I most craved to see in Europe, I should have answered him unhesitatingly: "Shelley's home and grave."

And if anyone asked me now what in Europe I am most glad to have seen I should answer again: "The home and grave of Shelley."

And since the closing of a century is a period specially consecrated by our imaginations to remembrance, I would fain believe—and I do believe—it was something better than a mere chance which rounded an all-unforeseeing journey into a Shelley pilgrimage in this Shelley's centennial year. Spezzia had been pulling at my heart-strings for months; we took the train for otherwhere, but Fate, stronger than intention, circumstance or will, drew us back to the only place which had for me, at that moment, supreme significance.

It drew us first through Pisa—Pisa to which we had never in the least proposed to go, but missing which, the story we re-read in living characters would have lacked a chapter. For here in Pisa began that which others may denominate a tragedy, but which to me is only so tragic as the Morte d'Arthur and the mystic voyage to Avillon. In one sense, it is true, indeed, that the end began with the poet's birth, foreordained by the very destiny which imprisoned so "spirit-winged" a heart in human body; but more immediately, and, to most imaginations, more comprehensibly, it began with the Shelleys' occupancy of the Tre Palazzi, the arrival of the Williamses, the neighborhood of Byron and the consequent importation of the Leigh Hunts. Everyone knows the oft-told tale.

The Tre Palazzi, or the Palazzo di Chiesa, easily found by its inwrought sign of the church, stands near one end of the Lung'Arno, not far from Byron's statelier Palazzo Lanfranchi. Every book and article tells you to your confusion that the palaces stand opposite one another; one can only explain it by supposing the intervening houses did not exist once, and only the street separated the two which now form parts of a continuous row of palaces.

The Shelleys lived above, the Williamses below, in Tre Palazzi, and I wonder why they lived there at all.

I wish very much I knew why Shelley, whose every other haunt explains its own attraction, loved so alien a place as Pisa. Other people have loved it, too, I am aware, but other people are not Shelley, and I wonder why even these have loved. But the fact remains—Shelley did love it; and trying to love it after him I failed signally, through my own fault, doubtless. Perhaps seventy years ago the city may have worn a different charm. I tried to think so, as I looked at the palaces, the streets through which Shelley deftly glided, deep in one volume of an encyclopedia, with a second under his arm; and that bridge of sunsets over the Arno which he exulted in. I re-constituted in my mind the little cavalcade of riders; that dashing corsair, Trelawney, "superb Byron," and the "elfin Knight" issuing from Byron's palace courtyard for their daily ride; and melancholy Pisa showed the melancholier for that vanished paladin group.

We left her and sped to Viareggio, Fate again leading us on our wayward quest in wayward fashion. We did not indeed choose to follow the poet's life to his death, but rather to trace death back to the deathless life.

Months before, I had seen in Rome that "slope of green access," of which Shelley wrote: "It might make one in love with death to think he should lie in so sweet a place." We had stood by the grave of the poet of two immortalities—Keats and Adonais—who yet dreamed when dying that his name "was writ in water," and we had lingered gratefully a moment—for his sake—where Severn lies. Then within, under the shadow of the wall, and in surely the fairest spot one can conceive, we had sought the graves of another pair of friends. The simple slabs differ in inscription only; violets and acanthus cluster impartially about both.

Beneath Trelawney's name is Shelley's verse:

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;
So let their memory be, now they have glided,
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

Under the other stone lies that heart of hearts, which Trelawney plucked from the flames, for which single act we hold him richly entitled to his resting place at Shelley's side, and richly requited thereby. Standing there we had read the touching inscription:

Cor Cordium.

and beneath—

Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

It was this sea-change we sought lovingly to follow.

So we went to Viareggio; to Viareggio because (pure fairy chance again) a magazine had come to my hand the day before, with an article by Signor Biagi, giving account of his researches after the exact spot where the sea gave up the poet's body and the flames received it. I had but barely glanced at this article, so that when we found our faces set toward Spezzia we were fain to stop and buy another "Harpers," little dreaming how richly we invested two francs. As we journeyed we read the account, which contained among other things a photographed group of survivors who had witnessed that memorable cremation.

A low, long place, Viareggio stretches between the blue Mediterranean and snowy Carraras, and a low, long pine grove (La Pineta) of strangely growing trees stretches to the right of Viareggio, behind the sands. Toward this we drove beneath a cloudless day, the water just kissing the shore, and leaving it again—the sands and the pines and the air equally still. I can fancy that it is always still there, whatever storms rage.

As we drove, with Trelawney's words vividly in mind, we longed to know a little more precisely the spot

where, with such oblations as his "much beloved Hellenes" used, the funeral pyre had been lighted. We took out our "Harpers," therefore, showed it to our driver, a Viareggio man, and asked if he chanced to know any members of the group. Very funny was the startled expression with which he gazed from it to us and back again, suspicious of necromancy; but he finally found breath to admit that he knew two—Canova and Bandoni—and could take us to their homes.

Accordingly, he drew up before a small house, in the street of small houses which mainly comprises Viareggio. Three words of inquiry and as many more of explanation produced one head, then another, and another, then bodies following heads; a half dozen, a score of men, of women and of children flocked about our carriage. I question whether in many a year Viareggio has been so much excited.

We produced our "Harpers," and the excitement grew to astonishing proportions. Curiosity, wonder, stupefaction and a torrent of rapid Italian exclamations ensued. The magazine was taken from us; it flew from hand to hand, appeared and reappeared, held high and held low, passed over heads and thrust under eyes—never, I am sure, had even "Harper's" so rapid a circulation before!

"Yonder is my *nonno*" (grandfather), cried one handsome girl, her eyes snapping with pride.

"And my father's cousin," cried another.

"There is Giacomo—"

"And there Rafaello himself—*vede, vede!*"

"*Dio mio!* but how it looks like him!" exclaimed a stupefied woman.

Ah, how obliged we were to Signor Biagi who had taken the trouble to photograph all these, but had not taken the trouble to send them down even one copy of the magazine; thereby making us heirs of his legitimate pleasure.

Presently—in the confusion, we could not tell how or whence it came—we were aware of a voice at our carriage-side ejaculating at intervals:

"Chelley! Ah, yes, Chelley!"

We turned to behold a handsome, white-haired, robust man, with a Hugoesque head, who had obtained the place of honor in the middle of the group, and the sole possession of the magazine. With his eyes fixed upon us, he continued to reiterate—

"Chelley! yes, Chelley!"

"Yes, yes, Shelley!" repeated we, catching eagerly at the name, "what of Shelley?"

The orator drew himself up; we judged him to be a man of importance among his townspeople, for they all stopped chattering to listen.

"Ah!" said he, "he was a great poet!" Then he went on: he had not been present at the burning, no, Bandoni had; (a dozen messengers had been dispatched for Bandoni) but he knew all the story—oh, *altro!* Chelley was a great, a grand poet—the Dante of England. The *Inglese* did not love him, because he was too *democratico*, too *liberale*. "I also," he added with dignity, "am *democratico*; but perhaps the *Signore* are *Inglese?*"

"No, the *Signore* were Americans."

The orator smiled.

"Ah, the Americans are of all the most *liberale* and *democratico*, but the *Inglese* are *aristocratico*, and they did not love their great poet, Chelley. *Altro!*"

At this moment appeared a feeble, wavering, dim-eyed figure, looking as if it might indeed have the ninety-four years which his fellow townspeople proudly claimed for him. His dim eyes glimmered with pride, as twenty excited voices hailed him and twice twenty gesticulating hands waved his own likeness before his face.

Did he remember? Oh, yes, he remembered well. He was Canova Rafaelle; he had not been present at the cremation, but he with his *Capitano* retrieved the boat and brought it in. There were trunks and books and two suits of clothing, one of which (as Signor Biagi relates)

his *Capitano* wore at a *festa*. Garrulously he recounted the tale and went through the sad little inventory of articles. We listened silently, gazing at the strip of blue visible at the end of the street, and reminding ourselves that this was the Mediterranean; that the decrepit figure before us had veritably stood in the fairy cabin of the *Ariel*; that those weather-beaten hands had touched the garments of the Prince of Song; and all this but yesterday. We had traced the elfin presence to the very marge where its last footprints passed over.

Meanwhile Canova prattled on; he knew the precise spot where the poet's body was burned. Would he guide us to it? *Volontieri;* and twenty hands lifted, pulled and pushed him bodily to the box-seat; poor old link of that magic past to the present!

The crowd drew back to let us pass, and bowing with that profound grace and dignity only possible to an Italian, our orator announced gravely:

"If at any time the Signore have need of more light, I am here!" (*sono qui*).

With thanks and farewells, we drove off, our ancient prize murmuring incoherent reminiscences by the way. At Pineta we left our carriage, and went on foot to the shore, beholding as we went a train of men advancing to meet us with the recovered Bandoni. Besides, Canova Bandoni seemed relatively new and young, being but eighty-four years old, and he had been an eye-witness of the scene we strove to re-create. Across the sands, the two led us, rehearsing the tale. Here were the Two Dykes; here the waves washed the body ashore; here it was buried in the sand; and here, halting at last at a small hillock mid-way between the pines and water, they set the furnace.

We drew a long breath, and then the same thought striking us simultaneously, exclaimed:

"But no; it was on the shore itself; you must be mistaken."

"Signore," replied Giacomo, respectfully, "in those days the sea came up much farther." And to our ignorant wonder, we learned that the tideless Mediterranean, year by year, withdraws "two *bracchie*" from the land. What was shore, in Shelley's day, is already inland now.

Unspeakably lovely is the place; the pines are so freshly green, the carraras so sunnily white, and the Mediterranean, caressing the shore, seems ever to ask of it the treasures she yielded up so long ago. Quietly we thanked our sailors, adding to a more substantial reward the pictured group which Canova, as the veteran, bore off in triumph.

In the evening, with a glorious rise of moon to lure us, we visited again, by water this time, the place which for us meant Viareggio. We sent our man in advance and followed swiftly where the boat, "its sails all folded like thoughts in a dream," lay sleeping at the *mola*. A strong hand reached up to help us, and—

"*Ecce!*" exclaimed a voice cheerily, "the Signorine of to-day!" Our own delighted recognition followed; the Ariel of our trip had sent us Bandoni for a boatman.

Slowly we pulled out of the dark waters into the silver beyond, Bandoni, as if imbued with our own mood, beginning at once to tell us how a solitary Englishman had come to Viareggio, the summer before, and every day walking far out on the *mola* he would stand gazing towards Spezzia; and at last he told Bandoni that it was for the sake of the dead poet he came and lingered. He might be a friend or member of the Shelley family, Bandoni thought, and he spent much time, and at last went away. Whoever he was—that solitary Englishman who so loved Shelley—we owned him for a friend. We, too, would fain have lingered, it was so beautiful that night.

Giacomo remembered Byron—"*Milord Birone*"—well; he summed up his memory in one brief, impressive phrase—

"Ah, he was a *personaggio*." The beautiful and arrogant Byron never failed to win the impressionable Italian hearts.

"And also Chelley," hazarded Bandoni, timidly—not with the splendid assurance of the morning's orator—"he was a great poet, *non é vero?*"

"A great poet and a well-beloved man," we made answer.

And thus talking between the dip of oars, with the Spezzia light now flashing out, now fading, we stole past the sacred bit of shore again. Presently Bandoni broke the silence:

"If the Signorine consent, we will go back; soon there will be much wind."

The Signorine consented willingly, their minds too freshly filled with one tempest to court another. Who were they that the Mediterranean should spare?

As we lingered then, so I linger now, over those hours at Viareggio; for no one will see it again so lovely. On the 4th of August, the centennial of Shelley's birth, a monument is to be erected to his memory, near the place of the burning. Men were already at work preparing the ground. The whole place is to be made into a piazza, that is to say, spoiled, and the Spirit which has so long dwelt there will take its flight forever. It may be well to mark the place—for Bandoni and Canova will not live forever—but a rough rock in the sand would do so fitly. Ever since learning of that contemplated piazza, I have been thinking gratefully of Miss Trelawney, who, owning the bit of land in Rome where Shelley's and Trelawney's graves are, will not suffer its poetic simplicity to be replaced by a monument. But Viareggio—there is none to save.

We left it the more reluctantly on that account, and went to Spezzia. It is said there is but one thing lovelier than the Gulf of Spezzia in Italy—the Bay of Naples; and there cannot be many things more gaily Italian than the little town itself. Strangely Southern is all the country about it, as if it lay miles southward of Florence, instead of a little northward. In Shelley's day Spezzia must have been a mere handful of buildings; lovely as it is, it had little to detain us, and we hastened on to Lerici and San Terenzo, in the smaller arm of the gulf, which bears the name of the Bay of Lerici.

The beauty of the drive thither, its winding ascent, its wooded hills, violet strewn, its olive slopes, such as I have not seen equaled, and its matchless water-views which, unfold at every turn of the commanding heights, will remain in my memory so long as Italy remains. Skies as blue as Southern California's (only a Westerner knows the meaning of that phrase); waters a thought bluer than the bluest Pacific; a splendor of loveliness still ethereal; and every bit of it pregnant with Shelley's memory.

It chanced to be Palm Sunday and Lerici—precisely the Lerici of one's imagination—was in gala dress. Gay, small flags floated from the confusion of tiny craft moored in the inlet, smiling up against the frowning cliff whose crown is Castle Lerici, and straight across, in another loop of the bay, lay San Terenzo. The hamlet nestles against a wooded bluff, a curve of water shore (for it is neither precisely shore nor water) outlines it, and at the end most remote from the clustered houses, stands a larger house, Casa Magni.

In half an hour we were there, and while we waited for the custodian to bring the keys we lingered quietly beneath the porch. Here, too, the Mediterranean had indulged its caprices; the waters which once ran level with the door have receded many feet, and a wall stands barrier between it and the sea. But the sea has left its name on honey-combed pillar and corroded wall. That unpaved floor upon which Shelley and Williams used to keep their boats is now prepared for dwelling, but upstairs there is little change.

I do not know that it is so, but the

same furniture might very well have been there seventy years ago—quaint desks, sofas and chairs bearing their age upon their faces.

"How old?" we asked, hoping to verify the possibility.

The *portiere* shrugged his shoulders.

"*Chi lo sa?* more than a hundred years."

It cannot be by chance merely that a small engraving of Byron in his youth hangs still on the wall above the desk.

No house (and all houses are haunted) was ever more sensibly haunted than this. It feels as if in seventy years no foot had passed there, and heaven forbid the foot of the mere sight-seer should learn the way. For myself, I went through it fairly praying pardon, but believing that there are certain forms of worship which cannot offend the delicatest spirit, and that who goes thus worshipfully and comes away in gratitude will be made welcome to the secret places of whatever is "Most High" to him.

I said the house was haunted; we had an odd little proof thereof. On one side of the large "living room," which opens upon the upper terrace, is the room of Mary Shelley—not unworthy of remembrance in herself, and very sacred as Shelley's beloved—and across on the opposite side are two other rooms, one of which was Shelley's. But which? Dimly I remembered reading somewhere that his room opened back of that occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Williams, and with the fatuous tendency of mankind I submitted my doubt to process of reason. Mary Shelley's was a seaward room; what more natural than that the other seaward room should have fallen to the lot of the Williamses? This confirmed my dim memory and satisfied me as conclusive.

Accordingly, it was with a little trembling of the heart that I approached the threshold of the back room. A pleasant room! Conscious of a disappointment that it was no more, I stepped carelessly to the next room, and on the threshold stopped short. I could not to myself say why, but to myself I said: "This is Shelley's room." I returned to the first room, repeating my excellent, unanswerable arguments in its favor; and then I returned to the second and said again to myself: "This is Shelley's," with more emphasis than before.

Presently, in my wanderings, I encountered my friend, who is a bit of a "sensitive" in such matters.

"Have you been to Shelley's room?" she asked softly; for it seemed hard to speak, and impossible to speak loudly in a silence so alive.

"Which is Shelley's room?" asked I.

"The seaward one—then you haven't been there?"

"I understood it was the other—"

"Go and feel," was her quiet reply.

Arrived at Florence again, my first errand was to the Library, and that singularly significant room was still so present to me that with a feeling of prescience I turned the pages and read: "The Shelleys occupied the seaward rooms."

I said the house was haunted. It would be truer to say the sea and sky and air are all haunted, so absolutely their poet

> Is made one with Nature,

and is become

> A portion of that loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely.

It is impossible to help thinking—what it is very folly to say, I well know—that had one awakened there unawares and been asked what presence informed all the beauty, he must needs have answered: "Shelley's." For it is like one of his poems—addressed to the eye instead of the ear.

We stood on the terrace where Shelley used to walk and dream, and where so walking and dreaming, he once beheld the figure of the little Allegre rise from the moonlit waters. Over those waters Jane Williams'

guitar must often have sounded, and here Trelawney looking upwards from his boat beheld for the last time the little group which he then believed "the happiest and most united in the world." As we stood gazing, a strain of the always beautiful martial music of Italy came, borne across the vibrating sunlight. They were burying their dead at San Terenzo. A just-discerned little procession with a flower-laden bier moved across the Square and lost itself behind the church, but the music continued to sound its dirge-like strains long and tenderly.

In Mary Shelley's time the natives of San Terenzo were "little better than savages," she tells us, spending their nights in singing and dancing on the beach; to-day they are a fine-looking people, with something almost of the Roman cast in their beauty; and dance and song (for us, at least), are replaced by dirge and burial. There is not in all the village one living soul which remembers Shelley, though all know his story; yet how should they dance or sing there now?

Mary Shelley did not love the place, though on earth there can be nothing lovelier; and if so lovely in sunlight, one dares not think what moonlight would make of it, a place which only a highly happy heart would bear to face. In all its splendor of color and witchery of light, moreover, there is a brooding peace and tranquillity. It must have been ideally lovely when Shelley found it; and by how much the more is it beautiful now, when that multiplied beauty of character, of life, of love, and of genius, which we mean when we say Shelley has passed into it and become its soul!

To leave San Terenzo at all was a wrench; in a few hours our hearts had taken such abiding root there. But a link was wanting in the chain of memories, and we went to forget it at Livorno. We paused there a single hour and saw but one thing—the harbor whence the *Ariel* took its last flight, and whence watching eyes saw the little craft with its immeasurable freight blotted out in tempest; a tempest of rainless wind, our Viareggio friends told us.

Looking in our turn, seventy years later, we saw the sea beyond the headland, and followed the light form, borne by waters which surely loved it and caressed it as they bore, to the shore of Viareggio; we saw the shore receive it and the fire claim it, and followed the ashes to their resting-place in the breast of Rome; but the freed Spirit we beheld escape to San Terenzo.

And it is there that one must seek him. All over the world into a thousand regions, spirits and tones, Shelley has passed; but on that little space of Mediterranean most abidingly he is; and more than the Pisan palace, more than the sacred sands of Viareggio, more than the blue beyond Livorno, where the riven bark went down, more even than the perfect sepulcher at Rome is the charm of San Terenzo.

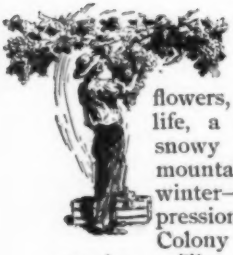
The many will go to Rome with their flower and thought-offerings, and so doing, do well; for the stone there is as an altar whose sacrifice was offered up at Viareggio. But Shelley—the beloved and loving—and Shelley—the true "singing-god"—are nearer at San Terenzo; and as I could wish that none but his lovers' eyes might ever rest upon that scene, so I wish that all who have loved him might once in their lives behold it—foretasting Paradise.

Fiesole, Italy.

Tropical Growth near the Colony.

AN IDEAL CALIFORNIA COLONY.*

BY JOHN PARSONS REDPATH.

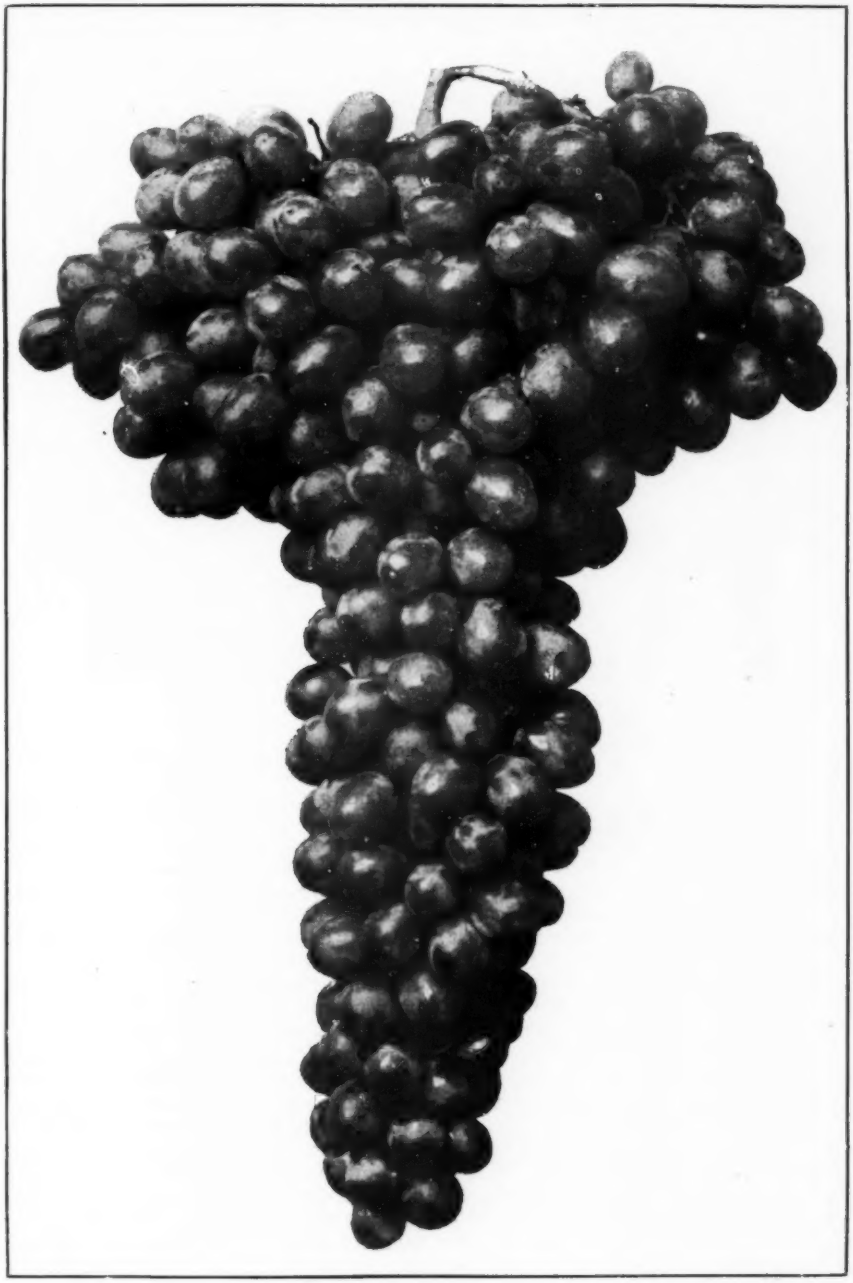


THE carol of the meadow lark, the odor of a thousand flowers, the hum of insect life, a dim suggestion of snowy peaks on distant mountains, a summer day in winter—these were the impressions of the California Colony on a Christmas morning. The East was deep in the snows of winter; blizzards raged in the same latitude over beyond the mountains; yet here, in this valley so rich in its historical associations, summer reigned supreme in the heart of winter, and the warm sun seemed to have summoned all the forms of animal and plant life to a festival strange and difficult to realize. Imagine, you dwellers in the East, a Christmas day, on which the land was carpeted with flowers, patches of red, yellow, old-gold and delicate tints of blue that wound away veritable rivers of living things, filling the air with a thousand odors, the incense of nature.

Imagine a Christmas day on which the air was as balmy as an August sun could make it; a day on which the farmers were a-field trimming up their vines, ploughing perchance for the coming crop of grain — a Christmas day in which all things seemed at their best—and some idea can be formed of the conditions in winter in this charmed spot, the valley of the San Joaquin. There was something here to satisfy all tastes. From the center of the vineyard in which I sat upon my horse the land reached away north and south to seemingly illimitable distance, a true garden of the Lord, rich in vineyards, groves of trees, fields of grain, ranches as large as town sites, the homes of a happy and contented people; to the east a dim wall rose, the lofty Sierra Nevadas, their bases caressed by a wealth of verdure, their summits white in the snows of eternal winter. Just over the range and but a few miles down the valley was the gateway of the mighty Yosemite with its world of wonders so aptly described in the accompanying article: the famous King's River cañon, the parks of the big trees, while hundreds of cañons cut the great range in every direction, rivers of verdure flowing as it were down into the San Joaquin valley affording endless resorts for the tourists or dwellers in the valley.

For years this famous section of the country lying so beautifully between the Coast Range and the sea was a vast cattle range and belonged to the Spanish-American owners of the soil. Here the antelope ranged, and the

*The California Raisin and Fruit Growers' Association.



Bunch of Muscat Grapes.

bear and black-tailed deer ventured out from the deep cañons and wandered over the valley at night free from intrusion. The gold excitement of 1849 attracted thousands to the coast, who wandered down the slopes of the Sierras and feasted their eyes on this garden of the world. Some of these men came over the mountains, on foot, plowing through the snow of the high Sierras suddenly, with the icy breath of winter about them, to be confronted with the valley of the San Joaquin with its wealth of verdure, almost a vision of Paradise at their feet. The land could but attract; it appealed to all that was and is best in man—his poetic fancy, his love for the beautiful. Here was life possible in a land of perpetual summer where the soil produced every day in the year, and prolific nature was at its best.

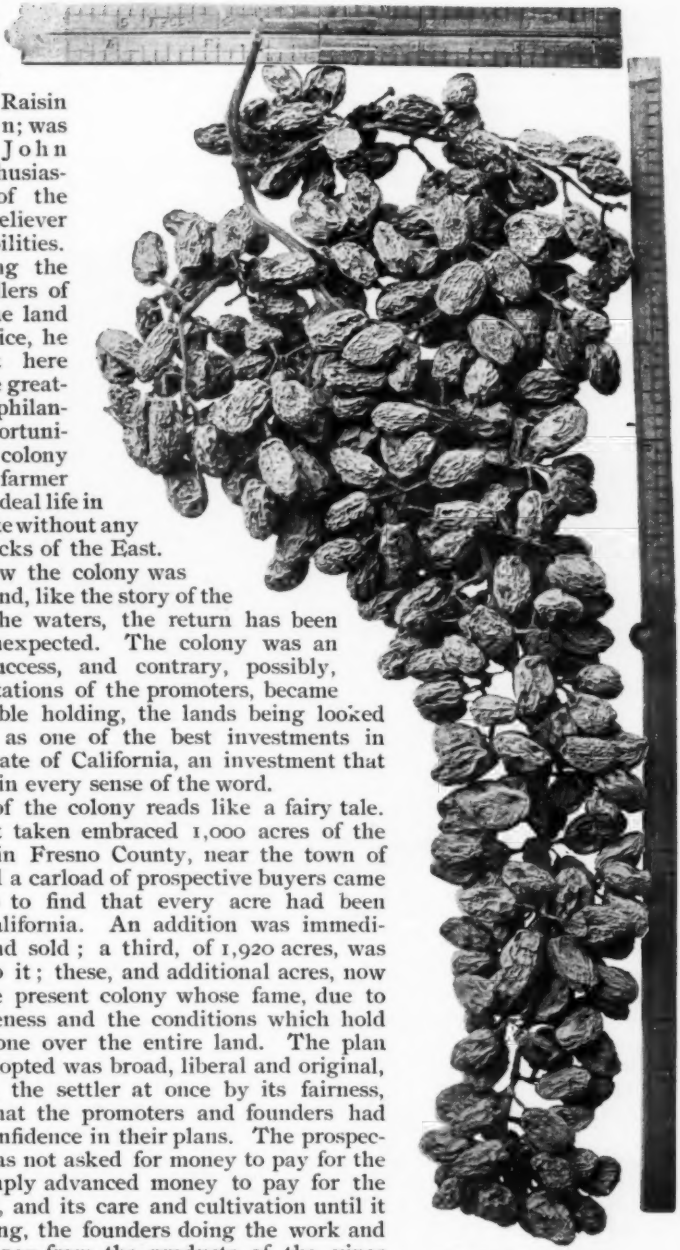
Drying Raisins.

When the excitement of the search for gold ceased, the beauties of the valley and its richness were recalled; and with the introduction of the railroad the great holdings were broken up and home-seekers from every land poured in and took possession. Towns, villages and hamlets appeared as if by magic; tourists who had come simply for the fine hunting became enamored with the conditions of life and decided to remain. Farmers, who had toiled summer and winter and looked with amazement at the variety of productions, could scarcely believe their eyes to see the palm, banana, peach, almond, grape, fig, apple, lemon and pear—in fact the fruits and flowers of every clime and zone growing and flourishing in the same dooryard. There was no long winter; every day was productive in its results, and life was far easier—telling arguments to the tiller of the soil. A winter, where the falling petals of the rose were the only snowflakes, had a charm for these masters of the soil and explains the presence of the farmer in such strong force in the San Joaquin Valley to-day, and accounts for the steady stream of immigration pouring into this region. With time, towns and hamlets grew into cities, great counties took form; and the once cattle range became a principality whose reputation for productiveness has spread over the entire world.

Among the colonies, one especially is ideal in its responsiveness to the

wants of man. It is known as the California Fruit Growers' and Raisin Association; was founded by John Brown, an enthusiastic admirer of the land, and a believer in its possibilities. After studying the life of the tillers of the soil in the land of snow and ice, he realized that here was one of the greatest fields for philanthropy, an opportunity to found a colony where the farmer could live an ideal life in an ideal climate without any of the drawbacks of the East. With this view the colony was established, and, like the story of the bread upon the waters, the return has been great and unexpected. The colony was an immediate success, and contrary, possibly, to the expectations of the promoters, became a most valuable holding, the lands being looked upon to-day as one of the best investments in the golden State of California, an investment that is productive in every sense of the word.

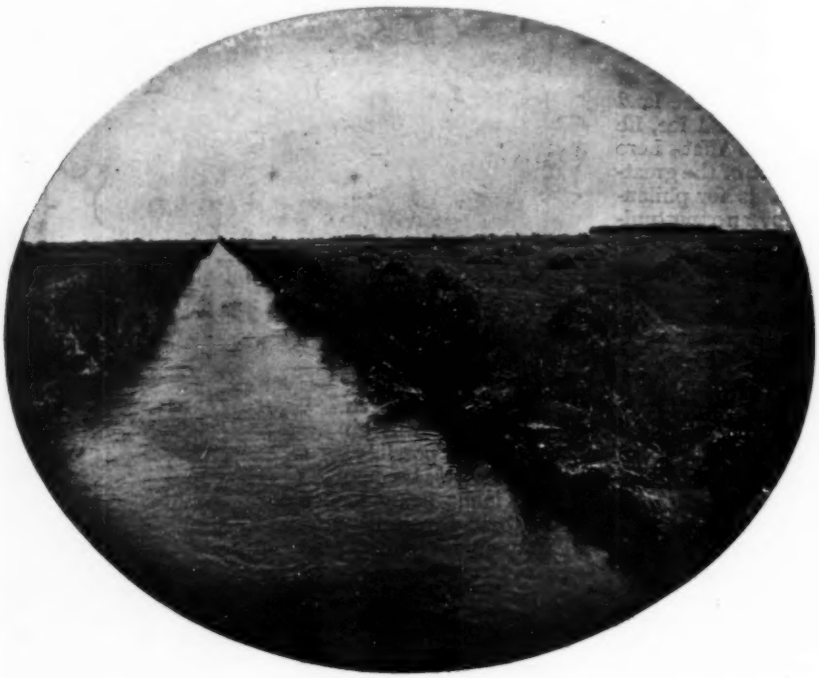
The story of the colony reads like a fairy tale. The first tract taken embraced 1,000 acres of the richest land in Fresno County, near the town of Madeira; and a carload of prospective buyers came from Chicago to find that every acre had been bought in California. An addition was immediately made and sold; a third, of 1,920 acres, was then added to it; these, and additional acres, now constitute the present colony whose fame, due to its productiveness and the conditions which hold there, has gone over the entire land. The plan which was adopted was broad, liberal and original, appealing to the settler at once by its fairness, suggesting that the promoters and founders had the utmost confidence in their plans. The prospective settler was not asked for money to pay for the land; he simply advanced money to pay for the nursery stock, and its care and cultivation until it came in bearing, the founders doing the work and taking their pay from the products of the vines



Sample Bunch of Raisins.

and trees after they began to produce. Thus a farmer, instead of paying several thousand dollars down for land, took up his residence in a delightful country where perennial summer reigned, and paid, say for ten acres, an amount equivalent to about $1,000 in three years, the money paid being used on the land, the colony receiving its return when the vineyards and orchards yielded $200 per acre. According to this plan, the farmer was carried over the unproductive time, to a great extent, and as a result we find in Fresno County hundreds of happy homes and a contented people. The colony is admirably situated, being near the town of Madeira and the city of Fresno on the line of the Southern Pacific, and within easy reaching distance of San Francisco, where many of the colony's fruits are shipped.

The future of such a place is not difficult to imagine, and is already outlined. The phenomenal success of the colony has had an immediate effect upon surrounding lands, enhancing their value; and to-day this young colony is the center of one of the most productive and valuable regions of the world. Nature seems to have been particularly kind to this spot, as here the offerings of almost any clime are seen. Here is what will soon be the greatest raisin-producing country in the world. Nearly all of the finest grapes and raisins which find their way to the East come from the San Joaquin at and about this famous colony. As far as the eye can reach, vast fields of grain reach



The Colony Irrigating Stream.

away over the valley, through which flow the purling waters of the Fresno River. Here are vines bearing grapes of every kind, of enormous size and great delicacy of flavor. The soil is so rich that it produces marvelous results in the shortest time, suggestive of large returns. Wandering over the rich lands, watching the men at work, we learn some of the wonders of horticulture; in this land of the afternoon, we see 3,200 acres planted in the famous Muscat grape alone; hundreds of acres in peaches, apricots, fig trees; we are shown a small nursery worth $11,000 in young trees alone, and are told that ten or twenty acres here is far more profitable than ten times the amount in the East. We are shown three-year-old vines that produce three tons of grapes per acre, and twenty acres which netted the fortunate owner $2,900. What possibly impressed the writer most, at this ideal colony, was the fact that while the settlers who were coming every day were expecting simply to earn a living here under the most favorable circumstances, they were making investments in land that from the fertility of the soil, the advantageous position, and the marvelous improvements going on, were not simply going to provide them with fruit, but were going to so increase in value that wealth will come to many in this possibly unexpected guise.

Not only does the farmer find a land flowing with milk and honey, and with all the conditions and facilities of modern civilization, but the land is attractive to men of all tastes. The tourist tarries long on the San Joaquin. Here, and in the adjacent mountains, is the finest hunting in the world,—deer, antelope, the mountain lion and grizzly bear attract the follower of big game, while in the lowlands the whistle of the plumed quail woos the sportsman to fields and pastures green.

Central in its position, with an incomparable climate, and soil, productive beyond description, with all the conditions of life most favorable to longevity and happiness, the dwellers in this land of a fulfilled promise seem to have found the true land of contentment and to live an ideal life.

TO A GRIZZLY BEAR.

BY MAUD WYMAN.

Old guardian of the Early Days,
How do the changes seem to thee,
When, from the peaks where thou didst flee
For safety, thou canst look and see
This land, thy home transformed? Tell me,
Canst thou, within thy hunted forests wild
Feel naught of pride in this fair Western child?

THE YOSEMITE IN WINTER.

BY JAMES M. CARSON.

TO understand the Yosemite rightly, to comprehend its wonderful possibilities and appropriate the extraordinary variety of aspects under which Nature presents that stupendous temple of hers; to learn the lessons taught in that great school for the instruction of the human soul in the workings of all-powerful force, and read correctly the hieroglyphics and picture-writings that elevate the mind to some idea of the infinite, we must see the valley under all the many changes of atmospherical condition. We must see it not once, but many times; we must visit it during bright summer days, and be there when the storm-despot drives over it in his chariot of whirlwind and fire; and we must dwell in it when the ice-king of the north has sent thither his ministers to make it their abode for awhile.

The ordinary summer tourist, with his hasty visit and hurried trips along the common well-beaten routes, sees but one stereotyped aspect of the Yosemite. Nor is it an easy matter to enter it in the winter time, except for those well practised in the use of the snow-shoe and capable of great endurance. Therefore, let our readers—many of whom are doubtless well acquainted with the appearance of the valley during the visitors' season—travel in imagination to it in the depth of winter and see it with the eyes of those who have lived in it for years, and of those who live in it now.

The first white man to make the Yosemite his place of residence during the winter time was Mr. James C. Lamon. Mr. S. M. Cunningham and Mr. Buck Beardsley erected a cabin in the valley, during the year 1857, which was broken down in the following winter by the weight of snow, and a more substantial one was built in 1858. This was opened as a hotel, and kept by Mr. and Mrs. John H. Neal for Mr. Cunningham, who kept it himself during the two following seasons. In 1859 a more commodious establishment for the accommodation of visitors, known as the "Old Hutchings House" was opened, but these places were closed during the winter months. It was in the spring of this last mentioned year, according to Mr. John Muir, that the pioneer, Lamon, "loaded an old horse with fruit-trees and a scant supply of provisions, and made his way into the valley from Mariposa, built himself a cabin beneath the shadow of the great Half Dome, cleared a fertile spot on the left bank of Tenaya Creek, and planted an orchard and a garden." In spite of hardships and the discouraging prognostications of friends, "year after year he held on undaunted, clearing and stirring the virgin soil, planting and pruning; remaining alone winter and summer with marvelous constancy." From Mr. Muir's account one would be apt to conclude that Lamon began his continuous residence in the Yosemite in 1859; but Mr. Hutchings, in his well-known work, "In the Heart of the Sierras," states that after he had himself demonstrated that a residence at Yosemite in winter was possible, Lamon "was the first to try the experiment, and spent the winters of 1862–64 there entirely alone."

Early in March, 1862, Mr. Hutchings had penetrated the valley under extraordinary difficulties and a display

of extraordinary perseverance and intrepidity. Abandoned by two companions, who could not withstand the fatigue of toiling along through knee-deep snow and gave up the attempt, he pursued his way alone, and for eleven days never saw human face. With a heavy pack, comprising blankets, overcoat, axe, rations for fifteen days and sundry other requisites, he started on his perilous journey. For six days he struggled with the ever-opposing snow, "not walking merely in and over it, but wallowing through it." Toward night of the sixth day Mr. Hutchings almost exhausted with fatigue, dropped his pack upon the snow and seated himself upon it. Surrounded by cloud-mist, no shelter in sight, hope had well-nigh left him, when the clouds lifted and he looked down upon the Merced three thousand feet below, gazing upon green grasses, upon gay spring flowers, and no longer upon blinding snow. Down the side of the mountain-ridge he made his way, leaving behind him the "muscle-testing, patience-trying snow," "the unfeeling the never-yielding, the ever-bullying snow." "For months afterwards," he says, "in my dreams, it was a ghost-shadow in white, a ghost that would not be 'laid'—and was always present." For three days more he pursued his difficult course up the cañon of the river, and then reached the valley of the Yosemite. It had been rumored that "no one could ever make a permanent winter home in Yosemite, inasmuch as snow from the surrounding mountains drifted into it, as into a deep railroad-cut, and filled it half full." When Mr. Hutchings, with such discouraging assertions to support him during his perilous enterprise so hazardous as to result examined the valley, his joy may be imagined when he discovered that nearly its entire surface was free from his late antagonist, the snow. He had proved that it "did not interpose any insuperable obstacles to a safe residence in the grand old valley during winter." Many summers and many winters has he resided there, and at his Old Cabin he published his above-named work. From the above account the reader will be able to form some idea of the difficulties attending a journey to the Yosemite in winter time—difficulties which yet are far from having been smoothed away by facilities of personal transport during this season of the year.

The same writer furnishes us with a biographical sketch of the lone pioneer resident in the valley—a man long known "for his uniform kindness and many manly virtues." Mr. Lamon, he informs us, was born in the State of Virginia in 1817, emigrating in 1835 to Illinois, and then to Texas in 1839. In 1851 he came to California and engaged in the saw-mill and lumber business, in Mariposa County, until 1858. In June, 1859, Lamon went to the Yosemite and assisted in building the hotel since known as the Hutchings House. In the fall of that year he located a pre-emption claim at the upper end of the valley, cultivated it, planted an orchard and built the first log-cabin in the Yosemite. Temperate and frugal, with an indomitable will and untiring industry, in time he converted the wilderness around his cabin into fruitful garden ground and orchard. In 1874 the State paid Mr. Lamon $12,000 as compensation for his claim, the benefit of which he only enjoyed until May 22, 1875, on which day he died at the age of fifty-eight years. A monolith of Yosemite granite marks the grave in which his remains lie near the foot of the Yosemite Fall. Mr. Muir gives this tribute to his memory: "He was a fine, erect, whole-souled man more than six feet high. No stranger to hunger and weariness, he was quick to feel for others, and many there be, myself among the number, who knew his simple kindness that gained expression in a thousand small deeds." Let us look upon the wintry scenes of which these veterans of the Sierras have so often been spectators.

The first snows generally fall on the

mountains in November, in which month the storm-clouds begin to announce that they will presently make their appearance. Their couriers in advance, the fleeting mist-billows, come and go, wandering among the domes and crag-tops, first hiding one and then another from view, lingering here and loitering there as if loath to depart. They fondle the lofty spires and minarets, and floating high above the valley kiss the pine and fir-tops on the mountain brows. As they unwillingly move away, the first storm-clouds take their place, weaving a canopy of mist over the valley from wall to wall. As you look upward from below through the clear atmosphere in the valley, and mark that the summits of El Capitan, the Cathedral spires, and all the other granite giants of Yosemite are hidden in the overhanging roof of cloud-mist, you can imagine that they are supporting a vast sun-screen stretched taut across the valley. As yet, however, the Indian summer still lingers; the Merced has shrunk to its smallest dimensions, and is divided into numerous glassy pools connected by trickling threads of softly murmuring water.

In December the snowstorms set in; the heavily charged clouds sink down into the valley hiding the mighty rocks and cliffs from sight. Presently snowflakes fall, the storm bursts out in its fury and the frozen cloud-mist darkens the air as it descends to earth in ever thicker and faster-falling flakes. Then follow mysterious sounds, dully echoing through the valley, grinding and rasping and crashing noises, and heavy thuds and muffled explosions. They are the voices of the avalanches as they tear themselves loose from the roofs of the sloping domes and the summits of the granite walls, and dash themselves down with a booming and a rumbling into the valley below, rivaling the waterfalls in the impetuosity of their descent. When the storm ceases and the clouds disperse, several of the largest of such snow-slides may be seen. Mr. Muir thus describes a Yosemite snowfall: "When the mass first slips on the upper slopes of the mountain, a dull, rumbling sound is heard, which increases with heavy deliberation, seeming to come nearer and nearer with appalling intensity of tone. Presently the grand flood is seen rushing with wild, outbounding energy over some precipitous portion of its channel, long, back-trailing streamers fringing the main body of the current like the spray and whirling folds of mist about a waterfall. Now it is partly hidden behind fringes of live oak, now in full view, leaping from bench to bench, spreading and narrowing and throwing out long fringes of rockets airily draped with convolving gossamer tissue of snow-dust. Compared with waterfalls, these snowfalls have none of the keen, hissing, clashing sounds so common in some portion of the currents of waterfalls; but the loud, booming thunder tones, the pearly whiteness of the mass, with lovely gray tones in the half-shadows, the arching leaps over precipices, the narrowing in gorges, the expansions into lace-like sheets upon smooth inclines and the final dashing into upswirling clouds of spray at the bottom are the same in both."

Snowstorm follows snowstorm. Winter has arrived with his liege lord the frost-king and his fierce ally Boreas. He has spread his icy mantle over the Yosemite. The mighty cliffs and domes look down upon the valley as in the summer months, but it is with forbidding stateliness, and with threatening aspect. How changed the scene and different the attractions! The smiling vale is no longer gay with gorgeous bowers and bright with green meadow lands; no longer is it resonant with the hum of busy insects, the murmuring lullabies of slumbering streams, and the joyous songs of summer birds; zephyr no longer whispers to the pine fronds as he floats softly through the forest; and echo no longer repeats the exclamations of

glad visitors. The Merced rolls its swollen current impetuously through the valley, flooding many an acre of the meadow land—for rain as well as snow has fallen ; the woods are hoarse with protesting against the fierceness of the storm-blasts ; the snowslide holds the beholder in awe as it races with the waterfall in its downward plunge, and slabs of talus and unshapely chunks of rock loosen their hold of their parent cliff, as water and weather do their work, and are washed with din and headlong speed down into the valley. It is true that such terrifying storms do not occur with frequency, but one such was witnessed by Mr. Hutchings and his family during the winter of 1867 when they were the only residents in the valley. On that exceptional occasion the rain poured down incessantly for ten successive days ; all the meadowland was covered with a surging flood ; large trees were swept over the ridge of the upper Yosemite and shivered into fragments on the granite rocks ; and pines and cedars were blown down and piled in confusion upon each other by the windstorm that followed the rain.*

Seen from some advantageous standpoint, the valley, in an ordinary winter, presents a wonderful variety of snow patterns and frostwork, constituting a marvelous exhibition of curious figures, and groupings of irregular forms and constructions. Snow covers the sloping rocks and summits of the cliffs, except where the storm-blast has swept them bare. It can find no resting place on the perpendicular walls, but in every crevice, and on every ledge it effects a lodgment. Vast fields of white stretch out to view in the distant Sierras ; the meadow lands seem paved with the whitest marble ; and the Merced is dotted and sprinkled with white blotches where the snow and ice-capped rocks and bowlders peep above its surface. The forest, too, is speckled with the feathery plumage of snowflake and frozen drift which weave fantastic forms as they rest pillowed on the foliage of redwood, pine and spruce. In the valley, on windless days, the drip of melting snow, or the thud of a mass of it that has lost its hold under the rays of the sun, or the crash of a fallen icicle ever and anon mingles with the roar of the waterfalls and the hum of the torrents. On the banks of boisterous streams the flute-toned voice of the water-ouzel strikes pleasantly on the ear, and the hoarse honk of wild geese is heard as they make their way into the valley up the cañon of the Merced.

But Boreas is not unfrequently abroad, driving his furious storm-steeds through the Sierras ; then other sights are seen, and other sounds break upon the ear. The following extract is a description by John Muir of one of these visits of the northern blast : "Early one winter morning, I was awakened by the fall of pine-cones on the roof of my cabin. A noble storm-wind from the north filled the valley with its sea-like roar, arousing the pines to magnificent activity, swaying the most steadfast giants of them all like supple reeds, plucking off branches and plumes and strewing them on the clean, smooth snow. The sky was garish white, without clouds, the strange glare being produced, no doubt, by fine snow dust diffused through the air. The wild swirling and bending of the pine trees, the dazzling light, the roar of the wind sweeping through the grand domes and headlands, and eddying in many a rugged cañon and hollow, made altogether a most exciting picture ; but afar on the summit of the range the storm was expressing itself in yet grander terms.

"The Upper Yosemite Fall was torn into gauzy strips and blown horizontally along the face of the cliff, leaving the ice-cone dry. * * * The peaks of the Merced Group appeared over the shoulder of the Half Dome, each waving a resplendent banner in

* *In the heart of the Sierras* by J. M. Hutchings, pp. 472-93.

the blue sky, as regular in form and as firm and fine in texture as if made of silk. Each banner was at first curved upward from the narrow point of attachment, then continued in long drawn-out lustrous sheets for a length of at least 3,000 feet, judging from the known height of the mountains and their distances apart.

"Eager to gain a general view, I pushed my way up through the snow by Indian Cañon to a commanding ridge beyond the walls, about 8,000 feet in height, where the most glorious storm-view that I had ever beheld awaited me. Every Alpine peak along the axis of the range, as far as the view extended, had its banner from 2,000 to 6,000 feet in length, streaming out horizontally, free and unconfused, slender at the point of attachment, then widening gradually as it extended from the peak until it was a thousand to fifteen hundred feet in breadth, each waving with a visible motion in the sun-glow, and clearly outlined on the dark-blue sky without a single cloud to mar their simple grandeur.

"The tremendous currents of the north wind were sweeping the northern curves of the mountain peaks, just as the glaciers they once nourished were swept down, a supply of wind-driven, wind-ground, mealy, frosty snow being incessantly spouted upward over the peaks in a close, concentrated current, owing to the peculiar sculpture of their north sides. Thus, ever wasting, ever renewed, these glorious banners, a mile long, waved in the gale, constant in form, and apparently as definite and substantial as a silken streamer at a masthead."

The freaks played by a wind-storm in the Yosemite, and the curious displays of the physical force and performances of nature are marvelous in the extreme. On another occasion the same writer saw the whole column of the Upper Yosemite Fall arrested in mid air by the violence of the gale, and held suspended for more than a minute, "resting in the arms of the storm-wind." Meanwhile the usual volume of water poured down from above, and the base of the aqueous tower, resting on its invisible floor, kept widening and widening, until the weight of the superincumbent mass overcame the atmospheric opposition; then with a grand display of water jets and spray, singing the loud, triumphant pæan of accomplished victory, the waterfall continued its descent. It is only the residents in Yosemite that have the opportunity of seeing such rare and wonderful sights.

Such sublime phenomena as this suspension of a waterfall and the snow banners of the Sierra peaks—sights only rarely seen—are supplemented with more permanent though far less imposing exhibitions. The visitor to the Yosemite during the winter season may be sure of seeing such beautiful sights as the ice-cone at the foot of the Upper Yosemite Fall; the ice fringes that deck the sides of every waterfall; the frozen wreaths under Vernal Falls; the gigantic icicles behind the Ladders; the frozen Nevada Falls; and all the thousand and one marvels of frostwork and its prismatic coloring under the paint brush of the great artist, Sol.

The monster ice-cone above mentioned is a wonder in this great collection of wonderful productions of nature. Its height varies from 400 feet to 550 feet according to severity of the season and the favorable conditions that regulate its formation. Its construction is due to frozen spray which is deposited on and becomes attached to the walls of the precipice on each side of the avalanche of water. These continued deposits sometimes attain the thickness of a foot in a single night. During the day, however, the heat of the sun loosens their hold, and the layers of ice scale off the rocks and fall with crashing noise to the foot of the waterfall. As this continues day after day, the basement of the cone is laid and the superstructure rises upon it, ever growing in height and widening at the base. Into the center of this the

waters descend, hollowing it out with a gurgling and roaring and boiling, sending up around the summit of the cone clouds of misty spray that float away and deck the atmosphere with shifting rainbow colorings. There are, moreover, other components of this icy fabric. As the winter advances, immense icicles, some over 100 feet in length, form glittering pendants near the margins of the waterfall, and amorphous masses of ice cling to every available projection. Under the solvent touch of the sun's rays these ponderous bodies of crystallized water lose their grip and fall with thundering crash to the base, where they split and splinter into pieces like massive glassware. A vast congeries of blocks and slabs and bowlders and lumps of ice—an indescribable confusion of ice débris—is thus heaped up and welded into a mass of frozen concrete by the ever-settling spray, which, permeating every crevice and vacant place, is soon congealed and becomes part and parcel of the whole. Large openings at the base of this hollow cone allow the waters to escape after their struggles in the enormous tube. Mr. Muir once scaled the side of the cone, and holding his ear close down upon it listened "while it sounded like a huge, bellowing, exploding drum." He was unable to reach the summit, owing to the falling ice from the walls and the choking drifts of spray. The same writer gives the size of the cone's mouth to be 100 feet by 200 feet, forming an irregular ellipse. The uneven thick-lipped orifice may be seen from the ledge above during gales of wind when the water is blown aside.

Another beautiful sight is the display of icicles under the Ladders above Vernal Falls. Here, by some operation of Nature, an irregular cavernous hollow has been formed, and through the rifts and crevices of the roof, and down the sides and edges of the overhanging rocks the water drips and trickles, the frosts of winter congeal it, and icicles, here in united masses, there in single loneliness, keep growing downward and downward until their size becomes enormous. Some of them reach the hand-rail of the bridge, just beneath the rock, and connecting the two flights of steps, or the Ladders, as they are called, and attach themselves to it; thence they take a new start from a new support, and continue their downward growth. In places these icicles are so cemented together that they form compact sheets of ice which are fringed at their lower extremities with inverted fence-work of ice-spikes and javelins. Under the falls may be seen a collection of ice-wreaths and ice-veils that for their beauty and the delicacy of their fabric would well serve to deck the bridesmaids of the goddess of the North.

The first falls of snow in the Sierras generally occur in November, but they do not come to stay; they are but fleeting messengers, and having announced the approach of winter, are soon put to flight by the lingering god of the tropics who still tries to maintain supremacy over his rival of the Arctic zone. But it is his final effort to keep back the legions from the north. By the end of December snow hides from sight all but the forms of the mountains, covering them with a vast winding sheet. Only the mighty trees toss from their wind-shaken branches the white deposit, which ofttimes with its unyielding weight snaps their great boughs.

Owing to the retreat of the sun southward, and the immense height of the walls of the Yosemite, there is a considerable difference between the climate on the north and south side of the valley during the winter. While on the south wall the sun never shines during this season, and a chilling shadow is constantly cast over that portion of the valley, the rays of the winter sun fall upon the surface of the northern elevation almost at right angles with its plane. As a consequence, the weather on that side is mellow and mild, and in sheltered nooks among the warm rocks flowers

are observed to bloom every month in the year. Nor is the frost severe even on the shaded side. Mr. Muir gives the average temperature for twenty-four days in January at 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. as 32° Fah., the minimum being 22° and the maximum 40° 5' above zero.

This shadow-side is naturally in strong contrast with the bright, cheerful aspect during clear days of the northern part of the valley whither resort the few winter birds that make their home therein. These comprise the water-ouzel and the robin, woodpeckers and kingfishers, wrens and finches. There are also flocks of bluebirds and several species of ducks.

From the time when winter sets in to the return of spring the forty or fifty residents of Yosemite may be regarded as voluntary prisoners therein. Communication with the outside world is closed to all but the hardiest mountaineers; the stage lines are blockaded with snow, and casual visitors so seldom make their way into the valley, under the difficulties which Mr. Hutchings faced alone, that their arrival during the winter months is no more frequent than angels' visits. Once within the valley, however, none of the discomfort is found that may have been expected. Residence therein, without the summer sun and without the summer tourist rushing from scene to scene with hasty impetuosity and superficial observation, is no hardship. Good cheer and comfortable lodging greet you; instead of heat and dust and rush with disquiet and excitement all around you, you find repose and a season for contemplation, while sublime views and glorious sights, not seen elsewhere, contribute their spectacular wonders for your entertainment. When to these great factors of human happiness are added pleasant company and intellectual conversation, the visitor will find that there is nothing to regret in a sojourn in the Yosemite during the winter. It is getting there that is the difficulty.

Let us make the trip with Mr. Allen Kelly, who paid the valley a visit last winter, leaving Raymond February 28th. Riding to Grant's Springs at the foot of Chowchilla mountain, a distance of twenty-five miles, on the following day he left the stage road and reached Ferguson's ranch by way of Snow Creek. Then he proceeded on a mountain trail in company with Hiram Branson, who carries the mail up the Merced River, for a distance of thirty miles. "Between Ferguson's and the south fork of the Merced is a high ridge that forms the westerly wall of Devil's Gulch, one of the deepest, roughest, most inaccessible gorges of the Sierras. The road to Hite's Cove winds down this ridge and from some of the turns, where the road is but a shelf on the mountain side, one can look almost straight downward about 2,000 feet into the dark gorge where the grizzly's reign is undisputed and undisturbed by man." The trail down the mountain ends at Hite's Cove, and from the river bank abruptly begins to climb the mountain, zigzaging over rocks and through low brush to a height of over 4,000 feet on to a ridge so narrow that "a horse cannot stand transversely upon it." From the summit of this "hog's-back" Mr. Kelly could see the Merced's "foam-white ribbon of water" 2,500 feet below, and it seemed as if he could toss a stone from each hand, one into the main river and the other into its southern branch. The scenery was stupendous.

When the trail strikes the bottom of the cañon, it follows up the course of the river along the line of the projected free road from Mariposa to Yosemite. It was neither an easy nor a safe task to cross the Merced. Half a mile above Ward's place there is a ford, but a dangerous one and too pregnant with disaster to be available in winter time. Just below it a wire cable has been stretched across the river and the venturesome traveler had to pull himself to the opposite side, hand over hand, seated on a six-inch plank slung

from the cable on trolleys. Then the horses were driven across the ford and Mr. Kelly was within an ace of losing his animal which was nearly swept away by the impetuous current.

Continuing along the trail they found it bad and dangerous. Skirting on smooth shelving ledges along the brinks of cliffs where a slip meant death to man and horse, and passing a huge storm-rent and weather-rifted granite cliff that overhangs the trail and ever threatens with a downpour of rocks and bowlders, they pursued their way for twenty miles, and then struck the Coulterville road just outside the Yosemite grant; thence a good wagon road led them into the valley. Speaking of that overhanging cliff with its oft-repeated slides of granite slabs and disintegrated masses of rock, an old mountaineer said: "I don't want anybody to speak above a whisper in that place, because I think the ghost of an echo would start some of those loose rocks. I never crossed there yet without finding new rocks on the trail, and I don't think it would take much of a blast to bring that whole mountain side down into the Cañon, dam the Merced River and make a lake of the Yosemite Valley."

There was but little snow in the valley when they entered it, and they proceeded without difficulty; but there are times when the mail-carrier is obliged to leave his horse near the entrance and continue his journey for eight or ten miles on snowshoes. But these spells of heavy weather do not last. In the valley the snow rarely lies deep for any length of time, except in isolated places that protect it from the liquefying effect of sun and weather.

Few, very few, of the numerous visitors to Yosemite see it in all the phases of its thousand glories even in the summer time. The impressions carried away by most tourists are general and common to the majority. Following beaten tracks under similar conditions of season and weather, and under like circumstances of transportation and hurry, the same routine of views and emotions is followed by all. It is only those exceptional individuals, whose enthusiam carries them off the hackneyed highway of the sight-seer, that behold nature under other than ordinary aspects; and the few who face the discomforts of a journey to Yosemite through the snow have their reward in being spectators to some of the most sublime sights that Nature, in her prodigality of phenomena, is in the habit of exhibiting.

TRUTH.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

There is no life's companion like the Truth.
Bind it with close-forged fetters to thy side,
And guard it like the apple of thine eye:
Else it will flee away; and men will say:
"Aye, so he says; but we believe him not."
Then wilt thou call for Truth to come again:
"Ah, Truth, sweet Truth, I know thy worth at last!
Come back again!" And then it will not come.

CHRISTMAS AT SAN LUIS REY.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

ON this special 25th of December it is pleasant to think that Mass will be said within the Mission walls of San Luis Rey under what will henceforth be known as the Re-establishment. The romance of the year is also its news. The Franciscan Order has returned to California. Santa Barbara, watching devoutly from her tower, has probably long known of the coming of the King to his own again, but to many of us it seems a fact almost mediæval and perhaps even startling.

The letter of announcement was shown in Los Angeles at the private house where interesting facts have a pretty habit of congregating, with an earnest request for its publication in a respectful manner.

Later in the quiet Rectory of the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana the subject was discussed afresh.

The Vicar was absent but the Father in charge listened with courteous attention to a resumé of the morning's news, receiving warmly congratulation upon the accession of the brethern of another but Catholic order, and confirming each detail of the information received. Some technical point arising, he suggested introducing the Franciscan friar already with them and only waiting the arrival from Mexico of his expected confrères to join them in their re-establishment within what we have regarded in current literature as the picturesquely irreparable ruins of San Luis Rey. This older Father, who immediately answered the summons, came in with apologies for his after-dinner cigar, smilingly waved away the absurdity of a suggested *siesta*, and entered into the coming of his Order with great accuracy as to details, great intelligence as to the policy involved and no small wit in dealing with Protestant perplexities. He stated with entire simplicity that the arrival of the Mexican Fathers must be a matter to be expected soon, since a package had already been received addressed to them in Los Angeles; also that if they expected to render the Mission inhabitable, work must be commenced before the setting in of the rainy season with its attendant destruction and inconvenience. Had he said Frederic Barbarossa and the Mahdi were *de re'our* together, and the crusading sword and cross of the one with the turban of the other, here in a registered package, he could not have delivered himself of anything less commonplace.

The pathos and "Storm and Stress" under which the Order practically left California are only now becoming clearly known. That the Franciscans *could* return is a contingency entirely beyond average American contemplation. And yet this quiet return, though not so dramatic as the going away of Father Peyri, is a fact as significant and unprosaic.

In 1891, the Mexican brethren of Saint Francis, assembled in Cholula, where they were making a retreat for the Christmas novena, were arrested by the Government and individually imprisoned. Benedictines, Dominicans—all Catholic orders shared the same fate. By subsequent legislation no more than two brethren may live in community in Mexico.

This policy, recalling at once the Napoleonic *coup d'état* and the Spanish "pragmatic sanction" of 1767, is followed in 1892 by the return of the Franciscans to their old inheritance in California, where freedom to worship God according to the dictates of individual conscience is part of American citizenship.

These facts form at least an interesting Christmas antithesis.

Spanish history is so busy with expulsion! Expulsions of Moors, of Jews, of Christians, of Jesuits—these form the burden of her chronicles. The result was at least a homogeneous population from which heresy seemed chemically expelled.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from lower California preceded the coming of the Franciscans; the practical expulsion of the Franciscans by secularization brought in the present secular clergy. That personally, however, harmony existed among the various orders acknowledging Rome as a head, is evident from a study of the Catholic literature of the State. In Father Adam's translation of Palou's Vida, for instance, it is distinctly mentioned that the Franciscans informed themselves of the régime observed by the (expelled) Jesuits, and then strictly adhered to it, thus doubtless retaining the confidence of the Indians, first won by the Order of Jesus, and setting the neophytes an example of harmonious action, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

The present good-will existing between the black sotana and gray gown can be proved by any one fortunate enough to possess credentials admitting to an interview with the representatives of the varying orders.

The interview at the Rectory was succeeded by a call upon the editor-in-chief of the principal city paper, whose editorials during the decade of its existence have steadily been making written history for future reference, and whose brilliant staff is doing telling work not only in journalism but contemporary literature. The voices of the newsboys, still crying the contents of the last edition, suggested as a parting subject for conversation the relative importance of the day's events and the return of the Franciscans to California. The editor's recognition of the interest attaching to the information was prompt; and a reporter sent to the Bishop's residence, received fresh details from the Vicar himself, details published on the following day under the heading "After Many Years."

Thus announced, the Gray Friars commence with the new year a fresh epoch in our common history, under the renewed and extended protection of that French Louis who guards the great city on the Mississippi River—the half mystical Meschacebé of Chateaubriand. We bespeak from Saint Louis interest in San Luis Rey.

Mr. Bancroft's resumé of its establishment is of special interest in this year of the Re-establishment:

"The Governor issued orders, the 27th of February, 1798, to the commandant of San Diego, who was to furnish an escolta and to require from the soldiers personal labor in erecting the necessary buildings, without murmuring at site or work, and with implicit obedience to Lasuen. The records show no subsequent proceedings till the 13th of June. On that date, at the spot called by the natives Tacayme, and by the Spaniards, in the first expedition of 1769, San Juan Capistrano, or later Capistrano el Viejo, in the presence of Captain Grajera, the soldiers of the guard, a few neophytes from San Juan, and a multitude of gentiles, and with the aid of Fathers Santiago and Peyri, President Lasuen with all due solemnity, supplemented by the baptism of fifty-four children, ushered into existence the mission of San Luis Rey de Francia, it being necessary hereafter to distinguish between the establishment of San Luis, king, and San Luis, bishop. All was prosperity at first. In a week Antonio Peyri, the energetic founder, had 77 children baptised and 23 catechumens under instruction. By the first of July he had 6,000 adobes made for the mission buildings. In July he was joined by José Faura, who was succeeded in the autumn of 1800 by José Garcia.

"The mission books of San Luis Rey are the only ones in California

which I have not examined. Their whereabouts is not known."

The Governor mentioned is none other than Don Diego de Borica—he who rode into his kingdom of California accoutred with Cervantes in the *mochila* of his saddle, comparing himself to Sancho Panza, and laughing alternately over his book and the horrors of the sea vovage, as suffered by the ladies.

The Padre-Presidente was that courteous Frenchman whom Mr. Bancroft bids us ever rank first among the Californian prelates, of whom it was said by La Perouse: "*Sa douceur, sa charité, son amour pour les Indiens sont inexprimable*;" and whom every Angeleño who embarks from San Pedro for north, south or west should remember as the beloved "Padre Fermin," after whom Captain George Vancouver named the present lighthouse point, famous in the history of Pacific navigation. Of these two, Captain Grajera and Father Antonio Peyri form picturesque accessories; Father Peyri was almost worshipped during his long pastorate, and rudely canonized after his departure on the same vessel—the *Pocahontas*—which carried Governor Victoria away.

Of the Indian policy of the Re-establishment, we know as yet only that it is a matter of earnest intention and thought. One instinctively wonders what the remnants of the neophytes will say about the campfires of this Christmas, concerning the to us unexpected, possibly by them, anticipated and believed in return.

Reading over the Indian Report (1852) of that pioneer American of whom his descendants may well be proud, and whose pages, amid much of the wearisome and unfortunate partisan writing of his period, stand out like a classic, in their honest intelligence, we find the Hon. B. D. Wilson accepting the defeat of the Franciscans as final as we have considered it to be.

"To the missions they (the Indians) can never go again with hope of finding a home. I am not certain that some of the Indians do not preserve a sort of vague belief that those immense buildings—to our eyes, greatly dilapidated and fast going to ruin, yet with their rude repairs, ample enough for their accommodation—are ultimately to be restored to them."

The character of Saint Luis of France, as given so exquisitely by Mrs. Jameson—whose "Legends of the Monastic Orders" should form part of every traveler's preparation for California—is one to appeal distinctly, by its very kingliness, to the inner heart of savagery. To the neophytes who worshipped at his altar he must have been always the great *Capitan*, and Paris his rancheria.

Legends cluster around the books and the bells, the altar and court of this Parisian king. In the "History of Los Angeles County," it is stated (p. 120) that two of the old Spanish bells of the Cathedral of Saint Vibiana are from San Fernando Mission and one from San Luis Rey. Mr. Doyle, on the contrary, in the *Century Magazine*, asserts that, visiting the Mission of San Luis in person, in the summer of 1862, he saw "the old chime still hanging in the belfry, inscribed with the maker's name and Boston, 1820," testifying to their American origin. The history quoted above may have used the word Spanish in a romantic and inexact sense.

There is a current Indian tradition, supported by the usual testimony of the dying, that part of these bells are buried in the church itself, hollow reverberation testifying to the spot as known to the initiated.

Helen Hunt calls the name Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles musical as a chime of bells. Musical also is the distinction between San Luis Obispo and San Luis Rey, between Bishop of Toulouse and King of France. The latter figures in California tradition and history, prose and poetry, fiction and facts. Here the old Capitanejo laughed scornfully over the possible dethronement of dancing

by baptism; here Paulino, the mission baker, vied with the record of San Antonio. Here was educated the last chief of Agua Caliente, Antonio Garra, and through the same corridors went that Alexander whom Californians are commencing to pronounce Alejandro, but whom they still spell in Italian. Mr. Harte has made this mission the scene of the least acceptable of all his poems. The ride of Father Peyri's neophytes may yet, in poetry, rival that from Ghent to Aix.

Most sacred, to some of us, of all its associations, is the fact that at the left of the altar is buried Padre José Maria de Zalvidea, the planter of the San Gabriel tuna hedge; he whose smile is a Franciscan memory; whose self-scourgings explain the *penitentes;* and from whose arms when, in his cell, they prepared him for burial, yet living witnesses took off with blinding tears the cruel *cilicios* armed with iron points, which he himself had bound upon them.

In 1846, San Luis was sold for $2,437. In 1847, for two months it was used as a military post by Lieutenant Oman and thirty-two men of the Mormon Battalion.

Strange tales of incoming treasure already greet the returning Frays. We commend to those who have thought the Preservation Fund an unnecessary one, the statement of Mr. John T. Doyle on the authority of General Beale, concerning this same mission then just vacated as a military post by the United States Government at the close of the Mexican war: "When it ceased to be so used, the Government caused an estimate to be made of the expense of repairing and restoring it to its former condition. The figures were $2,000,000, and the project of repairing was of course given over."

May not the Re-establishment, re-opening communications between San Diego and San Juan Capistrano, essentially revive the old Camino del Rey, or King's Highway, under entirely natural conditions? A recent article in the *Century Magazine*, quoted by the New York *Evangelist*, asserts that in France good roadways pay better than great railroads themselves. What could not the drive from San Diego to Sonoma be made, if the State once roused herself to make it? Planted and watered and owned as an illustration of Forestry, reviving the traditions of the Alameda of San José, why should it not also, as a route of pilgrimage, rank with that to Canterbury or Cologne on the Rhine? The Franciscans have given to California a nomenclature which connects them and us permanently with what was great in their contemporary history, while preserving daily upon our lips the great chiefs of their own order. The cordon of missions included the jurisdiction and protection of Archangel and warrior; "Poor Claire" and Seraphic Cardinal; Archbishop and martyr; Virgin and king; crusading priest and *Padre Serafico*. You may offer prayer for your own soul at the shrine of Santa Barbara, on one eve, and on the next, remember Keats at that of St. Agnes.

Why may we not establish a President's Highway or Camino del Presidente, which shall rival in sweet and gracious associations that of the third Charles of Spain? Across this highway who should dare draw the line of State division? Might not such a united revival of sacred associations still, once for all, the latent feud of North and South *Arribeño* and *Abajeño*, and bury it forever in the old gray Franciscan robe of the Friars?

The assertion concerning the probable causes of the Franciscan return have been submitted to the Rev. Father Joseph O'Keefe, General Auxiliary of the Re-establishment. His reply follows: "Although the Order in Mexico has had under consideration the expediency of establishing a house and novitiate outside the Republic since 1857, this last act you refer to, forced them to decide in favor of doing it at once."

AS WE SEE IT.

IT is earnestly to be hoped that some philosopher or critic, domestic or foreign, with kindly sympathy, will explain the remarkable prevalence of the literary spirit, accompanied, as it is, by a corresponding dearth of literary thought and expression. There are a hundred men and women who are moved to speak in print, where there is one man or woman that has acquired the faculty of speaking acceptably and in a pleasing manner. It is the distinguishing property of all writing entitled to the name literature that it be not only acceptable in substance but pleasing in form. That is not literature which lacks the touch of beauty.

It is probably true of the great majority of those who seek gratification or fame in publishing their thoughts, that they mistake a mere inspiration for a faculty of insight and expression. They forget, if they know, that inspiration is short, but "art is long." Because we listen to an orator with delight, it is not to be inferred that we are all orators The latent inspiration that is awakened in us by reading Tennyson or Longfellow is no proof that the reader is a poet. True orators and poets are they in whom both inspiration and expression unite and blend.

The writers of verse among us are legion, and the occurrence of the real poet is in inverse ratio to this number. It seems as if a great many of our countrymen, and especially of our countrywomen, conscious of an afflatus excited by objects of natural beauty or grandeur, or by the pathetic aspects of human society, conclude that they are poets, and begin to perpetrate rhymes. The mistakes made by these laudably ambitious tyros are easily exposed. The poet is the subject, not of a fleeting but of an abiding inspiration—an inspiration under control and discipline. In the experience of a passing emotion the tyro thinks he has a poet's creative feeling. He mistakes an effect for a cause. He is susceptible to the appeals of poetry, but he cannot himself create. In attempting to give verbal form or execution to emotional sentiment he undertakes to use an art for which he has neither genius nor acquired facility. He tries to accomplish with small practice what has cost the successful poet infinite pains. The great defect of our popular literature is the absence of painstaking. Another blunder of the mere versifier is that he mistakes the pleasure of rythm for poetic inspiration, and rhyme or jingle for poetry. But these are the dress not the body of poetry. They do not make Mother Goose's "Jack Sprat" equal to Gray's "Elegy" or Tennyson's "Brook."

The immense overflow of American verse that contains no other trace of poetry than the external accident of rhythm is a national phenomenon that merits something more than an editorial sneer or a passing jest. It contains a grave problem of national character and of the future of national literature. What is our philosophy respecting it? Must we confess the judgment rendered with modest sarcasm by Prof. Nicol, of Glasgow, that "Americans mistake rhythmical spasms for poetry?" Or is this endemic poetical inspiration the advancing genesis of the future great American poet?

In the belief that this last is the true view of the case, let us exhort editors to be patient and contributors not to grow disheartened, but to adopt the sentiment of the following quatrains from a San Francisco aspirant who has written some things well.

TRY AGAIN.

Oh, the disappointed hurt
Of manuscript's refusal,
Sent by aspirant all alert
For Editors' perusal!

What seemed the writer very fair
Has changed its form in toto.
The blemishes are now laid bare
As faults upon a photo.

And when the lines can find no place
Within that publication,
The Editor with courteous grace
Asserts a kind negation.

Then the writer still undaunted
Takes to the pen once more,
And lo! writes now just what is wanted,
Some thought ne'er scribed before.

'Tis needless now to trace the same.
The entering wedge is set;
All obstacles on way to fame
O'ercome as soon as met.

LITERATURE AND BOOKS.

BEST of all days of the year is the winter solstice festival descended to us from the birth of a Child and from the ancient Scandinavian Yule with its burning log, its Yule candles and baby images of dough. The scene thus brought vividly to view is the hearth and home, and the central figure is the child. Christmas proclaims a truce to selfishness; the heart holds the pocket, and the disposition to make everybody happy, for at least once in the year, reigns supreme. The ministry of art is now alert. Every toy expresses a thought and a joy. Every picture and book that addresses the child mind is a revelation of joy.

Early in the field comes the D. Lothrop Company of Boston, so well known by the little people as the publishers of "Wide Awake" and "Babyland." The bound volume of this infant periodical is a microcosm of baby life abounding in simplest description, the best of pictorial art, and snatches from the fairy-land of the old tales.

FAMOUS PETS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE, by Eleanor Lewis, is a superb gift-book for the older class of little men and little women. The humanizing influence of animal society is forcibly illustrated in the mutual affection that has grown between great people and their pet dogs, cats and birds. It will rejoice older as well as younger readers to get a look at Sir Walter Scott and his favorite bull-terrier, "Camp"; to get a glimpse of Dr. John Brown and his incomparable "Rab;" Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe chatting with "Punch" and "Missy;" Mrs. Carlyle with her "Nero" and Bismark between two immense friendly Danish mastiffs. Then are described and pictured the pets and masters and mistresses of the past —Frederick the Great; the children of Charles I with the famous toy-spaniels, and a host of others who have found lightness and joy in the friendship of pets.

The illustrations are in some cases copied from famous originals, including pieces from Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, and the stories are told with vivacity and in simple style. (D. Lothrop Company, Boston).

BLACK BEETLES IN AMBER is the name of a recent volume of verse from the pen of Ambrose Bierce of this city. The "black beetles" are prominent citizens of California—public men, lawyers, judges, journalists, social leaders, and clubmen—whom Mr. Bierce has first impaled on the needle of satire and then embalmed in the amber of his poetic fancy. This he has done as a whole cleverly, sometimes very excellently. He has his own ideas as to the propriety of his work, and frankly says that he makes no apologies either for its production or preservation.

Mr. Bierce has evidently studied the satirical poems of Pope and Byron, and the political lampoons of Swift and his followers with conscientious care. There is more in him of the frank brutality of Swift, however, than of the rare and genial fancy of Byron or the airy antithetical wit of the author of "The Rape of the Lock." "A Commuted Sentence," "Famine's Realm," "A Celebrated Case," and "One of the Redeemed," are among the best, because most thoroughly humorous of Mr. Bierce's efforts. "The Veteran" and "Ignis Fatuus," with their clever punning "tag" at the end of each stanza, deserve special notice, also. Here is a sample, from "The Veteran," of Mr. Bierce at his best:

> He cares not how much ground to-day
> He gives for men to doubt him;
> He's used to giving ground, they say,
> Who lately fought with——out him.

(Western Authors' Publishing Company, San Francisco).

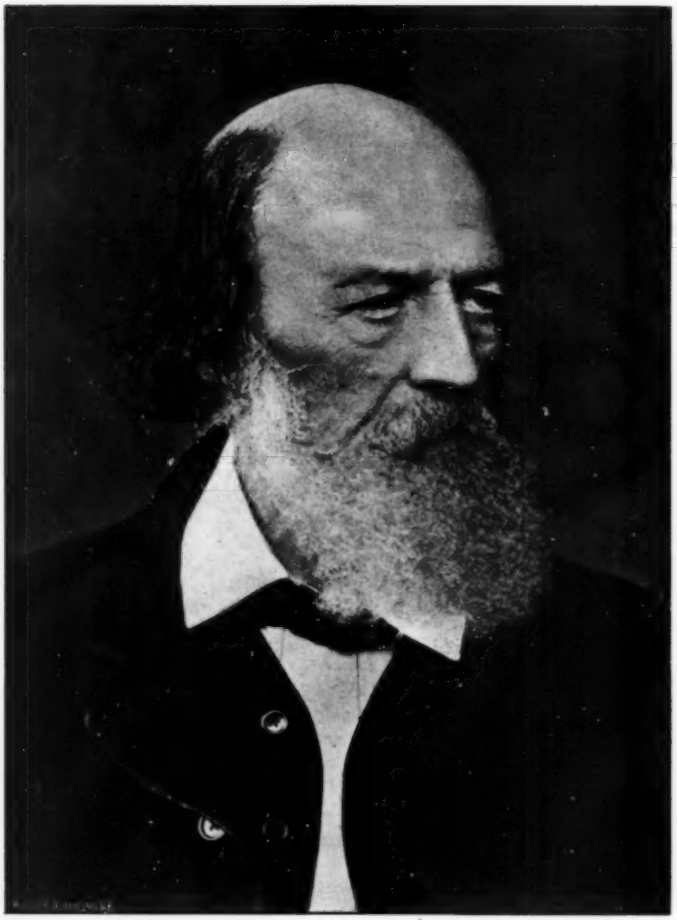
JOHN VANCE CHENEY has performed an act of affection and editorial faithfulness in giving to the public in "Wood Notes Wild" the gathered results of a long and enthusiastic labor performed by his father, Simeon Pease Cheney. Any one who finds in nature a new source of happiness is a public benefactor, and this is precisely what the elder Cheney, the author, has done. He has called attention to the marvelous variety and richness of musical performance in the familiar birds of New England. A musician and a singing master, he has fastened to the music staff, with great accuracy of detail, the exact notes of the best feathered songsters, so that a person acquainted with musical notation can identify the choristers of the orchard and forest by a comparison of the record with the actual bird-song. The bluebird, the thrushes, the starlings and the

song-sparrow, and a long list of perchers have sung themselves into this book. The writer of these lines thought he had accomplished a remarkable feat by noting eleven different songs of a single song-sparrow (*melospiza melodia*). But Mr. Cheney has the little fellow down for twenty distinct melodies. The author goes further than the list of singing-birds, as classed by the ornithologist, and finds in the grouse, the pheasant and the hen a music that common ears have never detected, reminding one of Thoreau's boy, who "extracted music from a quart pot." This book places the author in the honored list of Nature's seers, with Gilbert White, Thoreau and John Burroughs. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS. By R. L. Garner. There has been considerable tittering over Mr. Garner's periodical announcements of his belief in an intelligent vocal communication between individual monkeys and individual apes—a levity which will be apt to settle into sober thought by reading his book. Mr. Garner possesses one qualification of a trustworthy naturalist in being controlled by the enthusiastic passion of a naturalist, and he wins confidence by pursuing a true scientific method. He has first addressed himself to facts, and has been willing to follow where they lead. Like every loyal scientist, he has indulged his imagination and has proposed a "working theory," modifying this theory as the scope of his facts enlarged, or proved necessary modification. From a wide induction and analogy he correctly concludes that all animals above the lowest orders use some means of conveying, one to another, their ideas. He correctly assumes that the vocal distinction, indeed the crowning distinction of the human primate is articulate speech, and the power to utter a proposition. Monkeys, however, as truly employ sounds vernacular to different species to express or receive ideas of want, joy, fear or sorrow. There is an air of triumph about the way in which this discoverer has found one dialect of sounds in Capuchin monkeys and a distinct vocal dialect among Cebus monkeys; and there is a charm in his success in proving by experiments that a Capuchin living with a Cebus, learns to interpret the language of his companion. In this investigation, Mr. Garner has made effective use of the phonograph, charging it with the speech of one monkey and witnessing the effect of its discharge upon another. The book is so full of the story of these bewitching little people, and is written in so simple and popular a style, even where it is most scientific, that it cannot fail to interest the general reader. (Charles L. Webster & Co., New York. For sale by Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco.)

FOR a tale that is told with the simplicity of truth, "The Lance of Kanana," by Abd El Ardavan, is deserving of very high commendation. It is the story of a Bedouin boy's experience, and cannot fail to interest the youthful reader by the thrilling adventures of the hero, who proves his bravery through devotion and sacrifice rather than by the use of the warrior's steel. Revealing as it does a deeper meaning and a higher truth, it must strongly appeal to the mature mind. The narrative is as completely Arabian as the Nights' Entertainment, and is so naturally touched with local color and the warmth of the desert, that the reader is made to feel that a native is telling the story. Indeed the author, who received his name from the children of the desert, writes from a thorough experience of the life he describes. The writer cleverly shows the maturing influences of bitterness and sorrow caused by the distrust and heartlessness of the hero's associates. It was the complete isolation from his fellows that developed a latent heroism, so that when the hour came for action, the boy met his fate with a sublime devotion that brought to his feet the homage of all his foes. There is a charming freshness and gentle flow of Oriental style running through the story which cannot fail to interest the reader, while the minutest details of Ishmaelitish life are woven through it all. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THROUGH ARCTICS AND TROPICS, by Harry W. French, is remarkably entertaining. The narrative is alive with all the fascination of fiction, though it is woven from material gathered by a trip around the world. The boys—for there are two of them—visit the regions of ice and sun and see as only boys can, and the story is a narrative and dramatic account of what they saw. Girls and boys never tire of adventure, particularly when its scenes are laid among strange people and in unfamiliar lands. With this book in hand our youngsters may bring entertainment and instruction to many a long winter evening. The illustrations are strong wood engravings and are well adapted to the text. (D. Lothrop Company, Boston.)



So like a shatter'd column lay the king

Tennyson